

# The Chatelaine

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January  
1931



In This Issue:

Making

Original Frocks from Paris Inspirations — Also The Story of The Wheat King's Wife

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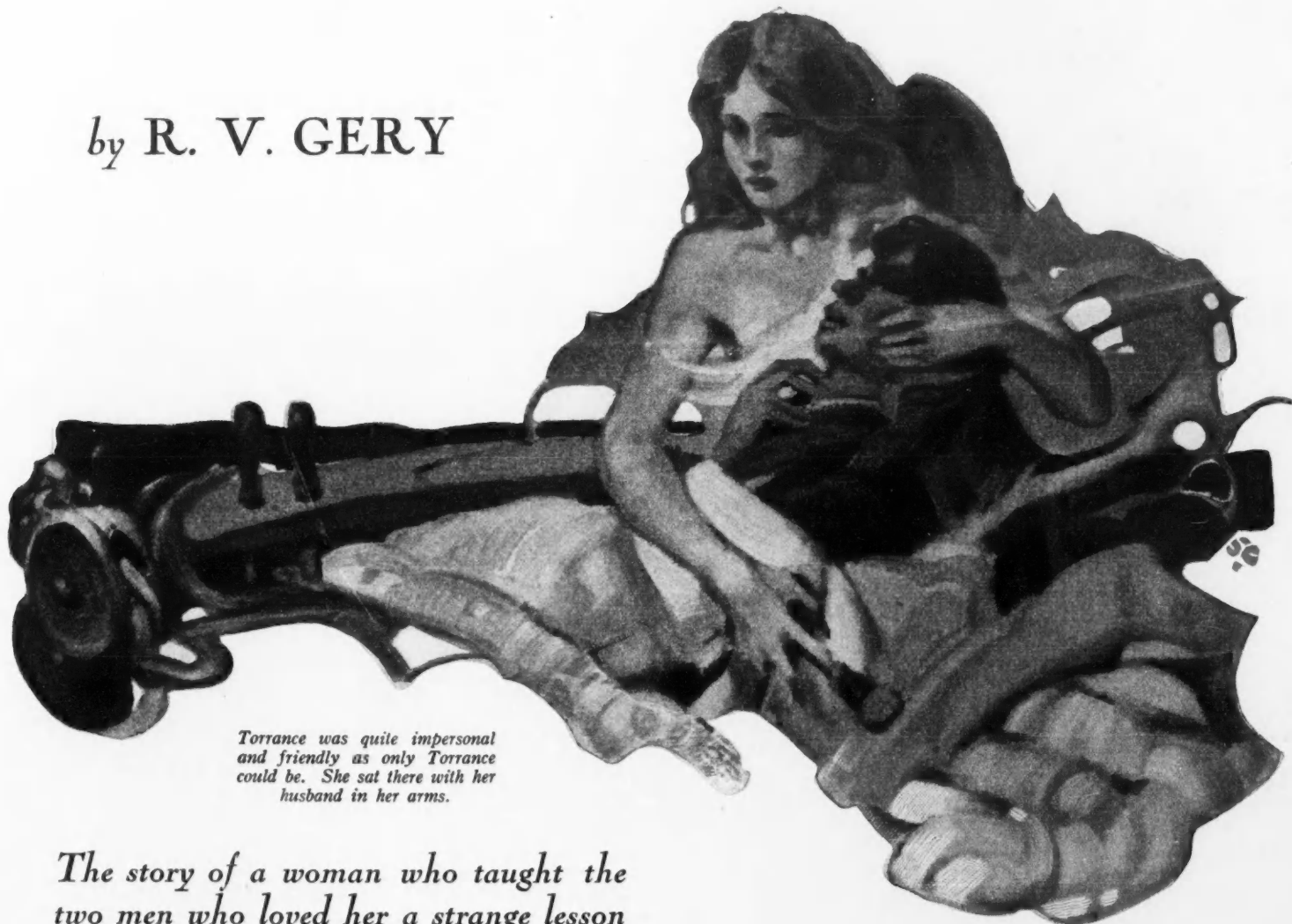
THE PARIS CORRESPONDENT on the staff of The Chatelaine writing in this issue reports from her first-hand knowledge that Chatelaine patterns are right up to the minute in style features.

CHATELAINE PATTERNS are the equal of other patterns at twice the price. With every pattern is a cutting-chart. Each piece is separate.

# The Chatelaine

## The LOYALIST

by R. V. GERY



*Torrance was quite impersonal and friendly as only Torrance could be. She sat there with her husband in her arms.*

*The story of a woman who taught the two men who loved her a strange lesson*

I SAW her in London only last week—Torrance Gillespie, I mean. She and her precious Hugh were shopping in Regent Street, and I stopped the exact, correct moment to talk to them. I must say Torrance was looking abominably well, and abominably pleased with herself; and our sweet friend Hugh was almost handsome. Diet of plain water and exercise, I hear. They tell me the little brute's reformed. Reformed, ha, ha,—and again ha!

Torrance caught my eye once while we were talking, and I read things in it. Not nice things. "Hand-off-me!"—despise, and all that. So she's not forgotten. And the magnificent Hugh stood up to his full five feet, and had the sublime, the towering effrontery to ask me if I remembered the *Antares*. If . . . I . . . remembered . . . the . . . *Antares*! And Torrance laughed.

Well, well. I suppose I don't come out of the story with any particular or shining credit. But here it is, as an example of what may happen to an ordinary, more or less chivalrous gentleman who tries to interfere with that combination of dog-fight and dove's nest which is husband and wife. I had heard of these things before, of course. Who hasn't? But upon my soul I would never have believed it . . .

My name's Monty Blackstone, and I'm thirtyish and pretty well off, although that's got nothing to do with the story. I believe—people have been good enough to hint it—that I've my fair share of looks, and possibly my manners might pass muster in most places. I should be inclined to say, if I were asked on oath to describe myself, that I was rather a decent chap. Or at least, I should have said so until last year, when Torrance Gillespie taught me differently.

You remember the *Antares* business? She was a liner, you'll recollect, out of Auckland for Tahiti; and half way across she hit a storm and a couple of her forward plates pulled out by the roots—and she broke all records for her size by going to the bottom in forty minutes. A very nasty affair, because she took three-quarters of her complement and passengers with her.

Well, Hugh Gillespie, and Torrance and I were through that. I was on my way back from a business trip in Australia, and had an idea of seeing something of the islands on my way; and the Gillespie couple were going home, after a visit to some plutocratic but appalling uncle somewhere or other in Queensland. He ran sheep, I believe, and I remember friend Hugh sniggering over his table manners.

I'd known Torrance long enough. She and I had been pretty thick when she was nineteen or so, five years before. But then she went off and made this ridiculous match with Hugh Gillespie—picked him up at Juan-les-Pins, accepted him at Cannes, and married him at Taormina—and left us all guessing. Personally I always had the idea that the title did it—Hugh will be Lord Swayle one of these days—although it wasn't a bit like Torrance.

At any rate she married Hugh, and then the fun started. This little ornament to society was eight years older than Torrance, and knew a whole lot of things that she didn't. Drink, for one. Gambling—frantic, impossible gambling—for another. Remember the man someone talks about somewhere—"one part whisky, three parts mud?" Well, that was about Hugh Gillespie when Torrance came to him. Torrance, that never touched a cocktail, or smoked a cigarette, or gambled worse than threepence a hundred

Illustrated by John F. Clymer

bumble-puppy with old Aunt Eliza. Torrance, who put a new meaning on the stuff in the marriage service about "for better or worse" and was the craziest little loyalist over her parson's bad bargain—but I'm probably the last person in the world to go into that now.

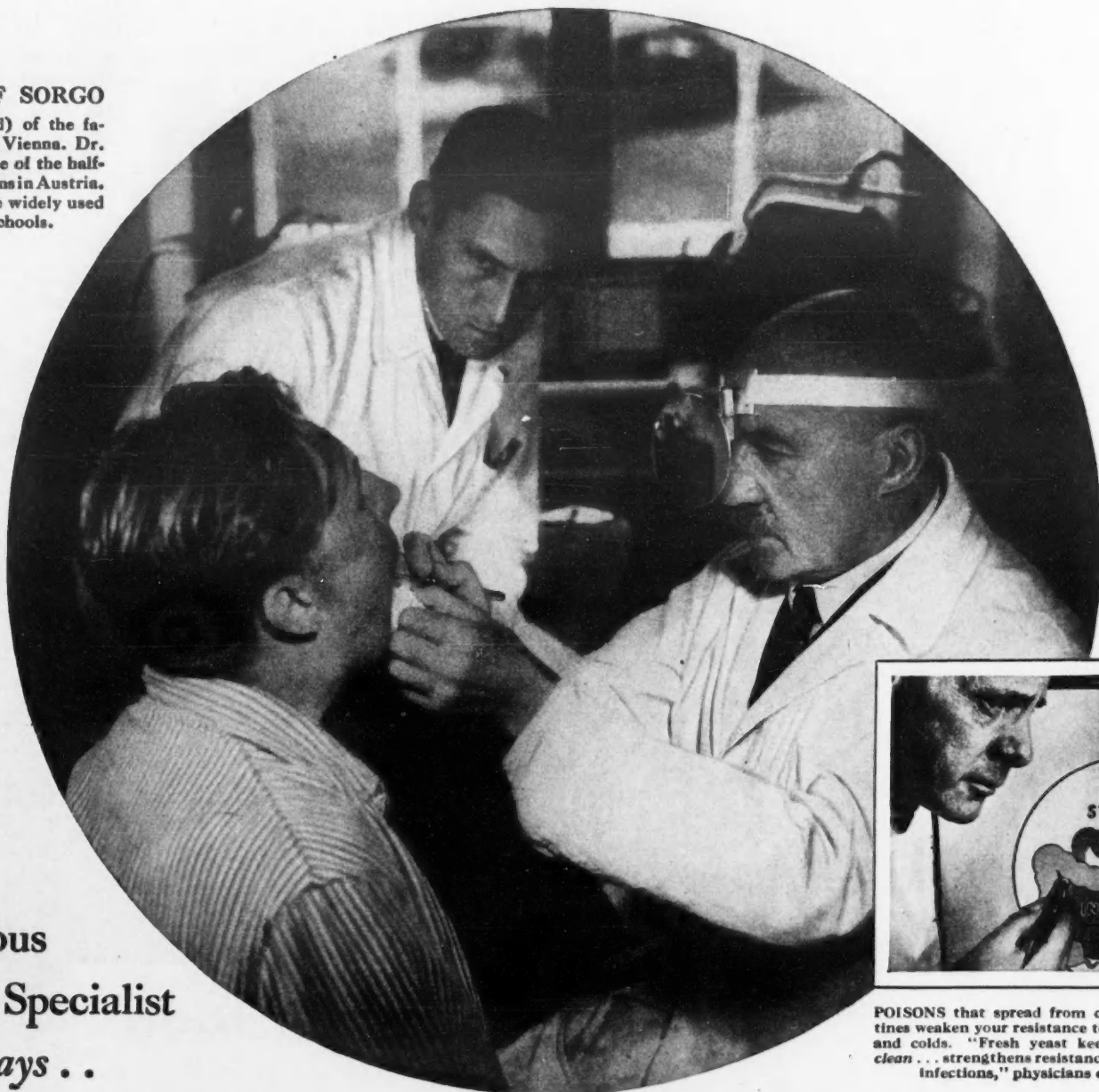
It ran along more or less all right for a couple of years, and then there began to be whisperings. Torrance dropped out of society, and no one knew why. It was not what you might have supposed conventionally, although you can believe that that possibility was most energetically canvassed among the tea tables. No: she just dropped clean out of sight—wouldn't accept invitations, wouldn't show up for golf or tennis, wouldn't houseparty. It was a real monkey-puzzler, until Jean Forsythe—who ought to have known better—found out. Hugh—Master Hughie—was knocking Torrance about. Jean saw the bruises, and screwed the truth out of Torrance, who told her dry-eyed and quite offhandedly, as if it were the most ordinary matter in the world. Jean told my sister that she had her work cut out to keep her hands off Hugh the next time she saw him.

There wasn't anything to do about it, of course. Man's entitled, under our lovely laws, to hammer his wife to a pulp, as long as she doesn't object. And Torrance, by all seeming, didn't. It was "Hughie, dear," this, and "Hughie darling," that. I remember her going on like that about Hugh once, some time ago on one [Continued on page 26]



## DOCTOR JOSEF SORGO

Primarius (clinic head) of the famous Rainer Hospital, Vienna. Dr. Sorgo is considered one of the half-dozen greatest physicians in Austria. His medical books are widely used in European medical schools.



*This Famous  
European Specialist  
says . .*

## Yeast corrects the trouble underlying those frequent, nasty COLDS

**Y**OU know it well enough without consulting a doctor . . . a cold is a sign of lowered resistance. It means that your system is run-down.

And nine times out of ten that is the case because of one underlying bodily condition—Intestinal Fatigue . . . a trouble which doctors say is the cause of over half of *all* our commonest ills!

Then why not put yourself in shape to resist colds by getting at the cause now?

There is a very simple, proved way—the regular eating of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. As the celebrated European authority, Dr. Sorgo, explains: "Fresh yeast has been used for a long time for disorders brought on by irregular functioning of the intestines.

"Fresh yeast," he adds, "is a food. Unlike violent laxative drugs, it will gently restore normal bowel action . . . It stimulates the muscles of the in-

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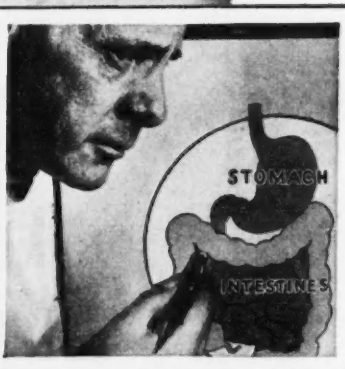
"Thus, by keeping the intestinal tract clean, fresh yeast will increase resistance to colds and catarrhal irritations."

You don't need any higher medical testimony than that! So fortify yourself against those nasty colds by starting to eat Fleischmann's Yeast today! Each cake, you know, is rich in vitamins B,

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### READ WHAT MEDICAL AUTHORITIES SAY—

DR. PAOLUCCI, noted Italian hospital head, explains: "Constipation predisposes to colds. Fresh yeast keeps intestines clean." DR. VON NOORDEN, German authority says: "Yeast vitamins build resistance."



POISONS that spread from clogged intestines weaken your resistance to sore throats and colds. "Fresh yeast keeps intestines clean . . . strengthens resistance to colds and infections," physicians explain.



Try Fleischmann's Yeast in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold). Or eat it just plain—or any way you like. Eat three cakes a day, before or between meals and at bedtime.

(At extreme left) From Winnipeg, Man., Miss Catharine Fraser (at right in photograph) writes: "As long as I eat Fleischmann's Yeast the rigors of our northern climate don't worry me. My physical condition was anything but good—I was troubled with constipation. Yeast brought about a vast improvement."

Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada by Canadians

**Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast—the only kind that benefits you fully. Eat 3 cakes every day!**

## Making Original Frocks From Paris Inspirations—by our writer in Paris

In this Paris letter, The Chatelaine's special correspondent abroad gives some valuable suggestions for interpreting the mid-winter mode

below a yoke, or a tucked or cut smooth hip effect. The sides of the skirt should hang straight.

In the front, the collar crossed and gave a double breasted effect and closed with the plainest dull black buttons. The piqué came around the back of the collar and followed the one long narrow rever almost to the waist, but instead of being tucked in, it fluttered out in a fan-like pleated arrange-

in a coat is just apt to be bunched, but I discovered that the dressmakers put a row of tiny lead weights inside to make it hang close to the wearer.

You will see many flannel coats next season and if one may draw conclusions from the collections now at Cannes and Palm Beach, there are no furs on these coats. They have tailored collars that stand up or remain flat. They have separate scarves of the material of the coat or of the dress that completes the ensemble—which brings me to the subject of prints. Art prints

A black lace evening model  
by Maggy Rouff.

A printed mousseline model  
in two shades of rose pink  
by Jean Patou.



Printed chiffons and marisettes are to be worn in the late winter and spring. This evening ensemble by Norman Hartnell, London, is very simply designed. The skirt is cut in pieces that are wider at the hem than at the waist, and the blouse is cut with a fairly high square neck, fastening on the shoulder.

ment. The deep cuffs flared out cavalier effect from a narrow straight band. The black patent belt intrigued me. It fitted exactly and fastened with a snap. Examining it later, I realized that the material was oilcloth and my mind flashed over the counters of beautiful table oilcloths in Canadian shops. If the ordinary shelf and table varieties may be turned and hemmed by machine without cracking, then think of all the lovely belts and hatbands we will have for every dress, particularly our summer ones. They will be not only economical, but will make a softer, more shapely waistline than the stiff patent variety.

COATS for late winter and the first days of spring have a great many blanket cloths among them. Deep Burgundy is a shade that is particularly attractive in blanket cloth. One model has a round collar of black Caracul that snuggles around the neck and stands up if fastened, then falls diagonally across the front of the coat in jabot effect and straight down the edge of the skirt section to the hem. The blouse and skirt of the coat were cut separately. The joining is made smoothly at the normal waistline. Another coat of black tricotine has a bloused back and is fitted below. Blousing

are certainly in the mode and they are to be found in conventional forms in afternoon dresses of flamenga, and in less conventional designs on silks of pussy willow texture and shaggy rajahs, while voiles, marisettes and chiffons have vague airy pictures on their surfaces, or patches that look like scissors cuttings. Choose your printed material as you would choose your perfume. Leave naive designs for the naive, and the sophisticated ones for the more mature person. Patou showed such a lovely meadow green flannel coat lined with flannel one shade lighter. It was practically two coats put together. The printed silk dress made exactly on the same lines had many greens, a dash of sunshine color and a bit of black in its conventional makeup.

Silk afternoon dresses are remarkably simple. I have before me now a copy of the November *Chatelaine*, and I notice that *The Chatelaine Patterns* show a dress, number 828, that is right up to the minute. In sewing the yoke to the flounce of the skirt, make two rows of machine stitching very close together. If done carefully, it gives a flat, smooth joining. Stitch the belt in the same way without putting stiffening in it. There is another thing. If you have paints for use on silk, make your jabot and cuff effects of the same material as the dress and get or make a stencil for widely separated polka dots. Patou used light green paint spots on dark green flat crêpe. Molyneux has biscuit shade on the jabots of a dark brown silk blouse.

If you have neither the paints nor real lace, try your remnant shelves again. See if there is a bit of lawn or linen all-over embroidery. If your dress is brown silk and the linen is white, dye it a coffee shade. As a matter of fact, a light café-au-lait combines very effectively with silks in green, [Continued on page 42]



# The Paris Letter

by EUSTELLA BURKE



The dress shown above, by Molyneux, could be made very easily by the home dressmaker. The skirt is simply cut of two widths of material on the straight and tucked on the reverse side to form a yoke. The material used for this model is a fine red wool woven on a firm linen mesh.

THE Paris collections always give me little thrills of pleasure. Not because the models are so startling . . . there are always a few highly dramatic ones in every collection . . . rather it is because the majority are very simple.

I see a frock so lovely that it takes the breath away. The next reaction is, "How very simple, but whoever would have thought of using the materials and colors just that way?" Undoubtedly, no one but a French dressmaker.

Recognizing them as the most skilful designers and cutters in the world, yet it is originality that particularly distinguishes their models, originality that uses and combines materials and colors fearlessly, and trims and finishes them with the same courage and good taste.

As collection after collection of the mid-season openings passed by, I was convinced that the Canadian woman who has mastered scissors and sewing machine, and who keeps an eye on Paris, has everything at her fingertips that is necessary to be smart. You will now tell me about limited budgets. They should only help to make your wardrobe more original. Remember that the French are the thriftiest race in the world and the basic principles of French dress-making are thrifty ones.

Coat linings are an example. Once upon a time we had an idea that it was impossible to be smart without a satin or at least a brocade lining to display over the back of a

an all-black costume may be so very smart that it is apt to topple over backward and be a trifle hard. The soft wool combined with it just softens it down.

There is a youthful type of satin suit that will have a coat with a slightly tailored Norfolk yoke back and front, a slightly fitted waist effected by cutting the coat with a peplum that is short and just to the hips. The shallow skirt yoke will have a group of pleats at the front and back. The buttons on the sleeves and coat front are sure to be plain dull black ones and early in the season a creamy jersey blouse will be worn, or if you have blue eyes, a blue blouse. The wool blouses worn with satin suits have long tight sleeves. The little short ones are decidedly blousy and gathered to a belt of self material that slips over the top of the skirt or under, with equal ease. Silk blouse ideas are legion and will be necessary for the later season. Satin is prominent, a pinky beige that goes so well with the black, and often a clear milk white satin. The washable Celanese or Rayon moiré would be ever so practical for the tailored tunic blouse. Patou places sleeveless piqué blouses with black satin and it is crisp and fresh looking. There is a coarse shaggy rajah among the best things for next summer and rajah would be a beautiful touch on black satin. Everyone has a remnant cupboard, and rolled up on some shelf is the very dress that will contribute its good spots for the costume blouse.

restaurant chair. The mid-season collections make a particular point of cloth linings. A black coat of tricotine reveals a vivid Macpherson plaid, or perhaps a yellow and grey shepherd's check. There are any number of fine flannel linings and several houses showed velveteen.

These linings are most carefully made. They are cut exactly after the pattern of the coat, piece for piece and seam for seam, so that there is not the slightest trace of bunchiness. If I were planning to have say a bottle green cloth suit for spring, I would line it with a fine check, something with a mellow butter shade, and have one deep rever and a scarf collar of the checked material. The coat wouldn't have any cuffs at all. The sleeves would be shaped below the elbow ever so little, to give a slight pouch, then cut in to give an opening just large enough for the hand to pass through with ease.

Couturiers have another clever idea for the late winter and spring. They are combining wool and satin. Black satin is a smart fashion that will grow as the season advances. A black satin suit will be practical as well as a beautiful thing if it is combined with flannel or kasha. For example, with a skirt of black satin there is a long sleeved tunic blouse of yarn colored kasha or a fine flannel. The blouse coming down smoothly over the hips is belted at the medium waistline. The black satin coat is slightly longer and lined with the kasha. The suit will be comfortable for cool weather wear, but not only that—

And speaking of spots—the polka dot is appearing in soft bow ties with flat round blouse collars. It is Hermes who has a polka dot cravat of flat crêpe for his satin blouses. It is made of two shaped tabs on the ends of a narrow band. The narrow part, almost a string, slips under the collar and the two fluttering tabs are posed in front according to the idea of the wearer.

To come back to remnant shelves, have you pieces of cotton piqué? You are fortunate if you have, as piqué is the most popular trimming in the mid-season collection. It is used on silk crêpe, on closely woven wools like tricotine, on others like jersey, and the open yet firm weaves that are the Molyneux specialty. It is shown by everyone—Patou, Callot, Madeline Vionnet, Mirande, Lanvin, Jane Regny, Worth.

The very nicest tailored cloth dress that I saw had a collar, one rever, and cuffs of white cotton piqué, the waffle variety introduced into men's shirts two years ago. The regular piqué is quite as effective and only one house uses the new weave. The material was a pure wool shepherd's check, the very same design that looms into fashion every few years. The fabric was closely woven and thin. The dress was very light in weight. The Norfolk influence was pronounced in the yokes back and front ending at the belted waistline, in the inverted box pleats below, and in the yoke on the skirt with the inverted box pleats back and front grouped below it.

It might be well to stress here that the fullness in daytime tailored clothes should be located in the front or back,



Burgundy blanket cloth with leopard trimming is a particularly smart combination in this coat by Worth.

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which isn't a station. It's a getting-off place, surrounded by scenery, miles and miles and miles of it. Where it ends the sky begins with nothing between.

As I said, I got off at Haycroft with your telescope valise your handbag and your black umbrella. I was wearing your spectacles and I had pinned the high neck of your uniform with your big cameo brooch. I felt quite satisfied with my appearance. I looked the part—a genteel member of one of the oldest families, indifferent to the modern trend of fashion.

I saw only one person on the platform, a tall handsome young man with the lean grace of a racehorse and more like the West than the prairie itself. I thought, "this is Richard Haskins." I bowed and smiled but he looked straight over my head and went on down the platform gazing into the cars. By that time the train was moving. I watched it with the feeling of a person seeing his only friend departing.

I don't know how long I would have stood there if I had not heard the only other living being striding toward the only vehicle in sight, a big dusty car. I looked after him in consternation and shouted, "You're not going to leave me here alone, are you?"

I didn't mind being a Robinson Crusoe on that little island of platform but I wanted my man Friday.

He turned slowly. He took off his hat. "I beg your pardon," he said politely enough. "I'm afraid I was thinking of someone else. What can I do for you?"

"What can you do?" I asked indignantly, "Would you leave me here to starve or be eaten by bears or something?"

At that he began to grin, one of the most impertinent grins I ever saw. It spread and spread until it became a rollicking laugh.

"Maybe you find it funny," I interrupted. "I hope you're enjoying yourself. But I always thought the men of the West were chivalrous, gallant," and just then I remembered that I was you and I added, "kind to elderly women." He is much too young, not more than twenty-four, to be flippant with women your age.

At that he caught his breath. He caught it so quickly he almost choked. Finally he managed to say again, "I beg your pardon. I did not wish to be rude but the idea of being eaten by bears sounds too much like a wild west story. Were you expecting someone to meet you?"

"Certainly!" I said speaking with dignity. "Mr. Richard Haskins was to meet me. I'm Miss Amantha Smith of Boston. I've come to be governess to his two small children."

At that he did take notice. He came toward the little platform. He looked me up and down. Then he said slowly and distinctly, "I am Richard Haskins but you are not the person I engaged to teach Bud and Dot."

"I certainly am," I said a little more firmly. "I have your letters."

"The Miss Smith I engaged," he continued stubbornly, "was a B.A., an M.A., a trained teacher, a mature woman of thirty-five, capable of taking complete charge of two strong-minded children."

I straightened up to my full five feet three and looked down at him from that platform while I gestured with your umbrella and said, "I'm capable of taking charge of half a dozen strong-minded children."

"Besides I have a photograph of the Miss Smith I engaged," he continued with a grim determination to give me a knockout blow.

"Yes I know," I agreed pleasantly, "that was a poor photograph. I wasn't in very good health when it was taken."

He looked me straight in the eye and asked, "Who was your doctor? I'm sure he must be something of a magician."

"I'll show you your letters if you need proof," I insisted.

"I don't need proof, thanks," he sprang to the platform and reached for your valise and handbag with the ungracious remark, "I suppose I can't leave you here but you're not the type of person I want at all."

I was too furious to speak and he expressed himself by stepping on the gas. We hit the high spots for about ten miles in silence. Then I was somewhat calmer but considerably shaken as I chattered, "I suppose you are one of the silent he-men of the West that we read so much about?"

His glance was a summing up of all the West feels about the east but I just smiled and continued, "We always associate romance with the West."

"A lot of darned lies!" he growled. He threw his hat into the back of the car and by bracing myself and holding on with one hand I was able to turn enough to see that he has a well-shaped head, thick wavy hair, a square jaw, the squarest jaw I ever saw and regular features built on a big plan. His eyes are keen and uncompromising. He's a man to love or hate. I hate him but I'm not going to let that interfere with our plans.

So I continued pleasantly, "You can't deny this is the land of adventure. It has drawn titled people from all countries, people who have come here to get back to nature and—"

"Make a living," he interrupted. He gave me a quick glance and said scoffingly, "So that's why you came. Hoped to meet a lord or count or something or other. I wondered why a person of your type had fluttered into this wilderness."

I gave him a haughty stare through your spectacles as I explained, "I came to give your children cultural advantages."

At that he growled, "Your missionary zeal is commendable but they are not my children. They are my brother's. His wife is ill and he had to take her away. They left the young fiends on my hands. That's why I engaged Miss Amantha Smith. She has a good strong face—a square jaw. They need discipline. I'd have engaged Sarah Finch only I was afraid she'd be a bit too severe. I'll have to fall back on her."

"And what are you going to do with me?" I asked nonchalantly.

"Send you back as soon as I can get Miss Finch," he answered vindictively.

"You'll do nothing of the kind. I'm going to stay six weeks," I contradicted firmly.

"Why six weeks? Why not six months?" he asked gruffly.

"Because you have to give me notice," I said. I had no idea how much notice people give so I said, "Six weeks notice."

"Four weeks is the legal notice here," he retorted, "and back you go in four weeks." He set his jaw and glared at me. I set my jaw and glared at him and again he put his foot on the gas. The car got into a rut in the trail and threw me on top of him and before we were untangled we were passing a homesteader's shack and a large house with a lot of buildings around it loomed up ahead.

"That is Count Tetlov's place," your employer remarked drily. "He's the only titled person around here and I shouldn't wonder if he'd like to get married. He's about the right age too, about forty."

"Don't be crude!" I snapped as I straightened my hat and skirt but he was looking toward a small lake where a couple of children in bathing suits were wading. He stopped the car with a jerk and in a second was running toward them shouting, "Come out of that! Come at once!"

I HAD no doubt these were the children you were to tame so I watched with considerable interest when your employer returned with a squirming figure under each arm and dumped them into the back of the car. The boy has fair curly hair and the bluest and most innocent eyes I ever saw. The girl is dark with a small piquant face.

Before we had quite stopped in front of the house, which is a big white frame building with green shutters and a number of screened porches, a large perspiring woman came dashing from the back. "Oh, Mr. Dick I'm nearly crazy," she began in a high shrill voice. "I don't know where their children have gone. I let them put on their bathing . . ."

"We're all right Marty," a cheerful voice from the back of the car assured her. "Uncle Dick got us but he's going to spank us."

Mr. Haskins looked at the woman who is the house-

keeper and without a glance in my direction said, "Mrs. Martin this is Miss Amantha Smith who will take charge of the children until Miss Finch returns."

"Oh my dear I'm so glad to see you," Mrs. Martin caught my hand in her trembling ones. "Them kids has nearly driv me crazy. I couldn't stand it another day. It's on account of Mr. Dick I've stayed like I have. He's that good I couldn't leave him but flesh and blood can only stand so much."

I was going to agree with her about the flesh and blood when I was recalled by a smack that reminded me a spanking was in progress. I looked around to see Dick Haskins with his foot on the running board of the car and Bud across his knee. His hand was coming down where it would be most effective.

"Cry, Bud, cry!" Dot advised from the back of the car where she stood leaning forward with keen interest, "Then he won't hit so hard."

Following this suggestion Bud emitted a few piercing shrieks that almost made my hair stand on end. I think they rather upset Mr. Haskins for he uprighted the boy and reached for Dot. She screamed before he touched her and when he put her across his knee her shrieks were too much for me. I put my hand on his arm and said sternly, "Stop that you brute! You're not going to bully those children while I'm here. If you'd just show them a little love—"

You could hear the silence that came over the scene. The squirming Dot raised her head to see what had happened. Bud stood with open mouth. Sport the dog got up and wagged his tail and a stray hen stopped and fixed her beady eye on me. Mr. Haskins put the child on her feet and brushed my hand from his arm.

Then I felt a punch from a small fist. Bud was standing in front of me, spindly legs well apart and he was scowling. "You let my uncle alone," he commanded. "I guess he can spank us for all of you."

"You let him alone," Dot echoed. She put her thumb in her mouth, her face still wet with tears and considered me with hostility.

"That's what they'll do every time," Mrs. Martin nodded her head on her cushion of chins. "They'll fight for Mr. Dick."

I merely glanced at them and said in my best manner, "It's time there was a civilizing influence around here."

Mr. Haskins bowed mockingly. Then he turned to the children. "If you go down to that slough again I'll whip you well. I've told you there's quicksand in the bottom. It'll drag you down and bury you and no one will know where you've gone."

"We was lookin' to see if it's got hands," Dot explained. "It couldn't catch us without hands, could it?"

"It has great big hands but you can't see them," he answered. Then he glanced in my direction. "This is Miss Smith who has come to take care of you until Miss Finch comes back. I wish you to do what she tells you."

Bud touched his little brown hand to his forehead. Dot courtied I felt like inventoried goods when their bright eyes had travelled over me. Then Bud caught Dot's hand and said, "Come on. We'll get dressed." They ran around the house but their voices floated back.

"I ain't scared of Smithy. She can't do nothing to us."

"I ain't scared of Smithy," Dot echoed.

Richard Haskins looked at me. "Go ahead and civilize them," he said with a nod of his head. "You have a month."

"Six weeks!" I corrected as I followed Mrs. Martin into the house and upstairs to a very nice bedroom.

"Those children haven't any respect for nobody," she sighed.

"I don't mind that," I said lightly as she sat down in a rocking chair that creaked with her weight. "I think I'm going to like them. It's their uncle. He should rule by love," I continued positively.

"You don't know them," Mrs. Martin said grimly. Then with a sharp look at one of my own dresses that I was taking from the valise, she added, "You'll like Mr. Dick. He's a square shooter. There's just one thing he won't forgive—that's anyone

[Continued on page 52]

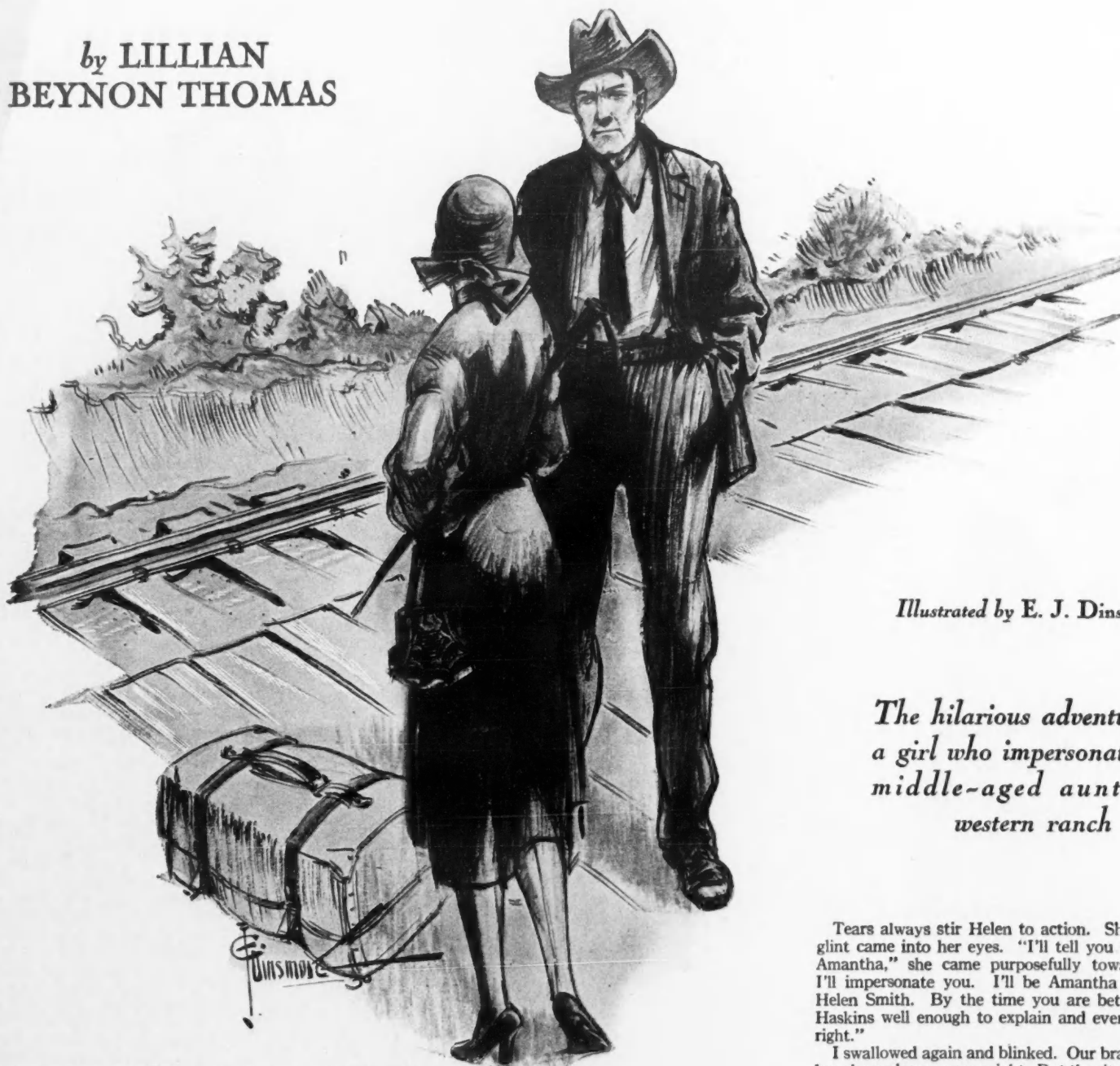
The children, already in their bathing suits, were on the raft that was tethered to a post.





# Helen Gives Notice

by LILLIAN  
BEYNON THOMAS



Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

*The hilarious adventures of  
a girl who impersonated her  
middle-aged aunt on a  
western ranch*

"What can you do?" I asked indignantly. "Would you leave me here to starve or be eaten by bears or something?"

LAST spring when my niece Helen, who had just graduated with honors, offered to go west to Richard Haskins' ranch and impersonate me, I consented without fully considering the dangerous complications likely to arise.

This was partly because I had suddenly developed tonsillitis, partly because of an unusual situation at the ranch which we did not fully understand and which seemed to demand unusual measures and partly because, while Helen listens brilliantly to objections, she never allows them to interfere with her own plans.

She has an understanding heart and a tongue untrammelled by static. When I announced to the family that I had resigned my position in the ladies' college where I had taught for fifteen years and was going west as governess to two small children, there was a hurricane of protest. But Helen met it by telling the whole connection they were as dead as a disconnected radio and as old-fashioned as a bustle. She silenced if she did not convince them.

Helen and I are very much alike in our general appearance as well as mentally. I have often been told that I was just as good looking at nineteen as she is. My hair had the same reddish gold tints, my eyes were just as bright, my complexion as clear and I had the same kind of dimple.

I was attractive to men too but I had an unhappy love affair. Helen has had a number of love affairs but she has been a little spoiled by having too much money and too much attention. She is a little cynical.

I am not cynical. I am romantic. I had greatly enjoyed

Mr. Haskins' letters. He wrote charmingly. He did not mention his wife so I judged he must be a widower and I felt that I would be doing a good deed by helping him to give those children proper care and training. Then I took tonsillitis.

As I explained to Helen it would not have been a serious matter if Mr. Haskins had not made such a point of having someone at once, and someone who was strong. In one letter he said that he had narrowed the applications for the position down to two—mine and one from a local woman named Sarah Finch. Her chief recommendation was that she was never ill.

"You can see for yourself that he'll never hold the position for me if I tell him I'm ill," I croaked when Helen had finished reading the correspondence and stood tapping her expensively shod foot thoughtfully on the floor, "and the doctor says I can't go for six weeks."

"I wonder why he needs someone so strong?" she questioned. She picked up one of his letters and looked at it again. "He says Bud and Dot are only six and seven. They must be giants if it takes a strong woman in good health to manage them at that age."

"It would seem so," I agreed hoarsely, "but I'm sorely disappointed. I may never have such a chance again. The West is the last seat of romance." I swallowed and it brought the tears to my eyes, as I added, "Counts and dukes and even princes have gone there from all over the world to get back to nature."

Tears always stir Helen to action. She set her jaw. A glint came into her eyes. "I'll tell you what I'll do Aunt Amantha," she came purposefully toward me, "I'll go. I'll impersonate you. I'll be Amantha Smith instead of Helen Smith. By the time you are better I'll know Mr. Haskins well enough to explain and everything will be all right."

I swallowed again and blinked. Our branch of the Smiths has always been very upright. But the situation was unusual and the plan did appeal to me, so I merely nodded my approval.

Just one thing made me hesitate. While Helen resembles me, for I have kept my girlish figure, she lacks that efficiency of manner that is the mark of the business woman. In appearance she is more the butterfly than the bee. But back of her gay irresponsibility is a tenacity of purpose—she is a regular little bulldog with all the courage and assurance of inexperience.

But before we had quite decided I remembered the photograph of myself, in the school uniform, with the high neck and long sleeves, that I had sent Mr. Haskins. I had also told him that I was thirty-five.

"That doesn't matter," Helen said lightly. "I'll wear your big horn-rimmed spectacles, your uniform and I'll carry your old valise and umbrella. Besides I'll take these letters that Mr. Haskins wrote and I'll make him stick to his bargain."

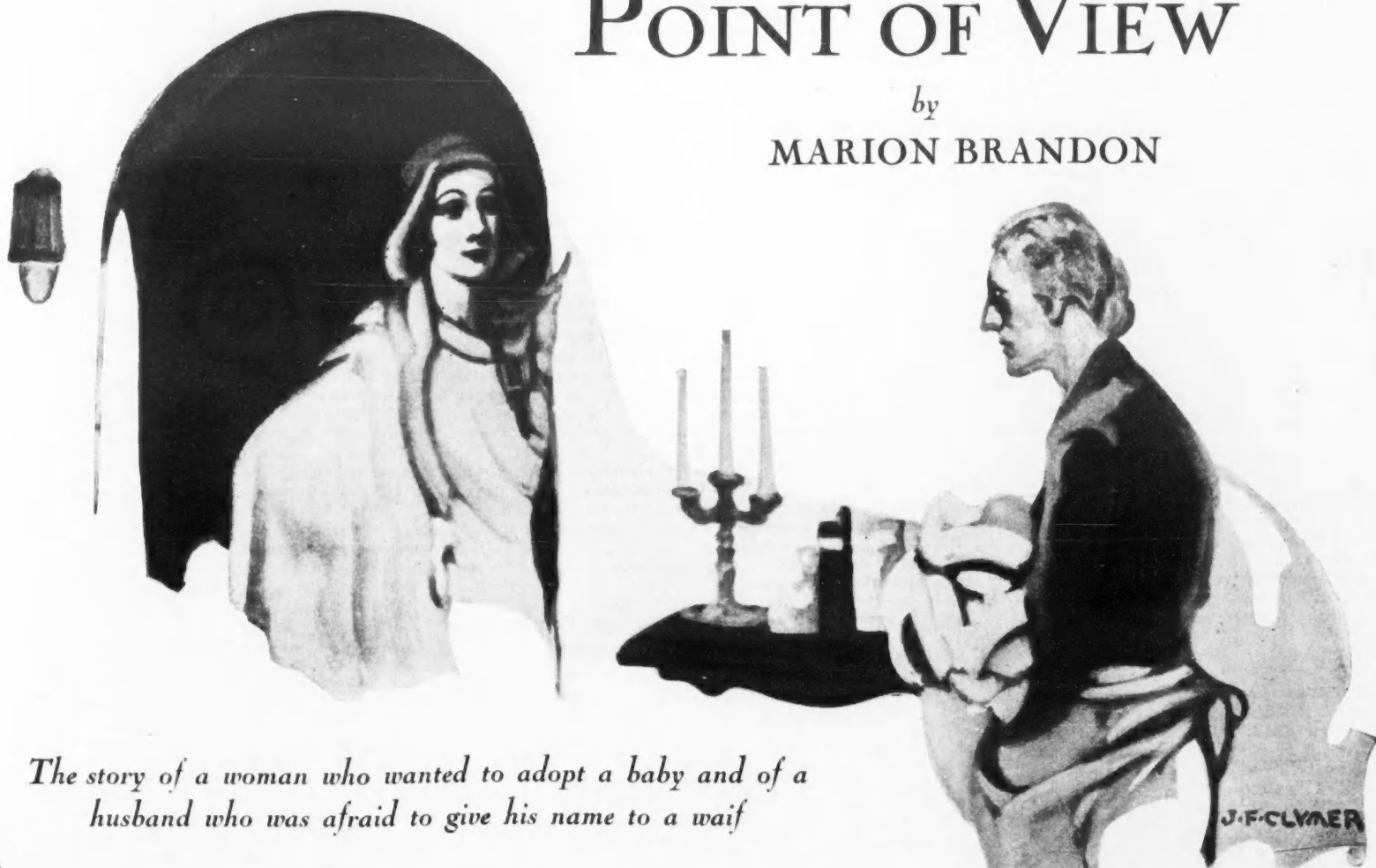
Helen is very confidence inspiring. But as I thought of the big silent he-men of the West I had read about and seen in the movies I had some doubts. Would she be able to bully them as she had bullied the young men at home? However she was determined so I gave her a lot of good advice about ruling by love and she promised to write me full particulars. I waited most anxiously for her first letter. It came quickly.

DEAR AMANTHA—I am here. Mr. Haskins is here and Bud and Dot are here. The exciting question of the moment is how long are we going to remain together. If your dear employer had his way it would not be for long. But to begin at the beginning, which is Haycroft Station,

# THE POINT OF VIEW

by

MARION BRANDON



*The story of a woman who wanted to adopt a baby and of a husband who was afraid to give his name to a waif*

AND they lived happily ever afterwards."

Feeling like a hopelessly sentimental fool, Faith Carvel dabbed surreptitiously at her eyes under cover of the deepening twilight. It was ridiculous to feel one's voice breaking in that silly fashion on the familiar words without which no self-respecting fairy-tale could possibly be brought to a close. And for no more tragic reason than that they bid so fair to prove true in one's own case!

Wedding anniversaries always shook her more or less. There seemed to be so much in the very unfairylike world about one to indicate that the optimistic phrase couldn't be expected to hold for real life—that each new milestone on the way to the "ever afterwards" was something to be hailed with half-incredulous thankfulness.

They had the effect of frightening her a little.

Today made eight of them—eight sapphires in the diamond circlet which Anthony had this morning clasped around her wrist—with Anthony in every respect as satisfactory, and herself as happy now as then. And according to the old English saying, eight spelled safety.

As though there could be any talk of safety with Anthony what he was! She reproved herself as she assured her round-eyed little audience of her infallible return the following week.

Even for the irremediable blow which had left without hope of occupancy the nurseries that she had prepared with such loving care; which had doomed her hours of storytelling to be forever like this one in the Children's Home on the hill, Anthony had—almost—made up.

Not quite, of course. No husband can entirely atone to the woman who goes down to the furthest confines of the Valley of the Shadow only to stumble back with empty arms.

"I must let you have a peep at our real triumph, Mrs. Carvel!" the matron invited as she accompanied Faith down the long hall, "One doesn't often see a baby *this* age coming through double pneumonia!" She pushed open the door of a little quiet room containing only a single bed and a tiny crib. "A foundling," she elucidated, "Abandoned three weeks ago in a hotel bedroom—Perhaps you noticed the account in the papers? Even the doctors don't understand how he pulled through it!"

Faith bent over the crib.

Such an unbelievably frail mite, with blue-shadowed eyes so big and dark in a peaked little face, fuzzy little head already exhibiting unmistakable golden ringlets. She slipped a finger into a tiny hand, white and thin instead of

the rosy pudge that one expects of a baby. It closed, as baby hands do; and as the little grasp went straight to her heart, Faith suddenly knew, beyond any shadow of doubt, that this, and no other, was the child she must have.

It was four years since her own heartbreak; and for the last two she had secretly cherished, with slowly growing intensity, the desire to find a baby on which to expend some of the love and care which had accumulated so richly during the months of waiting for her own. But the plan, as plans have a habit of doing, had remained nebulous and ill-defined; had indeed, never advanced beyond the "boy or girl?" stage. Now, however, without effort or move on her part she had found what she wanted. No mere doll to be dressed and exhibited and played with, but something to challenge all the resources of wealth and love—something that needed her.

"How old is it?" she asked, inserting a finger into the other tiny hand which closed on it as tightly as the first had done. One would almost think that the big solemn eyes smiled up at her!

"Perhaps two months—it's hard to tell, of course, when they're so little and ill—Poor little thing!" added the superintendent, "He probably won't be here in two more. It's strange how even the strongest and healthiest motherless babies just seem to slip away somehow in spite of the best we can do. And of course, nobody ever wants to adopt a baby that isn't healthy and strong—and a girl with blue eyes!"

Faith gently disengaged the hold of the little fists on her fingers.

"I want him," she said simply, "Does it take long to—do it?"

"Not in your case, Mrs. Carvel." The superintendent smiled, for the Anthony Carvels required little investigating. "Of course, there's your husband to consider. The men are always the hard ones to suit—"

It was Faith's turn to smile in her comfortable certainty of Anthony's superiority to other and fussier husbands. For all their eight years Anthony had a clean record of never having questioned her most extravagant or most inconsequential wish, and it was hardly likely that he would begin now.

She could still feel on her own the grip of the little hands as the big warm limousine threaded its silent way through the teeming evening traffic of the down-town district. In

her happy excitement everything seemed beautiful—the shining sleekness of the cars drawn up in impatient ranks at the crossing—fast-breathing giant horses impatient to be off. The pouring vivid colors of the electric signs; the cold pure green of the sunset afterglow in the sky before her as the car sped out through the wide quiet streets that led homeward, all found a new beauty.

The nurseries were all ready for an occupant. Faith was not morbid; but the two big bright rooms, one for night and one for day, with their Mother-Goose stencilled walls, their porch and rose-tiled bathroom, had been planned and furnished and dreamed over when the house was built. They had been building for a family then—and there had never been any other use for them. The house was far too large as it was without arranging other guest-quarters, and the sunny pink rooms had simply been closed.

All that was needed now was opening and cleaning and airing . . . There would have to be a trained nurse, of course . . . perhaps an ultra-violet-ray lamp to make those tiny hands chubby and soft and rosy . . . The bits of hair had curled so sweetly around the white little face!

"There's Mr. Carvel now," announced he chauffeur, applying the brakes as a long shining shape drew alongside.

"If you want a really good chauffeur for the next four blocks, Mrs. Carvel," invited Anthony, "Change cars!"

She did not broach the subject until after dinner. They made great state of anniversaries; always at home, always without guests—always with a new dress for the occasion. It was silvery blue this time, with the tiniest of trains which somehow removed some six or seven of Faith's twenty-nine years instead of adding to them as a train would be supposed to do. And after dinner, in the firelight of the big living room, she slipped her fingers into Anthony's and told him.

*It was four years since her own heartbreak, and for the last two she had secretly cherished the desire to find a baby on which to expend some of the love which had accumulated while waiting for her own.*





# The Art of Being Courted

*The modern interpretation of an ancient practice*

by F. E. BAILY



*If Claude suddenly produced a shaving brush and razor, would love leap in your heart with additional horsepower?*

**I**N THE first place, since men on the average are a tidy-minded race, because sheer necessity has made them so, be incredibly painstaking over frocks and hair, manicure, shoes, stockings, gloves, and so on. And please, oh please, if you're out with a man do try and last as long as possible before repairs are necessary.

I assure you it gives a man no thrill to see you comb your hair at him, or rub a stick of scarlet grease paint over your lips, or powder yourself with the aid of that curious grimace which I always suppose, rightly or wrongly, is meant to keep the nose rigid during the process.

If you were out with Claude and he suddenly produced a shaving brush and razor and shaving cream and began to shave before your very eyes would love leap up in your heart with additional horsepower? Quite.

Secondly, however desperate you may feel, always let the man do the hunting, ostensibly at any rate. There is nothing against sending out wireless messages that you are willing to be hunted, but you must remember to retreat in order to be pursued. No one knows why Providence ordained that man should be the hunter and woman the hunted but the fact remains and there is no use gainsaying it.

I admit it seems silly for a girl of strong character to pretend to run away from a man less determined than herself. This she usually has to do because women of strong character generally marry rather irresolute men; this is Nature's way of striking an average in the next generation. Nevertheless, hunted she must be, and indeed wants to be so there isn't really any hardship in it.

The third rule is always to be perfectly natural in your manner. This is most important because men are far more shy than girls. You need only go to a children's party and watch the brass-faced small girls positively harrying the shy and timid small boys to realize that the male sex is the shy sex. If your manner happens to be shy, awkward, crushing, or merely bored, it will scare the new boy friend into the next country where he will take refuge with one of those heavenly natural girls who make him feel quite at home from the outset.

Fourthly, never let a man feel a fool, for his pride is very sensitive, and once he imagines you consider him a fool he will probably depart from you and never come back. It's almost better to be kissed when you don't want to be than exclaim: "Oh George, can't you ever let a girl alone for two seconds?" because it won't hurt you very much, and some day you may want George to kiss you. But if he has been thoroughly snubbed once for kissing at the wrong moment—a thing every man does sooner or later, so why all the fuss?—the odds are he will never risk a second attempt.

In the fifth place it's most important to be a good listener. Instead of replying: "Tell us something we don't know!" please bear with me while I explain why. It seems to be a provision of Nature that the male should strut about in order to attract the female and do everything possible to make himself seem a shade more wonderful than he really is.

Once upon a time Leonard would have brought you the skin of a lion he had killed, or the head of an enemy slain in battle, and you would have been overjoyed. Nowadays all Leonard can do is to tell you how he answered the manager back, or gave the traffic policeman a nasty look. Listen patiently, because he is doing this for your sake. He really wants you to be loved by a two-fisted he-man from the great open spaces, who shoots from the hip, and this is the best he can manage in the way of heroics.

Sixthly, be genuinely interested in the affairs of a man you like, and show it. After all they may be your affairs some day, and in any case he will go about for evermore telling everybody what a nice, sympathetic, understanding creature you are. This is a reputation worth having. Besides, you'd expect him to be interested in your doings, and fair's fair. Far more men are spoiled, from a woman's point of view, by receiving too little encouragement to seek sympathy rather than too much. From whomever a man has received sympathy, to her he will return for more.

It would be a good thing for you to write up my seventh piece of wisdom on your mirror, where you are always sure of seeing it a good many times a day. It reads thus: "Never snub a man unless it's inevitable, and with tact it never is."

No, it never is. Coming events cast their shadows before them. Either you've asked for trouble, in which case you can't complain when you find it. Or you always knew Henry to be impossible, in which case you should have relinquished him before it came to a dog-fight. Finally to snub gracefully, adequately and completely is a perfection that few achieve. The average snub generally deteriorates into "You're another!" said in a loud voice, which may be noisy but it isn't art.



*Once upon a time Leonard would have brought you the skin of a lion he had killed and you would have been overjoyed.*

Eighthly, my sisters, if you really love a man don't be ashamed, or too clever, to let him know. To begin with it's mean and furthermore it's bad strategy. Men like being given things just as much as girls, and one of the things they like being given is love. That theory about sitting on a throne and awarding the palm of victory (I used "victory" in the elastic sense: victory in the world of commerce, or victory over a smoking chimney) sounds very well, but life gets extremely tiresome for a man if he has to swim the Channel, or make a thousand pounds and bring you home a diamond bracelet every time he wants to be kissed.

Arising out of my eighthly is the ninth precept, namely: "Spoil him a little; he won't get a swollen head if he's the right sort."

There is a command in the cavalry when the morning's work is done that runs: "Make much of your horses" or words to that effect, which is the signal for the soldiery to fondle their four-footed friends. There ought to be a similar command: "Make much of your fiancé, or husband" given out every day on the radio at a convenient hour. It would do far more good than one of those talks on "Why Shrimps Leave Home."

Finally always play straight with a man, because so many girls don't. Try to mean what you say; it may seem frightfully clever to fool a man into a state of misery and then, when you've had your fun to tell him: "Oh, but I didn't mean a word of it."

*He wants you to be loved by a two-fisted he-man, and this is the best he can manage in the way of heroics.*

Yet once every so often a young gentleman is less refined circles than ours takes a razor to his young lady in these circumstances and we are put to the expense of his trial and execution. I don't say he is justified but I do say that it would have been better not to provoke him, or any other man.

**N**OW, with feminine superiority to a mere male's audacity in giving advice on such a question, you may answer me that you have known all of this all the while. And that if I haven't had all of these precepts practised on me, then I have never courted myself.

But look to it, my friends. You may be conscious of the truth of some of my ten points—but can you honestly say that you are following them all?

For I have discovered often enough, that the woman who is superior enough not to make up in public, is often so superior that she often makes a man feel a fool—and so cancels her one good point. And the woman who knows with her age-old intuition the value of letting the man do the "hunting," is often the woman who lets herself be petted constantly, and seldom realizes the great value in making much of her man.

She is also, very often, the woman who believes in occasionally snubbing a man, to accent the fact that he is the hunter and that she can be coquettish and elusive.

But after all, since this is a discussion on the art of being courted, and since it is the man who does the courting—ask the man you feel knows most about the subject—and see if I'm not right!

# THE CAT'S PAW



"Is that M. Keston?" asked the voice at the other end. This is DeChâteauloin speaking."

*Which concludes the thrilling tale of a girl who was forced to play the part of a criminal's dupe*

by M. N. A. MESSER

Illustrated by W. V. Chambers

LALAGE, on her way home to England with some precious family papers which will establish a family fortune is attacked by a robber and apparently kills him. The Vicomte who is a notorious criminal sees her, and takes her to his house, where he threatens her with arrest for murder and the confiscation of her papers unless she will help him sell a valuable manuscript to Miles Keston, the English collector. If she will pose as a niece of Lefarge, and persuade Keston to buy the stolen book, the Vicomte promises to return her papers and see her safely home. In the first interview Miles Keston is very much attracted to Lalage, and they arrange a second meeting wherein she shows him the manuscript and obtains his promise of a decision on the morrow. The next day Lalage is ordered to see Keston once more and arrange for the final purchase of the stolen manuscript. Lalage confesses the whole truth of her position and he plans to rescue her with the assistance of his friend Bobby Hayes. Keston, however, is captured and held prisoner, but his friend escapes and in the absence of the Vicomte manages to overcome the two servants and set free the two prisoners.

## PART THE SIXTH

WHEN she opened her eyes again, she was in a moving car. Miles bending anxiously over her. There was a strong smell of brandy.

She sat up a little. "Oh, what an idiot I am!" she exclaimed. "Did I faint?"

Bobby, who was driving, looked at her. "When did you last have food?" he asked, sternly practical.

"I don't know," she confessed. "Last night I think."

"I thought as much! Hunger and excitement mixed. I'm feeling pretty hollow myself. What d'you think about

a little something?" he asked Miles. "Poor girl's starving, that's what it is, to say nothing of me."

"Drive on into Gex," Keston told him, "and you two can feed while I go to the Gendarmerie. Lalage, are you sure you're all right now?"

"I will be soon," she promised. "I don't know how I could have been so utterly idiotic. I just got that case and then—I don't remember any more. Oh Miles, where is it? Is it safe—my case?"

"Here it is, you needn't worry about that. Now shut your eyes and don't say another word till we get to Gex."

She was glad to obey and now that she at last realized what had happened, gave herself up to blissful thankfulness until the car stopped.

She and Bobby stopped at a little *Pâtisserie* somewhere in Gex, while Miles went on to interview the police. When he came back he looked rather grave.

"I've had the deuce of a bother with them," he explained. "They were most frightfully unwilling to do anything. Also they were thirsting for an interview with Lalage, but I didn't let on she was here. She's not fit to chat with them at present. In the end they promised to go and look over the villa for corpses and come on afterwards to Geneva to take Lalage's deposition. They wanted to know if I'd got any witnesses to the assault on me last night, but of course Louis was the only person who was on in that act, and naturally he won't give his master away."

"No," Lalage broke in, "but I saw you all tied up this morning, with Louis guarding you with a pistol in his hand."

"So you did!" Miles agreed. "You see, the whole thing hinges on you, my dear. You're more or less the only witness for the prosecution. Thank heaven we've got that case of yours back with your passport and so on. We may need

that by way of proof that you're what you say you are. You see, there's nothing known against the Villa les Fougères in any way, and De Châteauloin has the reputation, as far as they are concerned, of being a perfectly respectable citizen, and so on. He appears to have been living quietly there for several months, building up evidence in his own favor before he started operations. Lefarge only arrived as a guest a week or so ago, and anyway, the police don't know anything about his previous escapades. No, our Vicomte is very decidedly a person with brains."

Lalage gave a little shiver. "That's what makes him so horrible," she said. "One is so sure all the time, that he's thought everything out."

"Well, his calculations went wrong this time any way," said Bobby with satisfaction. "There were certain things after all, that he hadn't taken into consideration and Louis deceiving him about my being dead was one of them. If it hadn't been for that, we'd not be here now."

"What d'you mean?" the other two asked in chorus.

Bobby laughed. "Come along into the car and let's push off to Geneva and I'll tell you the story of my life. Personally I shan't mind getting back to that law abiding spot again. My own rooms have rarely seemed so inviting, and I shan't be really sorry to get these clothes off."

"Come on then," Miles urged, "back to Les Grand Philosophes and their orderly city."

HAYES insisted on being dropped at his own rooms, promising to come along to Miles's hotel later in the day.

Next came the problem of what was to be done with Lalage. Miles felt he couldn't bear her out of his sight and she confessed she'd feel happier within reach of him.



Anthony's hand closed on hers in the tight warm clasp that she loved.

"Nothing doing, darling!" he answered with complete unexpectedness, "I wouldn't think of it."

THERE is something entirely breath-taking about a first refusal on the part of a husband who has never made any other reply than "Certainly, darling," or a slang equivalent; and for a moment Faith experienced the creepy feeling that her hearing had failed her.

But the dark clean-cut face, thrown into warm brown relief by the leaping flames held a very definite expression.

"But Anthony—" she protested, a little tremulous with the shock, "It's so little—and so dear—and it needs so much—"

"That has nothing to do with it, darling." Though he spoke quietly, Anthony looked very much as though he meant what he said, "As long as we couldn't—keep—our own, I'm taking no chances on one that isn't."

On Faith's fingers still lingered the clutch of that tiny hand. She wanted the baby so. She had never wanted anything else quite so much—except Anthony.

"But Anthony—why?" It was hard to get the question past the lump of disappointment and resentment gathering in her throat—the first that Anthony had ever caused. Hitherto, one of Anthony's chief charms had been his unexpectedness; one could never tell in what queer way he would look at a thing. But when his unexpectedness took this disconcerting turn, there was no charm in it whatever!

Anthony's hand tightened to painfulness. "Darling, you know why!" His voice contained a peculiar mixture of firmness and pleading that shook Faith in a queer fashion. "Spend anything you like on the little kid, but—one can't put the family name on some little waif that might turn out—anything."

She might have known it—that awful Carvel pride that she simply couldn't see, in spite of the fact that she herself was a Weldon. Anthony was the last of his family, for the war had taken his two brothers and had barely missed taking him. In him seemed to have concentrated all the family reverence and pride, in its many centuries of distinguished history.

It was not snobbishness, nor even a hint of it; for he was more than willing to be friends with anyone whom he considered worth liking, and was in the habit of democratically matching stories with Higgins, the chauffeur, while lending an entirely competent hand with greasing and polishing operations. Just plain incomprehensible old-world pride of lineage and jealousy for an honorable name. He probably wouldn't have married her if her name had been plain Jones or McCarthy, Faith thought with a sudden and completely unprecedented stab of anger that frightened her.

But as she was about to withdraw her hand from Anthony's, a glance at his face made her think better of the impulse.

Anthony was staring into the fire, and in his eyes lay the hurt look that she used to catch there in his unguarded moments after she had recovered from the long illness which followed the death of Robert Anthony Carvel III. It had been only in unguarded moments; and during her illness most of Anthony's moments had been so very carefully guarded that in her weakness and the hysteria of her grief and disappointment she had one day accused him of not caring.

"Don't darling!" was all that he had answered. But after he had gone, her day-nurse had told her what the night-nurse of Robert Anthony Carvel III—whose duty had ended after five hours—had told her . . .

No, one couldn't take back one's hand with Anthony looking like that!

They argued it, of course, as they had argued other differences; but this one was—different.

Anthony was adamant, not a crack or a chink in the solid front of his disapproval to give entrance to the tiniest wedge of reason or entreaty.

"Do you know anyone who's ever done it successfully?" Anthony finally demanded.

"No," Faith had to admit, "But do you know anyone who has tried it unsuccessfully?"

Anthony's reply was simply pig-headed. "Of course not. Who would? It just plain stands to reason that it couldn't work!"

It couldn't be called a quarrel, of course. Decent people don't have quarrels. But it was a thoroughly unsatisfactory wedding anniversary nevertheless.

"Darling—you do understand, don't you?" asked Anthony as the moments drew out into a lengthy silence, "You know I'd give you anything I—could?"

"Yes," answered Faith shakily. And told her first lie to Anthony. For she couldn't understand.

She was afraid of herself next morning as she tried to answer him as usual across the heavy silver grace of the Carvel coffee-service—across the flowers and the sunshine—

across the gulf which seemed to yawn between the two ends of the gleaming table. She was afraid that she might not succeed in keeping from her tone the coldness that was trying to creep into it; might let Anthony see that he was no longer what he used to be, a fact of which he seemed so far quite unaware.

Anthony was shrugging into his overcoat in the hall when with the feeling that a drowning man must undoubtedly experience at the sight of a good stout plank, Faith remembered Aunt Adeline's house.

AUNT ADELINE'S house in the quiet near-by town had been left to her on the death of its owner late in the fall. She and Anthony had gone on for the funeral, for Faith had loved the sharp-tongued vigorous old lady, and the tie between them had been real in spite of the infrequency of their meetings.

But she had not stayed to go over the house then; and she had shrunk from the task ever since. For Aunt Adeline had kept with well-nigh religious fervor everything among her possessions that had a story attached to it. And that seemed to mean everything. Her great dim garret had the appearance of a particularly orderly museum, with all its exhibits carefully arranged and labelled, from the pressed flowers representative of the numerous bouquets of Aunt Adeline's early maidenhood, through the first teeth and curls of her sons, both lost at sea to the local newspaper containing the notice of Faith's last visit to her. And every letter, apparently, that anyone had ever written her, stored in boxes neatly marked with the name of the writer.

No one enjoys the task of destroying the hundreds of inexplicable little keepsakes treasured by one who no longer needs them, but now Faith found herself enthusiastically welcoming the long-postponed undertaking.

"Anthony," she began as casually as she could, "I'll simply have to leave for the Manor House this afternoon. I can't let it go any longer."

Anthony's face fell.

"Darling girl!" he protested, half-way into his coat,

## INTERLUDE

by John Hanlon



This, dear, though I may never come to you  
Again, is thanks for one day, comfortless,  
Lonely and battle-worn, I drifted to  
Your open door and you gave quietness  
From storm and rest. No richer offerings of  
Laurels or rubies could have blessed me more  
Than you, who, with the deep calm of your love,  
Made safe one who was never safe before.

As if some fish, life-weary of the cruel  
And constant hunger-warfare of the seas,  
Were tide-caught in a still, cliff-cradled pool  
With only star-fish and anemones  
For comrades, tasting unfamiliar peace  
Till leaping surf brought unwelcome release.

"I thought that mess could wait over till summer till we could make a vacation of it together! Wouldn't take us more than a day to pitch out the junk."

"Really, Anthony, I couldn't!" Valiantly Faith strove to inject into her tone the regret it should hold. "It's been standing four months now, and it will be four more before we could go together; and it worries me to think—"

Anthony's arms were around her, his face buried in her hair. "What's to become of me, meanwhile?" he enquired. "You'll survive!" With a heroic effort Faith returned the caress as she would have done—almost as she would have done—before the unreasonableness and selfishness became evident.

"Make it snappy then!" ordered Anthony.

"I will." But under the strain of this ugly new discovery Faith felt that she must make it as long as she possibly could, the disclosure of the clay feet of one's idol being a matter for painful adjustments. Things could never be the same again, of course; but good sportsmanship required that one's disillusionment be kept hidden.

Aunt Adeline's old house stood cosy and foursquare as

ever behind its sturdy white palings. It was the kind of house that can look welcoming and hospitable in spite of closed blinds and smokeless chimneys and pathways drifted with untrodden spring snow; and as the taxicab bore Faith past it on the way to the hotel where she was to spend the night preparatory to arranging for such details as airing, furnace-lighting, and path-shovelling, it seemed to smile a kindly offer of asylum from her present unhappiness.

Aunt Adeline's elderly domestic, not withstanding a sizeable legacy was quite willing to return for the week or so that would be necessary, and on the afternoon following her arrival Faith moved into the white-panelled peace and serenity of the old house.

"'Twas funny the way Mis' Peck seemed to be worryin' about some letters or other," remarked Jane that evening. "Of course, havin' a stroke like she did, she couldn't talk; but she was tryin' terrible to say somethin' about letters . . . Everybody that heard was sure 'twas 'letters.' But we couldn't think whether 'twas some she was expectin', or some she wanted read or written—or whatever . . . Written, most likely, I guess."

Faith felt the quick tears spring to her eyes at the picture of helplessness evoked by Jane's words. For Aunt Adeline, hearty and vigorous at seventy-seven, had had by analogy with all the Weldon women every right to expect at least a decade more before she need call herself "old." The unexpected stroke with its cruel paralysis of the body and not the mind, must have been a bitter blow.

The first two floors of Aunt Adeline's house—really great-aunt Adeline, Faith's father's aunt—presented no difficulties. With the meticulously perfect housekeeping of past generations everything was in the irreproachable order only to be described as "apple-pie." Cleaning and rearranging at the capable hands of Jane and the garbing of furniture, pictures, and mirrors in the ghostly white linen "dusters" which they all owned—was all that was needed.

But the garret . . . !

Faith's heart sank as she made her way through the chilly gloom, pierced here and there with heatless pencils of mote-laden sunlight from the little dormer windows. At her side seemed to walk Aunt Adeline, pointing out this and that, recounting histories as she had loved to do.

"I simply must get all this cleared out before my time comes to leave it child!" She could hear the chuckle in the voice of the brisk old woman who had been so confident that her time was yet far distant. "People always hate redding up after the dead—and I'd hate to have them poking round in what's none of their business."

"I won't poke, Aunt Adeline!" Faith said aloud and a bit unsteadily.

"It's coming to you, Faith," the old lady had said on a later occasion, "I want to think of you and that Anthony of yours in it, even if it is only in summer. I've always liked you the best of the lot of us—after your mother who was an angel if anyone ever was!" Aunt Adeline was never anything but frank. "You're a refreshing change to look at from all us pink-and-white china-eyed Weldon females, and you've a snap to you that we haven't. A different person in a family that's all cut over the same pattern's a real blessing!" she had added with a little smile, as though she found such divergence amusing.

The magazines and "weeklies" would be enough to keep a Salvation Army truck busy for a morning! Teeth, curls, baby shoes, Sunday school cards, daguerrotypes, tin-types, pieces of momentous dresses, gloves, diaries, account-books, pressed flowers, wedding invitations, picture-postcards, all dated, labelled, and chronologically arranged, could go into the fortunately large and modern furnace. So could the letters, if fed to it in installments in lieu of coal, Faith thought in dismay as she surveyed the boxes and boxes that they filled.

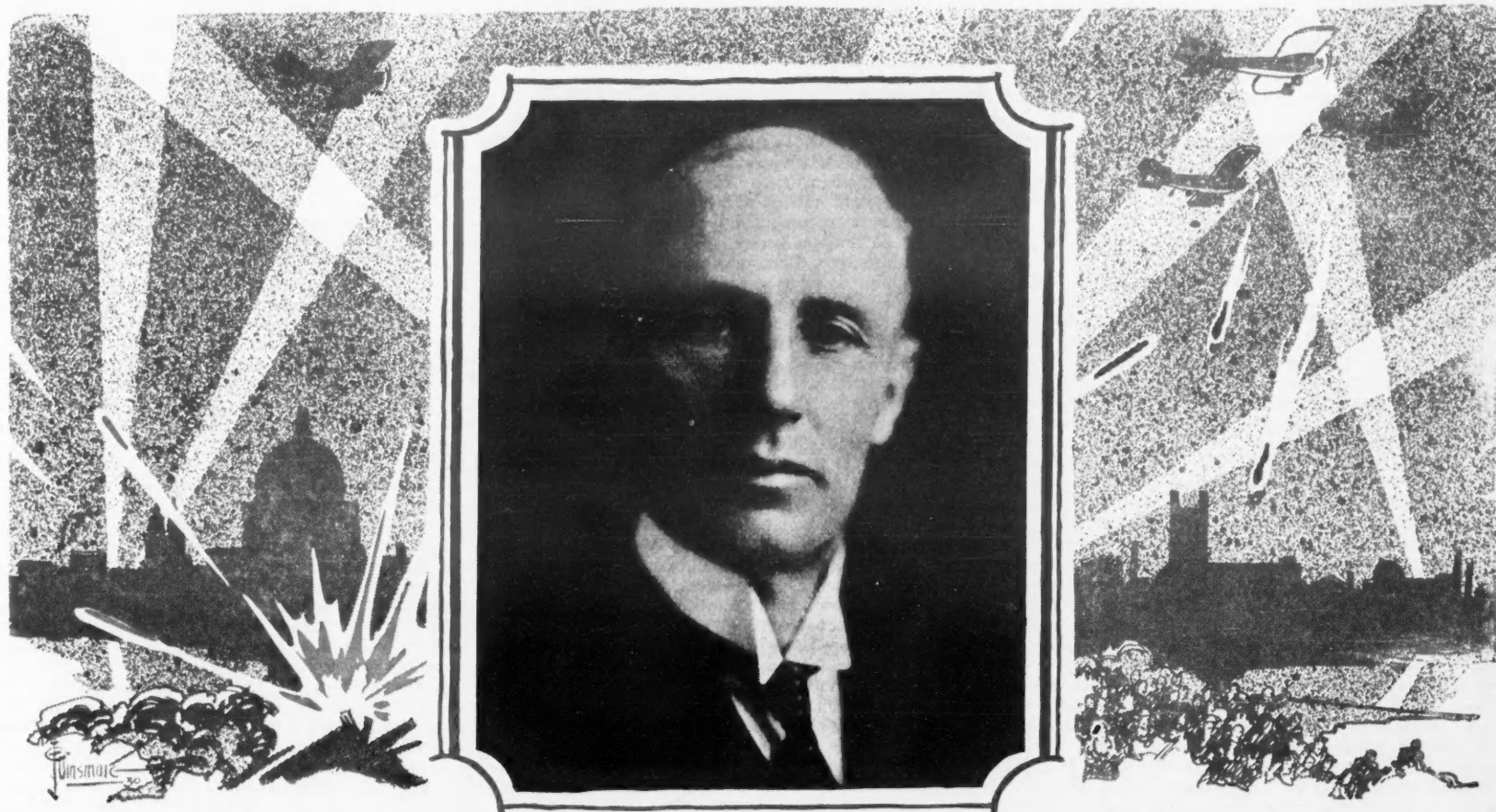
"Cable, 1860—1865." 1865—70. 1870—75. 1875—80. Four faithful boxes of Aunt Adeline's sea-captain husband who had gone down with the *Gull* when his sons were mere boys. And letters to "Deborah" . . . "Mary" . . . "Sophronia" . . . "Anne" . . .

Anne! Faith's own mother—that girl who had gone to make her home in the West with the one Weldon man who had inexplicably been willing to breathe air which held no tang of salt. Her mother, dead the year after her own marriage, with her smooth braids of red-gold hair, her eyes the blue of deepest sea-water—the same coloring as the Weldons, but more vivid; so lovely to Faith in her sheer calm unlikeness to her own dark vivacious self. She always thought of her mother as shining. Her father too, dead five years earlier, whose fair hair had curled like a little boy's, whose eyes had twinkled like the wind-rippled ocean in the sunlight.

A sudden longing seized Faith to draw closer to this mother whose presence would have so comforted her now in her need.

"This won't be—poking, Aunt [Continued on page 40]





# TO GET RID OF WAR—

A Plea for "An Universal Association of Nations"

by The Right Honorable Arthur Meighen

THIS is an age not of organization, but of organizations—societies, clubs, boards, leagues, commissions—and one gets bewildered in the endless maze. But with it all the world is not well organized. It is not well organized for the purpose of distributing among its population the fruits of their toil by brain and hand in accordance with the contribution of each, and it is certainly not, as yet, well organized for the greatest of all consummations, the establishment of permanent peace.

But though there may be too many heterogeneous institutions, there is one certainly that has the right to live, one that can demand the loyal service and enthusiasm of every lover of his race. It is the World Alliance for International Friendship.

This Alliance has a responsibility whose very immensity must stagger its officers and challenge its adherents in every nation. Its responsibility is to see that the people of the world do not forget what war really is; that they continue to hate war and resolve to get rid of it forever. For if the people do not so resolve, and stay resolved and mightily resolved, there is going to be war again.

Is it worth while to get rid of war? Is it worth while to make the biggest effort united humanity ever made? Is it possible? There are many who think it is not. Certainly it is the most difficult task mankind has ever attempted, but the first thing we must decide is that it has to be possible and has to be done. It is infinitely important for us to get to understand that war has to be ended, and why, and one of the objects of this Alliance is to drive home that truth and the reason behind it into all corners of the world.

I will tell you the reason as I understand it. Civilization has to end war, or war will end civilization.

Do we believe that to be true or do we not? If we do not, it surely is time we did, and if we do, then this race of human beings has to adjust itself to new facts, that is, facts which never existed before; it has to adjust itself to new tremendous facts or pass out.

What are these facts? The chief one is this:—Science has

"There will be another European war within a few years"

*I recently returned from England with the above phrase ringing in my ears. For eight weeks I had been in contact with men important in their various fields—business men, financiers, politicians, government officials, army and navy officers, editors and newspaper correspondents whose duties take them about Europe. Wherever I went, in private conversations I encountered the belief that trouble is brewing on the Continent. They spoke of France being suspicious of Italy and Germany, of Russia's policies and plans, of the Balkans and Poland. They spoke of roads being built for military usage, of vigorous air developments, of the manufacture of gas, of the activities of agents of the armament manufacturers. The impressions, the anticipations, were the same. All were convinced in their own minds that some spark ultimately would set Europe ablaze once more.*

*Out of suspicion, out of anticipation, wars are born. Out of the sale of munitions and armaments wars are born.*

*That is why The Chatelaine presents herewith the text of an address delivered by the Right Honorable Arthur Meighen before the World Alliance for International Friendship in Washington. Designed for a United States audience, I believe that the message is one that carries an appeal that knows no boundaries. It is worthy of earnest study by every Canadian woman, by every Canadian man.—H. Napier Moore.*

given us so great a command over the elements of nature, that millions can be snuffed out in this day in a mere matter of moments. Where hundreds fell before in manly contests arm to arm, great cities now, the whole countryside, can be eaten up by the insatiate maw of chemistry.

As soon as war got into three dimensions, that is, got into the upper air and under sea, as well as on the surface, vast possibilities were opened up. When you get in three dimensions, weapons come into play which cannot be matched with other weapons and the issue decided as it has been decided in the past by a test of strength and skill.

Let me repeat, such a test cannot be made in three dimensional war. Take the submarine; the Germans had only some thirty in use at any time in the last great struggle. These required ten thousand men. Against those thirty submarines were arrayed four thousand surface vessels, great and small, trying to suppress them; against the ten thousand men on the submarines were one million trying to resist them, and besides, immense mine fields, shore batteries of cannon and all kinds of immobile defenses. In defiance of all these, the submarines destroyed eleven million tons of allied shipping and hosts of human beings. In the air attack on Whitson in 1918, there were only thirty-three planes carrying on the offensive, and of these only six were lost, although they were opposed by one hundred British planes and as well by eight hundred guns, four hundred searchlights and a whole division of troops. Have we any

three hundred tons. We have even now British experts and American experts arguing as to how many cruisers each country is going to be allowed. General Groves is authority for the statement that one hundred modern airplanes in ten minutes can lay a cloud of poison gas from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet thick over an area of one hundred square miles. How long would a thousand cruisers last against a weapon like that? Airplanes travelling three hundred miles an hour, undetectable by sound, can carry gas bombs which would depopulate London. The only way these weapons can be met is by reprisals. Reprisal will follow reprisal until the civil population passes, this nation today, that nation tomorrow, by millions into eternity.

WHAT we now call "The Great War" was won chiefly by pressure of blockade—a blockade perfected by the co-operation of your American Navy—a blockade which denied the means of living to one hundred million human beings not in the combatant ranks at all. This, too, was by way of reprisal, and it was carried on until the civil population cracked. In the next war there will be air blockade, and can the imagination picture what it means? If we ever have another, women and children and workers at home will be encircled with fire and sword the same as the Tommy and the Jack Tar.

We hear a lot about freedom of the seas and rights of neutrals. Neutrality did not prove to be tolerable for very

idea of what the submarine and airplane of tomorrow can accomplish? Why, the French today can drop in one raid, one hundred and twenty tons of bombs ten times the war maximum in weight, and every ton ten times as powerful in explosive destruction.

There is death and desolation multiplied one hundred times already. In a single factory in Germany there is produced now two thousand tons per day of nitrate of ammonia—a compound which can be quickly converted into the most terrible of explosives. In the whole course of the Great War there were dropped in England only



They took a room for her in Miles's hotel and then the two of them went into his *salon* to consider what was to be done next.

"I think the first thing is for us both to get clean," she decided. "I can guess what I look like, and you Miles—well, just look in the glass!"

"There's one thing to be considered before that," he said decidedly, "and that's just how quickly we can get married."

"Miles!" she began to expostulate, but he caught both her hands in his and came close to her.

"Did I or did I not hear you say 'Miles, my darling' to me in that heavenly little *top* room this morning?" he asked. "Own up, sweetheart, you thought I was unconscious, I believe, but I'd have managed to hear that if I'd been dead. Lalage, it meant more than pity for me, didn't it? It meant you'd found you cared more than you'd thought? Tell me I'm right—say you love me, my girl."

The words wouldn't come, but she looked up into his eyes, and then he knew, then they both knew, that whatever might come in the future, they would be sure of each other's love for all time.

They didn't know how long it was before the mundane realities of life obtruded themselves again. Reluctantly she drew herself from his arms and answered the question he'd just been asking.

"As soon as it can be arranged," she agreed. "I don't want to wait my dear, if you're certain you really want to marry such an abject little fool as I've proved myself."

"The only thing you've proved is that it's high time you had someone to look after you," he said firmly, "and that's going to be my job from now onward. The best thing we can do is to clean ourselves up a bit and go and see the British Consul and find out just how one goes about getting married in this country and what's the quickest way to do it."

"I shall have to get some clothes first before I can go and see anybody," she said. "Miles—am I being grasping already—but do you think you could lend me some money? Or could we send to the convent at Gex for my suitcase that's there? Otherwise, you see, I haven't got a stitch to my name, and I haven't got enough money left to buy everything new. Oh, but wait a minute, I'm not certain that there wasn't a very little in my dispatch box!"

From somewhere in the mysterious depths of her clothes she produced a little key on a ribbon, seized her beloved box and undid the locks. She paused, half way to opening it.

"Miles!" she cried impulsively. "I haven't even tried to thank you for getting this back for me."

With a flourish of triumph she prepared to lift the lid of the fateful leather case. "Now!" she exclaimed and opened it.

Inside, carefully wrapped in rolls of tissue paper and wedged with copies of *Le Matin*, was the *Virgin's Book of Hours*—and nothing else.

Minutes passed before they could believe that it was true. When she at last realized it, Lalage's overwrought nerves gave way and she flung herself on to Miles's shoulder and burst into a passion of tears. Soon, however, she felt the futility of that.

"What can we do!" she cried. "Oh! how I hate that man—Miles, wasn't there anything else in the safe? Did you look after I fainted?"

"Bobby did," he told her, "and he said that except for your case the safe was absolutely empty. Look, my dear, the only thing to do is for me to go back to the villa and see what I can find there."

"But not without me!" Lalage exclaimed. "And anyway, you must get hold of Bobby first. You're not to go back to that awful place without someone who can help you if there's any danger."

"Oh there can't be that now," Keston assured her. "By this time, I hope, De Châteauloin's under lock and key and the police are in possession of the villa. Lalage dear, I'll get Bobby to come with me, but honestly I do think it would be very much better if you stayed behind. You couldn't help, you know and it would do you no good to go back to that place. Besides, you see, this means fresh awkwardness—the police are there, I take it, and if they see you, they'll want to question you and to see your passport probably. Well, that's just what they can't do and we don't want to tell them that before we have to."

"I see," said Lalage slowly. "I suppose you're right. Miles, I know it sounds stupid, but I simply daren't be left all alone in this hotel with you away."

"Not if I bribe a chambermaid to sit with you?" he asked. "I'll lock you in your bedroom and take the key with me if you like."

"All right," she agreed, "I'll try not to be silly. What are we going to do with that?" She pointed to the *Virgin's Book of Hours*, its beauty despised and neglected for the moment, lying on a chair.

"Push it into that big suitcase of mine," he told her, "while I ring up Bobby. Here's the key. Anyway there's no need to worry, they're all perfectly honest at this hotel."

She did as she was told and presently he turned from the telephone. "I'm going to call for Bobby," he said, "and we're going straight out to the villa. Cheer up, my darling. If those papers are inside the place I swear we'll get them somehow. If it's necessary, I'll bribe that old villain De

Châteauloin, to say where they are. Come along, let me see that you're safe and comfortable before I go off to the Lion's Den. Don't be frightened child, I'll not come to any harm. M. le Vicomte de Châteauloin has been just a bit too clever this time."

WHEN he had seen that Lalage was comfortable and safe under the care of a chambermaid, Miles hurried downstairs, got into his car again and drove off to pick up Bobby Hayes for yet another journey to the Villa les Fougères.

He found that young man ready for anything, shaved, reclothed and with his arm in a sling. About fifteen minutes after they had started on their way toward Ferney, a very elegant and distinguished-looking gentleman strolled in a leisurely way up to the door of the hotel. He was the sort of person whom one instinctively looks at a second time.

The reception clerk at the hotel was particularly impressed with the visitor. He gave his fullest attention and was obliging and anxious to serve him in any possible way.

"No," he admitted reluctantly, in answer to the Vicomte's enquiry, "M. Keston is not at present in the hotel. He has, in effect, but very recently gone out and in a great hurry."

"Ah, that accounts for it then. Something must have called him away, unexpectedly," said the visitor. "I suppose he left no message for me—Le Vicomte de Châteauloin? I had an appointment with him here at 3.30."

"But no, M. le Vicomte. I regret greatly, M. Keston said nothing whatever. He merely rushed past me."

"Annoying," murmured the Vicomte airily, "but I do think he will not be long. I had better wait then, for I know M. Keston will be disappointed if I go away without seeing him."

The clerk was sure that he would. Keston's value had already gone up in his estimation, from the very fact that he knew so charming a person as this M. de Châteauloin.

"But certainly M. le Vicomte," he was all anxiety to be helpful. "Would Monsieur care to go up to M. Keston's *salon* and await him there? It will be quieter and more comfortable, and I will of course inform M. Keston the instant he returns."

M. le Vicomte thought he would do as the clerk suggested, and a page was found to conduct him upstairs to Miles' suite.

He did not stay there very long, not more than perhaps a quarter of an hour. There was a lurking look of satisfaction on his face when he came down again.

He paused by the bureau to speak to the obliging reception clerk before he went out of the hotel.

"I find," he confided, "that it is later than I thought, and alas! I have another appointment which I cannot miss. I can wait no longer. Perhaps you would be so good, when M. Keston returns, as to inform him that I called on him, but was unable to stay? Say that I will give myself the pleasure of speaking to him on the telephone at some time and will arrange then another appointment."

With the most impressive courtesy he hurried away.

IT WAS some time after six o'clock that Miles got back, carrying a large and bulky parcel which he gave to a page to take up to Lalage's room. He looked rather harassed and worried. The reception clerk hastened out to speak to him, to break to him the disappointing news that his expected visitor had come and gone. To his surprise, Miles seemed to feel a good deal more amazement than disappointment, and the clerk had to repeat the visitor's name and title more than once before his hearer seemed to take it in.

When he did, he was off like a flash, not waiting for the lift, but dashing upstairs two at a time to Lalage's room. He wouldn't be satisfied till she had opened her door and spoken to him herself, assuring him that she was safe and well and that her afternoon had been undisturbed and uneventful. Leaving her rather bewildered by his questions, but happy that he was back again, Miles went off to his own quarters to see if his mysterious visitor had left any traces behind him there.

He had! The suitcase in which it had been locked had been opened, and the *Virgin's Book of Hours* was gone!

Miles was almost relieved at the discovery, for he had been scared when he heard of the Vicomte's visit that De Châteauloin had been planning some harm for Lalage. This theft was easier to cope with. If the *Book of Hours* was what he wanted, well, he'd got it, perhaps now, he would be satisfied and leave Lalage alone.

He telephoned down to the bureau and found on enquiring, that De Châteauloin had not been in the hotel much more than twenty minutes all told.

Miles reckoned, when he looked at the locks of his suitcase, that it would have taken most of that time to force them open. There wouldn't have been much opportunity to do anything else, so he might reasonably assume that the Vicomte was now ceasing to take any interest in Lalage.

At eight o'clock, having indulged at last in that cleansing process Bobby had so often and so highly recommended, Miles was dressed and waiting in his sitting room. The door opened and Lalage ran impulsively in. Somewhere she had found an evening frock, somehow removed all traces of what she had gone through. She looked radiant.

"Miles!" she cried at once. "Did you find the papers?" He shook his head ruefully. "We turned the house upside down, but there wasn't a sign of them, and the Vicomte had gone!"

Her lovely face fell, disappointment patent in every feature.

"Oh!" she lamented. "What shall I do. I must get them back—" "Don't you worry, my sweet," he comforted. "You shall have them somehow, I promise. Try to put them out of your mind for the present and forget you haven't got them, till I see what can be done. It won't be easy to find a way and I mayn't succeed at once. De Châteauloin isn't at all a simple proposition to deal with."

"He's gone, you said?" she asked anxiously. "Yes—I'll tell you all about it at dinner—he's been here too, while I was away!"

"Here?" she queried incredulously. "In this hotel?" "In this room. Look!" he pointed to the empty suitcase lying on a table. "He's got the better of us again. He must have watched me go out and then taken his chance. He's got the *Book of Hours*, that's certain, but there's one consolation, we've got just a little bit of our own back—your clothes."

Lalage forgot her disappointment for a moment in amusement. Her clear, soft laughter filled the room.

"I'm afraid not, my dear. I'm inclined to think he's one up there too. How did you get hold of that parcel you sent up to me?"

"I found the old woman in the villa packing up clothes in your room, so I supposed she was trying to get away with them. I guessed you'd want them and made her hand them over to me."

"I think she'd been told to, Miles. I think the Vicomte must have guessed you'd go back there, or perhaps he was going to send them on to me. Anyway, I'm sure they were meant for me to have, because, you see—" she laughed again, "Domrémy's bill for the clothes was enclosed in the parcel, in an envelope addressed to me—and it hasn't been paid!"

Keston had to laugh. The whole thing was so deliciously impudent.

"You mean he bought those clothes?" he asked, still chuckling.

"Yes, it's even funnier than you think, Miles. He got those things for me to wear, to fascinate you into buying the *Book of Hours* from me—and now you see, he means, you to pay for them as well!"

For a few minutes they both giggled helplessly. Keston was to pay the bill for what was to have been the means of his own undoing, while De Châteauloin had the *Book of Hours* into the bargain, beside the £1,000 he'd made Miles pay him.

Presently they recovered. "Aren't you hungry?" Lalage asked. "I'm simply starving. Couldn't we go and have our dinner?"

"We're just waiting for old Bobby I'm afraid," he told her. "I did my best to persuade him that it would be good for him to go to bed early, but he was simply unable to take a hint. I wanted dinner alone with you, Lalage, but—"

"Well, we owe him more than a dinner," she comforted, "and if it's going to give him any pleasure to have it with us, he deserves it, only I do hope he doesn't keep us waiting much longer."

Just then the delinquent walked in, and without more delay they went down to their meal.

There was a long story to be told over the dinner table, of their visit to the villa that afternoon, and the two men helped each other tell the tale, while Lalage listened and questioned.

Their story was quickly told. When they had arrived at the villa they found the police in possession, and only Mme. Mirabeau in charge of the house.

Everything seemed in perfect order in the house. Mme. Mirabeau explained that her master was away on a business visit. There was no sign of anything untoward in the whole house—not an unlocked cupboard or drawer.

Obviously the gendarme in charge believed that he was being made the victim of a practical joke, or that the two Englishmen were mentally afflicted. In any case there wasn't the remotest excuse for arresting the Vicomte.

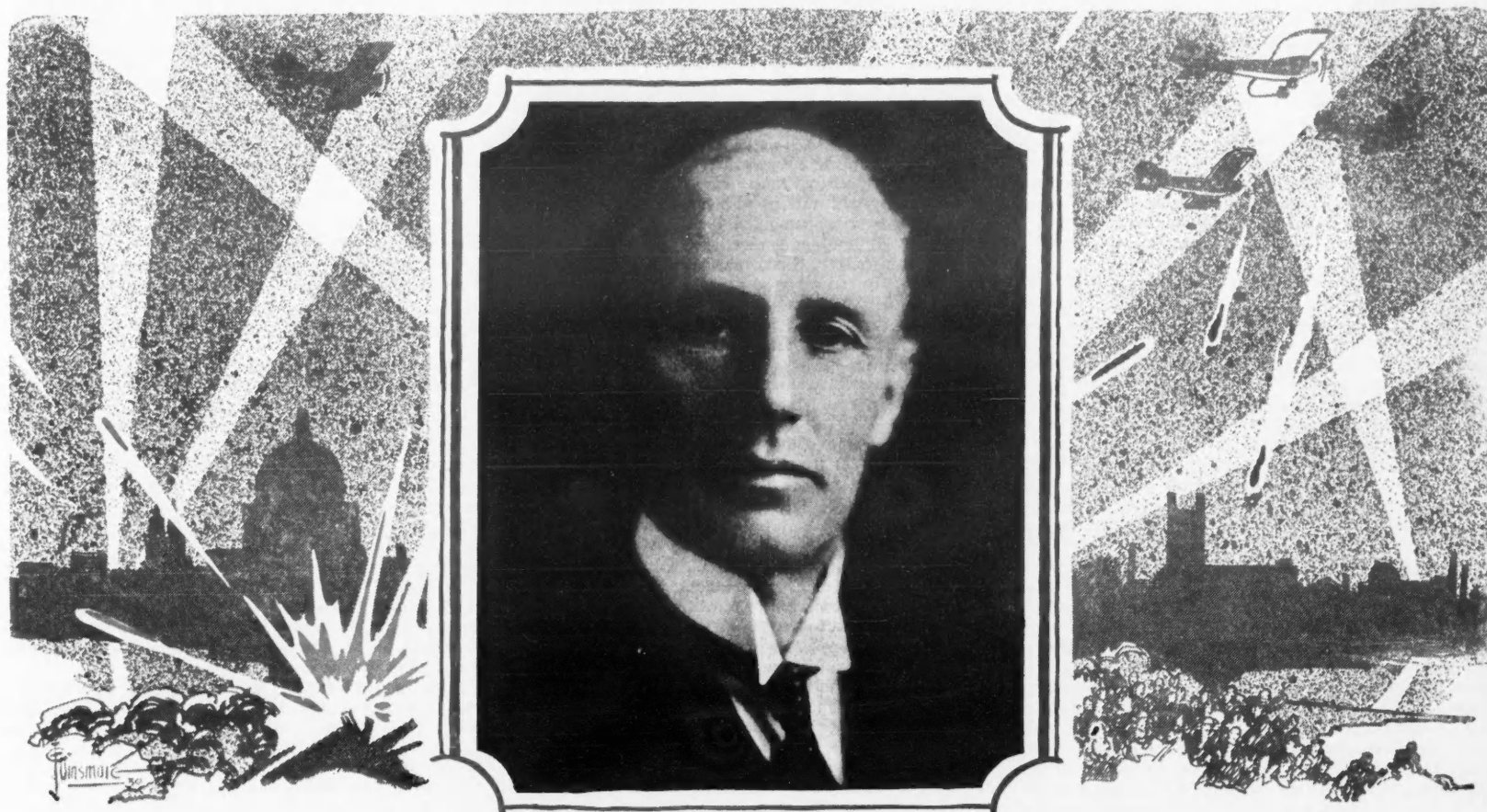
Both Miles and Bobby could see that as things stood they had not the least grounds for pressing their charges. There was nothing for it but to pacify the police as best they could, and give them to understand that they themselves had been hoaxed.

So Keston and Hayes had to return to Geneva no better off than they had left it and very little wiser, but with an added respect for the powers of M. de Châteauloin.

"So now," said Miles, when the tale was told, "we've got to think of something else. Only at present my mind's the most utter blank; I haven't an idea in the world—on that sort of subject at any rate." He looked at Lalage in a way which told her that there was, at any rate, one subject on which he had plenty of ideas, if only he had a chance to express them.

Lalage was determined not to let him see, if she could help it, how terribly keenly she felt the loss of her papers, and when their leisurely dinner was finished they all three went up to Miles's *salon*. They had not been there ten minutes before the telephone bell [Continued on page 46]





# TO GET RID OF WAR—

A Plea for "An Universal Association of Nations"

by The Right Honorable Arthur Meighen

THIS is an age not of organization, but of organizations—societies, clubs, boards, leagues, commissions—and one gets bewildered in the endless maze. But with it all the world is not well organized. It is not well organized for the purpose of distributing among its population the fruits of their toil by brain and hand in accordance with the contribution of each, and it is certainly not, as yet, well organized for the greatest of all consummations, the establishment of permanent peace.

But though there may be too many heterogeneous institutions, there is one certainly that has the right to live, one that can demand the loyal service and enthusiasm of every lover of his race. It is the World Alliance for International Friendship.

This Alliance has a responsibility whose very immensity must stagger its officers and challenge its adherents in every nation. Its responsibility is to see that the people of the world do not forget what war really is; that they continue to hate war and resolve to get rid of it forever. For if the people do not so resolve, and stay resolved and mightily resolved, there is going to be war again.

Is it worth while to get rid of war? Is it worth while to make the biggest effort united humanity ever made? Is it possible? There are many who think it is not. Certainly it is the most difficult task mankind has ever attempted, but the first thing we must decide is that it has to be possible and has to be done. It is infinitely important for us to get to understand that war has to be ended, and why, and one of the objects of this Alliance is to drive home that truth and the reason behind it into all corners of the world.

I will tell you the reason as I understand it. Civilization has to end war, or war will end civilization.

Do we believe that to be true or do we not? If we do not, it surely is time we did, and if we do, then this race of human beings has to adjust itself to new facts, that is, facts which never existed before; it has to adjust itself to new tremendous facts or pass out.

What are these facts? The chief one is this:—Science has

"There will be another European war within a few years"

*I recently returned from England with the above phrase ringing in my ears. For eight weeks I had been in contact with men important in their various fields—business men, financiers, politicians, government officials, army and navy officers, editors and newspaper correspondents whose duties take them about Europe. Wherever I went, in private conversations I encountered the belief that trouble is brewing on the Continent. They spoke of France being suspicious of Italy and Germany, of Russia's policies and plans, of the Balkans and Poland. They spoke of roads being built for military usage, of vigorous air developments, of the manufacture of gas, of the activities of agents of the armament manufacturers. The impressions, the anticipations, were the same. All were convinced in their own minds that some spark ultimately would set Europe ablaze once more.*

*Out of suspicion, out of anticipation, wars are born. Out of the sale of munitions and armaments wars are born.*

*That is why The Chatelaine presents herewith the text of an address delivered by the Right Honorable Arthur Meighen before the World Alliance for International Friendship in Washington. Designed for a United States audience, I believe that the message is one that carries an appeal that knows no boundaries. It is worthy of earnest study by every Canadian woman, by every Canadian man.—H. Napier Moore.*

given us so great a command over the elements of nature, that millions can be snuffed out in this day in a mere matter of moments. Where hundreds fell before in manly contests arm to arm, great cities now, the whole countryside, can be eaten up by the insatiate maw of chemistry.

As soon as war got into three dimensions, that is, got into the upper air and under sea, as well as on the surface, vast possibilities were opened up. When you get in three dimensions, weapons come into play which cannot be matched with other weapons and the issue decided as it has been decided in the past by a test of strength and skill.

Let me repeat, such a test cannot be made in three dimension war. Take the submarine; the Germans had only some thirty in use at any time in the last great struggle. These required ten thousand men. Against those thirty submarines were arrayed four thousand surface vessels, great and small, trying to suppress them; against the ten thousand men on the submarines were one million trying to resist them, and besides, immense mine fields, shore batteries of cannon and all kinds of immobile defenses. In defiance of all these, the submarines destroyed eleven million tons of allied shipping and hosts of human beings. In the air attack on Whitson in 1918, there were only thirty-three planes carrying on the offensive, and of these only six were lost, although they were opposed by one hundred British planes and as well by eight hundred guns, four hundred searchlights and a whole division of troops. Have we any

three hundred tons. We have even now British experts and American experts arguing as to how many cruisers each country is going to be allowed. General Groves is authority for the statement that one hundred modern airplanes in ten minutes can lay a cloud of poison gas from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet thick over an area of one hundred square miles. How long would a thousand cruisers last against a weapon like that? Airplanes travelling three hundred miles an hour, undetectable by sound, can carry gas bombs which would depopulate London. The only way these weapons can be met is by reprisals. Reprisal will follow reprisal until the civil population passes, this nation today, that nation tomorrow, by millions into eternity.

WHAT we now call "The Great War" was won chiefly by pressure of blockade—a blockade perfected by the co-operation of your American Navy—a blockade which denied the means of living to one hundred million human beings not in the combatant ranks at all. This, too, was by way of reprisal, and it was carried on until the civil population cracked. In the next war there will be air blockade, and can the imagination picture what it means? If we ever have another, women and children and workers at home will be encircled with fire and sword the same as the Tommy and the Jack Tar.

We hear a lot about freedom of the seas and rights of neutrals. Neutrality did not prove to be tolerable for very

idea of what the submarine and airplane of tomorrow can accomplish? Why, the French today can drop in one raid, one hundred and twenty tons of bombs ten times the war maximum in weight, and every ton ten times as powerful in explosive destruction.

There is death and desolation multiplied one hundred times already. In a single factory in Germany there is produced now two thousand tons per day of nitrate of ammonia—a compound which can be quickly converted into the most terrible of explosives. In the whole course of the Great War there were dropped in England only



They took a room for her in Miles's hotel and then the two of them went into his *salon* to consider what was to be done next.

"I think the first thing is for us both to get clean," she decided. "I can guess what I look like, and you Miles—well, just look in the glass!"

"There's one thing to be considered before that," he said decidedly, "and that's just how quickly we can get married."

"Miles!" she began to expostulate, but he caught both her hands in his and came close to her.

"Did I or did I not hear you say 'Miles, my darling' to me in that heavenly little *top room* this morning?" he asked. "Own up, sweetheart, you thought I was unconscious, I believe, but I'd have managed to hear that if I'd been dead. Lalage, it meant more than pity for me, didn't it? It meant you'd found you cared more than you'd thought? Tell me I'm right—say you love me, my girl."

The words wouldn't come, but she looked up into his eyes, and then he knew, then they both knew, that whatever might come in the future, they would be sure of each other's love for all time.

They didn't know how long it was before the mundane realities of life obtruded themselves again. Reluctantly she drew herself from his arms and answered the question he'd just been asking.

"As soon as it can be arranged," she agreed. "I don't want to wait my dear, if you're certain you really want to marry such an abject little fool as I've proved myself."

"The only thing you've proved is that it's high time you had someone to look after you," he said firmly, "and that's going to be my job from now onward. The best thing we can do is to clean ourselves up a bit and go and see the British Consul and find out just how one goes about getting married in this country and what's the quickest way to do it."

"I shall have to get some clothes first before I can go and see anybody," she said. "Miles—am I being grasping already—but do you think you could lend me some money? Or could we send to the convent at Gex for my suitcase that's there? Otherwise, you see, I haven't got a stitch to my name, and I haven't got enough money left to buy everything new. Oh, but wait a minute, I'm not certain that there wasn't a very little in my dispatch box!"

From somewhere in the mysterious depths of her clothes she produced a little key on a ribbon, seized her beloved box and undid the locks. She paused, half way to opening it.

"Miles!" she cried impulsively. "I haven't even tried to thank you for getting this back for me."

With a flourish of triumph she prepared to lift the lid of the fateful leather case. "Now!" she exclaimed and opened it.

Inside, carefully wrapped in rolls of tissue paper and wedged with copies of *Le Matin*, was the *Virgin's Book of Hours*—and nothing else.

Minutes passed before they could believe that it was true. When she at last realized it, Lalage's overwrought nerves gave way and she flung herself on to Miles's shoulder and burst into a passion of tears. Soon, however, she felt the futility of that.

"What can we do!" she cried. "Oh! how I hate that man—Miles, wasn't there anything else in the safe? Did you look after I fainted?"

"Bobby did," he told her, "and he said that except for your case the safe was absolutely empty. Look, my dear, the only thing to do is for me to go back to the villa and see what I can find there."

"But not without me!" Lalage exclaimed. "And anyway, you must get hold of Bobby first. You're not to go back to that awful place without someone who can help you if there's any danger."

"Oh there can't be that now," Keston assured her. "By this time, I hope, De Châteauloin's under lock and key and the police are in possession of the villa. Lalage dear, I'll get Bobby to come with me, but honestly I do think it would be very much better if you stayed behind. You couldn't help, you know and it would do you no good to go back to that place. Besides, you see, this means fresh awkwardness—the police are there, I take it, and if they see you, they'll want to question you and to see your passport probably. Well, that's just what they can't do and we don't want to tell them that before we have to."

"I see," said Lalage slowly. "I suppose you're right. Miles, I know it sounds stupid, but I simply daren't be left all alone in this hotel with you away."

"Not if I bribe a chambermaid to sit with you?" he asked. "I'll lock you in your bedroom and take the key with me if you like."

"All right," she agreed, "I'll try not to be silly. What are we going to do with that?" She pointed to the *Virgin's Book of Hours*, its beauty despised and neglected for the moment, lying on a chair.

"Push it into that big suitcase of mine," he told her, "while I ring up Bobby. Here's the key. Anyway there's no need to worry, they're all perfectly honest at this hotel."

She did as she was told and presently he turned from the telephone. "I'm going to call for Bobby," he said, "and we're going straight out to the villa. Cheer up, my darling. If those papers are inside the place I swear we'll get them somehow. If it's necessary, I'll bribe that old villain De

Châteauloin, to say where they are. Come along, let me see that you're safe and comfortable before I go off to the Lion's Den. Don't be frightened child, I'll not come to any harm. M. le Vicomte de Châteauloin has been just a bit too clever this time."

WHEN he had seen that Lalage was comfortable and safe under the care of a chambermaid, Miles hurried downstairs, got into his car again and drove off to pick up Bobby Hayes for yet another journey to the Villa les Fougères.

He found that young man ready for anything, shaved, reclothed and with his arm in a sling. About fifteen minutes after they had started on their way toward Ferney, a very elegant and distinguished-looking gentleman strolled in a leisurely way up to the door of the hotel. He was the sort of person whom one instinctively looks at a second time.

The reception clerk at the hotel was particularly impressed with the visitor. He gave his fullest attention and was obliging and anxious to serve him in any possible way.

"No," he admitted reluctantly, in answer to the Vicomte's enquiry, "M. Keston is not at present in the hotel. He has, in effect, but very recently gone out and in a great hurry."

"Ah, that accounts for it then. Something must have called him away, unexpectedly," said the visitor. "I suppose he left no message for me—Le Vicomte de Châteauloin? I had an appointment with him here at 3.30."

"But no, M. le Vicomte. I regret greatly, M. Keston said nothing whatever. He merely rushed past me."

"Annoying," murmured the Vicomte airily, "but I do think he will not be long. I had better wait then, for I know M. Keston will be disappointed if I go away without seeing him."

The clerk was sure that he would. Keston's value had already gone up in his estimation, from the very fact that he knew so charming a person as this M. de Châteauloin.

"But certainly M. le Vicomte," he was all anxiety to be helpful. "Would Monsieur care to go up to M. Keston's *salon* and await him there? It will be quieter and more comfortable, and I will of course inform M. Keston the instant he returns."

M. le Vicomte thought he would do as the clerk suggested, and a page was found to conduct him upstairs to Miles's suite.

He did not stay there very long, not more than perhaps a quarter of an hour. There was a lurking look of satisfaction on his face when he came down again.

He paused by the bureau to speak to the obliging reception clerk before he went out of the hotel.

"I find," he confided, "that it is later than I thought, and alas! I have another appointment which I cannot miss. I can wait no longer. Perhaps you would be so good, when M. Keston returns, as to inform him that I called on him, but was unable to stay? Say that I will give myself the pleasure of speaking to him on the telephone at some time and will arrange then another appointment."

With the most impressive courtesy he hurried away.

IT WAS some time after six o'clock that Miles got back, carrying a large and bulky parcel which he gave to a page to take up to Lalage's room. He looked rather harassed and worried. The reception clerk hastened out to speak to him, to break to him the disappointing news that his expected visitor had come and gone. To his surprise, Miles seemed to feel a good deal more amazement than disappointment, and the clerk had to repeat the visitor's name and title more than once before his hearer seemed to take it in.

When he did, he was off like a flash, not waiting for the lift, but dashing upstairs two at a time to Lalage's room. He wouldn't be satisfied till she had opened her door and spoken to him herself, assuring him that she was safe and well and that her afternoon had been undisturbed and uneventful. Leaving her rather bewildered by his questions, but happy that he was back again, Miles went off to his own quarters to see if his mysterious visitor had left any traces behind him there.

He had! The suitcase in which it had been locked had been opened, and the *Virgin's Book of Hours* was gone!

Miles was almost relieved at the discovery, for he had been scared when he heard of the Vicomte's visit that De Châteauloin had been planning some harm for Lalage. This theft was easier to cope with. If the *Book of Hours* was what he wanted, well, he'd got it, perhaps now, he would be satisfied and leave Lalage alone.

He telephoned down to the bureau and found on enquiring, that De Châteauloin had not been in the hotel much more than twenty minutes all told.

Miles reckoned, when he looked at the locks of his suitcase, that it would have taken most of that time to force them open. There wouldn't have been much opportunity to do anything else, so he might reasonably assume that the Vicomte was now ceasing to take any interest in Lalage.

At eight o'clock, having indulged at last in that cleansing process Bobby had so often and so highly recommended, Miles was dressed and waiting in his sitting room. The door opened and Lalage ran impulsively in. Somewhere she had found an evening frock, somehow removed all traces of what she had gone through. She looked radiant.

"Miles!" she cried at once. "Did you find the papers?" He shook his head ruefully. "We turned the house upside down, but there wasn't a sign of them, and the Vicomte had gone!"

Her lovely face fell, disappointment patent in every feature.

"Oh!" she lamented. "What shall I do. I must get them back—" "Don't you worry, my sweet," he comforted. "You shall have them somehow, I promise. Try to put them out of your mind for the present and forget you haven't got them, till I see what can be done. It won't be easy to find a way and I mayn't succeed at once. De Châteauloin isn't at all a simple proposition to deal with."

"He's gone, you said?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes—I'll tell you all about it at dinner—he's been here too, while I was away!"

"Here?" she queried incredulously. "In this hotel?"

"In this room. Look!" he pointed to the empty suitcase lying on a table. "He's got the better of us again. He must have watched me go out and then taken his chance. He's got the *Book of Hours*, that's certain, but there's one consolation, we've got just a little bit of our own back—your clothes."

Lalage forgot her disappointment for a moment in amusement. Her clear, soft laughter filled the room.

"I'm afraid not, my dear. I'm inclined to think he's one up there too. How did you get hold of that parcel you sent up to me?"

"I found the old woman in the villa packing up clothes in your room, so I supposed she was trying to get away with them. I guessed you'd want them and made her hand them over to me."

"I think she'd been told to, Miles. I think the Vicomte must have guessed you'd go back there, or perhaps he was going to send them on to me. Anyway, I'm sure they were meant for me to have, because, you see—" she laughed again, "Domrémy's bill for the clothes was enclosed in the parcel, in an envelope addressed to me—and it hasn't been paid!"

Keston had to laugh. The whole thing was so deliciously impudent.

"You mean he bought those clothes?" he asked, still chuckling.

"Yes, it's even funnier than you think, Miles. He got those things for me to wear, to fascinate you into buying the *Book of Hours* from me—and now you see, he means, you to pay for them as well!"

For a few minutes they both giggled helplessly. Keston was to pay the bill for what was to have been the means of his own undoing, while De Châteauloin had the *Book of Hours* into the bargain, beside the £1,000 he'd made Miles pay him.

Presently they recovered. "Aren't you hungry?" Lalage asked. "I'm simply starving. Couldn't we go and have our dinner?"

"We're just waiting for old Bobby I'm afraid," he told her. "I did my best to persuade him that it would be good for him to go to bed early, but he was simply unable to take a hint. I wanted dinner alone with you, Lalage, but—"

"Well, we owe him more than a dinner," she comforted, "and if it's going to give him any pleasure to have it with us, he deserves it, only I do hope he doesn't keep us waiting much longer."

Just then the delinquent walked in, and without more delay they went down to their meal.

There was a long story to be told over the dinner table, of their visit to the villa that afternoon, and the two men helped each other tell the tale, while Lalage listened and questioned.

Their story was quickly told. When they had arrived at the villa they found the police in possession, and only Mme. Mirabeau in charge of the house.

Everything seemed in perfect order in the house. Mme. Mirabeau explained that her master was away on a business visit. There was no sign of anything untoward in the whole house—not an unlocked cupboard or drawer.

Obviously the gendarme in charge believed that he was being made the victim of a practical joke, or that the two Englishmen were mentally afflicted. In any case there wasn't the remotest excuse for arresting the Vicomte.

Both Miles and Bobby could see that as things stood they had not the least grounds for pressing their charges. There was nothing for it but to pacify the police as best they could, and give them to understand that they themselves had been hoaxed.

So Keston and Hayes had to return to Geneva no better off than they had left it and very little wiser, but with an added respect for the powers of M. de Châteauloin.

"So now," said Miles, when the tale was told, "we've got to think of something else. Only at present my mind's the most utter blank; I haven't an idea in the world—on that sort of subject at any rate." He looked at Lalage in a way which told her that there was, at any rate, one subject on which he had plenty of ideas, if only he had a chance to express them.

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## THE CHILDREN'S FAIRY BOOK

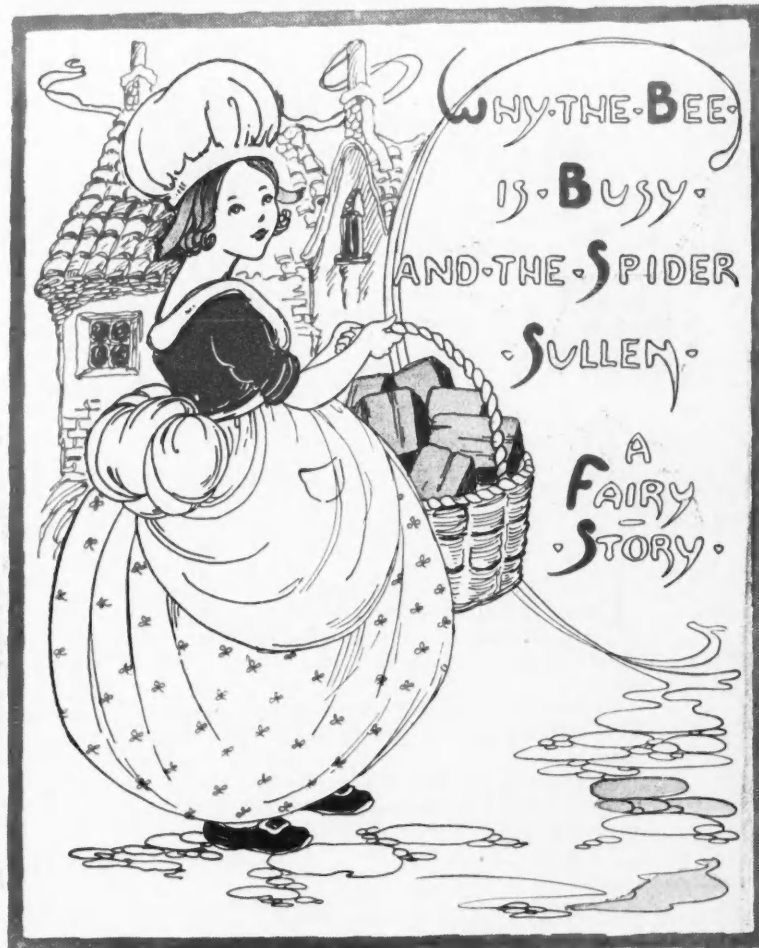
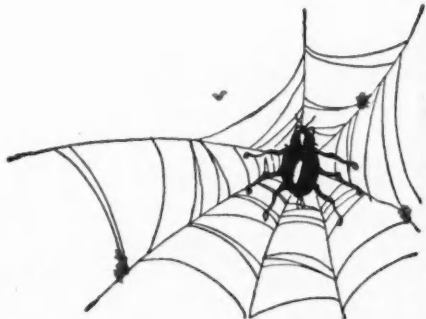
Thousands of children made and loved the last little fairy book that appeared in *The Chatelaine*; for this children's feature can be taken out of the magazine without spoiling it for the grown-ups, and can be folded into a little book for the children.

Cut this page out of *The Chatelaine*. Fold along the dotted lines, first from top to bottom and then from left to right. The cover will be on the front and the pages will follow in order. Cut neatly around, pin in the middle—and there is your book!



he weaves, others destroy, and he is loved by no one.

So you can see, children, what has happened to the spider, because of his greedy, unkind heart. But the little slender-waisted bee, carrying pollen from the flowers to make sweet honey for us all—she is loved by everyone, for her own little heart is full to overflowing with love.



Sitza immediately put down the heavy load of bricks she was carrying and went to the man for whom she worked. "My mother is very ill," she said, "and I must go to comfort her." She said it so sweetly that the man smiled to make her feel better, and told her to go and stay as long as her mother needed her. So Sitza hurried home. Soon she was smoothing her mother's pillow and making her comfortable. She brought her a cool drink, and made the room dark, and held her hand and told her how much she loved her. Soon her mother was feeling much better. But when Ione heard that his poor mother needed him, he frowned a great frown. "What!" he said. "Here I am, earning money; and now my mother wants me to leave my work and per-



The boy, Ione, didn't want to work hard. He found that help was needed at a weaver's, so he went there to work. All day long he would weave, sitting comfortably in a corner. He was quite well satisfied with himself, for his work did not roughen or soil his hands, nor was his back bent like his sister's. One day it happened that the poor widow became very ill, so ill that she was afraid she would have to leave her children. So she sent word to Ione and Sitza and asked them to come to her quickly.



many or for very long in the last war. Seventeen hundred neutral ships were sunk with thousands of neutral lives. Up to the twentieth century there was never a neutral ship sunk on the high seas in war. I wonder if people really think that neutrality is going to be possible in a great struggle of the future.

There is another reason why the whole institution must go. While it exists at all, those who want to escape its curse cannot escape. The sea is one, and the air is one, and you might as well say the world is one, and as one it must stand or fall according as it shows capacity or fails to show capacity to meet the new conditions which mankind has brought upon itself.

It is hardly worth while to adduce another reason. But this also can be said, that war has lost its efficacy; it never can bring victory again; it can only bring defeat and despair for both conquerors and conquered; it can leave nothing behind but victors in reaction and vanquished in revolution, and all alike impoverished. War once served a human purpose; it can now of its very nature serve such a purpose no longer; it solves no problem; it affords no security; it offers no prizes to the victor.

But, someone says, What about International law? Why not outlaw, by International agreement, these barbarisms that besmear the conduct of belligerents? Britain, they say, has offered to abolish submarines. Why not then have all agree to banish both airplanes and submarines, the bombing of cities and poison gas? Well, perhaps it might be done on paper, but that itself would be hard enough, but if it got to paper there would be its end. No agreement to limit the means of destruction ever yet stood the test of war. Century after century has told us that you cannot make rules or make laws to govern war. War is itself the negation of law; it means that the reign of law has collapsed. The Declaration of Paris (1856) was acknowledged by virtually every power, but not one of its provisions stood up when put to the awful test. The Declaration of London also had to go. Times change, methods change, old rules do not apply to new conditions, and they are not observed even if they do apply. All these prearranged regulations crash and are consumed in the furnace of war. A belligerent fighting for his life will stop only where it is in his interest to stop. He may restrain himself rather than make an enemy out of a neutral, but he knows no other restraint.

Here we stand then in the presence of these stupendous facts, great facts, new facts, which make it imperative that war as an institution has to go. The question is:—can mankind at this fateful epoch make and enforce the biggest decision in history? Can mankind once more accommodate its institutions to its necessities? Can it demonstrate again that capacity for adjustment by which, and by which alone, it has survived the crises of the past? Failure of capacity for adjustment is nature's unforgivable sin.

The Great War taught us a lot, and some real progress has been made. We have the League of Nations provisions of the Treaty of Versailles, the Four-Power Pacific Convention, the Locarno Treaties and the Pact of Paris. Without a doubt these treaties are all of value; they are evidences that the nations are moving to a conviction that stupendous changes have come and that an appalling fate awaits us if we do not meet those changed conditions.

The Treaty of Versailles defines an aggressor nation. It is a very simple definition—that nation is an aggressor which refuses to postpone the making of war until such time as its case has been reviewed by International Pacific procedure. An aggressor as so defined is put under drastic disabilities. But the League of Nations is still a long way from masterful maturity and being a dependable fortification against war. The United States is not a member and there is much wanting in the provision of a background of force behind the League's decisions.

The Four-Power Pacific Treaty is an exchange of mutual guarantees between four great powers, looking to the respecting of each other's possessions, and enjoins each of those powers against war until a conference of all has re-

viewed its cause of complaint. It is, however, local in its application, and there is no ultimate reserve of force provided to restrain an aggressor nation. Nevertheless it marks a most creditable advance.

The Locarno Treaties are of like significance and they embody certain sanctions against the aggressor, which, within their scope, bring satisfaction and comfort.

The Pact of Paris, too, is an achievement highly honorable to this country and to France, who together led the way, and to the fifty odd nations who have joined in its terms. It is perhaps the most convincing evidence of all of that will to peace which through twelve years has spread far and deep over a maimed and chastened world. It outlaws war, solemnly, finally—so far as war can be outlawed by a naked contractual pledge. Does it really go that far? Yes, it does, save for the right of self-defense, and indeed save for the right of self-defense, it goes farther still. It leaves all signatories free to draw the sword against another signatory who fails to abide by its covenants. It must be added though that he is free also not to draw the sword.

IN A spirit not of cavilling but of gratitude, and profound gratitude, for all that the Pact of Paris means, permit me to say that the gaps in it are very wide and very dangerous. I think it unlikely that you could point to a war in the past hundred years where both parties to the struggle did not claim for their conduct the sanction of self-defense, and where the people of each country did not sincerely believe in the justice of their claim. Besides, what appears to be self-defense at first may afterwards, in the light of fuller disclosures, turn out to be a skilful and concealed aggression.

In 1870, for example, there occurred the Franco-German war. The first day of its outbreak Mr. Gladstone addressed a letter to Queen Victoria, in which he declared that the unmistakable sentiment of both parties in the British Parliament was against France as having forced hostilities. I need hardly add that later developments completely reversed this verdict, and reversed it for all time. But the Pact of Paris would never have stopped the siege of Paris in that awful year. Furthermore, as there are no material sanctions, it is very likely that provocative or impatient statesmen will, in a crucial hour, feel confident that others will not oppose them, and that they can gain a quick and easy victory. Do not let us, I beg of you, be too easily content. All these treaties are good; they are all encouraging; they testify the existence of an essential fundamental, a consuming hunger, an anxious groping for peace on the part of the masses of mankind. But look over the span of these last twelve years, and tell me what it is that has accompanied this procession of treaties across the panorama of history. The heartbreaking answer is in every man's mind—it is a remorseless growth of armaments, more destructive, more colossal, than the world has ever known.

WITHIN a single decade of the Great War, which cost ten million lives and left a legacy of woe and wailing, of debt and death, whose groanings will not cease in two generations, within a decade of this war which was to end all wars, we have witnessed a multiplication of armaments, more costly by hundreds of millions, more destructive many times over, than any that staggered nations before the great catastrophe. Peace-hungry hosts in every continent stand aghast; conference follows conference, but each country has its own viewpoint and each is governed by fear. Yes, the policy of those governments is dominated by fear. It is out of fear that Britain pleads for the right of cruisers, which she thinks will guard her trade routes and assure her people food when Armageddon returns. It is in fear born of the bloody battles of her past that France watches even yet across the Rhine, the Channel and the Alps, and while she looks with hope but without sureness to Locarno and the Pact of Paris, she gathers her decimated youth around her home fires again, tells them the story of Sedan and of Verdun, and warns them to depend upon themselves. Italy is summoning memories of ancient Rome, and fears, or

seems to fear, the hostility of neighbors jealous of her restoration. "Russia," says Churchill, in a memorable sentence, perhaps a little extreme, "Russia, self-exiled, sharpens her bayonets in her Arctic night, and mechanically proclaims, through self-starved lips, her philosophy of hatred and death."

What of the United States? The favored of all nations, powerful, strategic—strategic by its power, strategic by its history, strategic by its geography, strategic by its universally acknowledged devotion to peace, strategic by its association in language and in blood with an Empire equally devoted, the United States holds, as does no other power, the key to the safety of the world. And the United States is arming not for aggressive war, we all know that, but arming for purposes of neutrality, arming to preserve its rights in neutrality when a great war comes again.

THIS then is the situation which we face—a long course of nations wanting peace, knowing as they must know that a real war now would crush them one and all, drive them back through centuries to primitive poverty and emaciation, until our civilization passes out as did civilizations of old, knowing all these things, but nevertheless fearful, and arming, ever arming, in response to the instinct for security.

We know, they know, everybody knows, that security by armaments for one country means insecurity for another, and that competitive armaments will end where they have always ended, in competitive war.

What is the conclusion? It is the plainest conclusion ever drawn from the plainest facts. There has to be found a substitute for armaments, something else that will bring security not only to one but to all.

There is manifestly nothing in effect now which goes far enough, for armaments still keep up, and larger every day. We have the Bryan Treaties, the Peace Treaties, the Pacific Treaties, the Locarno Treaties, the Pact of Paris, all these; but armaments multiply in every quarter of the globe, armaments that carry with them the menace and wellnigh the certainty of war. Try these treaties by that test which is virtually the only test, and as a substitute they fail. We are a long way yet from being adequately organized against war, though we know, if we know anything, that the one supremely important task before our world today is to bring about that organization, nothing else and nothing less.

I am going to say something now which I hope will be heard in thoughtfulness and not in resentment. Such an organization cannot be brought about without the United States. That sentence opens to my last observation. It embraces within its periods the conclusion of the whole matter, and on the faith of it I make my appeal. Does this country accept the truth of that sentence? I do not know; but believing as I do that destiny hangs on the American nation coming to accept it, I dare to implore you not to lightly cast those simple words aside. From your own viewpoint you, yourselves, must make decision, and from that viewpoint I am hardly qualified to judge, and perhaps I have no right to speak. But these hundred million people are, like all the rest of us, citizens of the world and far more vitally interwoven with its fate than we are apt to appreciate and understand. I speak to you as one from without, as one from a nation among many whose hands already are joined. I speak as one who wants you with us, and especially as one from a neighbor who knows you and trusts you and has never trusted you in vain. It was one of your own number, a great President of the United States, who pointed the way and portrayed the objective in language which can never be excelled. He said that the only substitute for the war system of his day was

"An universal association of nations to maintain the inviolate security of the Highway of the Seas for the common and unhindered use of all the nations of the world, and to prevent any war."

[Continued on page 30]





# The Wife of the World's Wheat King

*The thrilling romance of a young pioneer wife, Beatrice Trelle, who has been the main reason why her husband has brought world-wide victories to the Peace River Country and Canada*

by JACK PATERSON



Mrs. Herman Trelle, who according to Peace River-ites has boosted her husband on to his throne.

RECENTLY, in Edmonton, a pair of baggage jugglers watched a taxi whirl from the Canadian National station. "Boy!" one ejaculated, mopping his brow. "Can yuh feature a intelligent lookin' girl like that peddlin' anvils!"

The other swung on him. "Anvils? Had the samples right with her, in them two suitcases."

"Saaaay!" his companion dragged in disgust, "yuh don't know that little lady? Why, yuh poor egg, everybody that ever heard of Peace River knows her. That's Mrs. Herman Trelle. She's on her way to the Chicago Show. That's grain samples in them bags. Every trainman an' roustabout on the road's pullin' for her!"

"That's okeh by me," was the reply, "but why don't she check them young granaries instead of hoistin' 'em 'round with her?"

"Saaaay!"—deep disgust—"doncha never read the papers or nothin'? How about two years ago when the plate glass show window, half-a-inch thick, got broke accidental an' somebody scattered weed seeds in Trelle's champeen wheat sample! There's too many of them kinda accidents for Mrs. Trelle to take chances on throwin' away a whole year's work. Nossir! them bags never get ten feet away from her. She's wise!"

"Gosh!" the other marvelled. "Never thought of that. An' me, I'm all for the lady! If weight counts in grain judgin' them two tons she's packin' around oughta win in a walk!"

THEY usually do!

For again, just three weeks ago, Herman Trelle's wheat, grown in the Peace River, brought to Alberta from the Chicago Grain Exposition the most extensive winnings the province has ever had. Premier Brownlee commenting on the victory said "What is of greatest significance so far as the future of Alberta is concerned is the extraordinary position that the Peace River occupies by reason of these achievements."

Herman Trelle won a string of wheat prizes at the Chicago show, including two grand championships with one first, and with a first also at the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto. During the past three years, the husky leather grain-sample bags which Mrs. Trelle personally conducts have travelled far and often and have brought to the Trelle farm at Wembley more than 200 first prizes in wheat and oats won in competition with the world's best runners-up.

You are possibly not even mildly thrilled over 200 grain show firsts. Sorry I cannot recall what Mrs. Trelle wore on the different occasions, but I at least can assure you that whether overalls, riding habit, or evening gown, she knew how to wear it.

For a young woman who has been raised and educated

500 miles from a city, in a homestead country, Beatrice Trelle knows a remarkable lot.

In February, 1914, with her grandparents, she made a twenty-two days' sleigh trip from Edson to Pouce Coupe to take up land. She was thirteen years old. Don't figure it out—here it is. Today, at the age of twenty-nine, she is in full charge of the largest registered seed grain farm in the world, with three men and a maid or two, tractors, machinery, and general grief. Add to this an invalid husband, and two husky youngsters eight, and six years, then subtract from twenty-four hours a day to find the lady's spare time. The answer is "No."

It would seem to follow that being a king's wife would carry with it the position of Queen, but Mrs. Trelle's position is no honorary one. According to Peace River-ites, including Herman Trelle himself, she boosted him on to the throne. As proof they point to the fact that for the past

first summer they built a log cabin to be followed a few years later by a log house. The granddaughter helped with the building, helped to clear and break land, learned the farming game from below the ground, up. "It was all new to me," Mrs. Trelle relates, "but it could have been lots worse."—A philosophy she has retained through a number of trouble-burdened years.

Educational facilities were few. A student missionary taught school, gratis. A longed-for business course, "outside," was definitely ruled out by a grandmother who suffered no illusions favoring female secretaries. So the future Mrs. Trelle had to be content with frontier schooling.

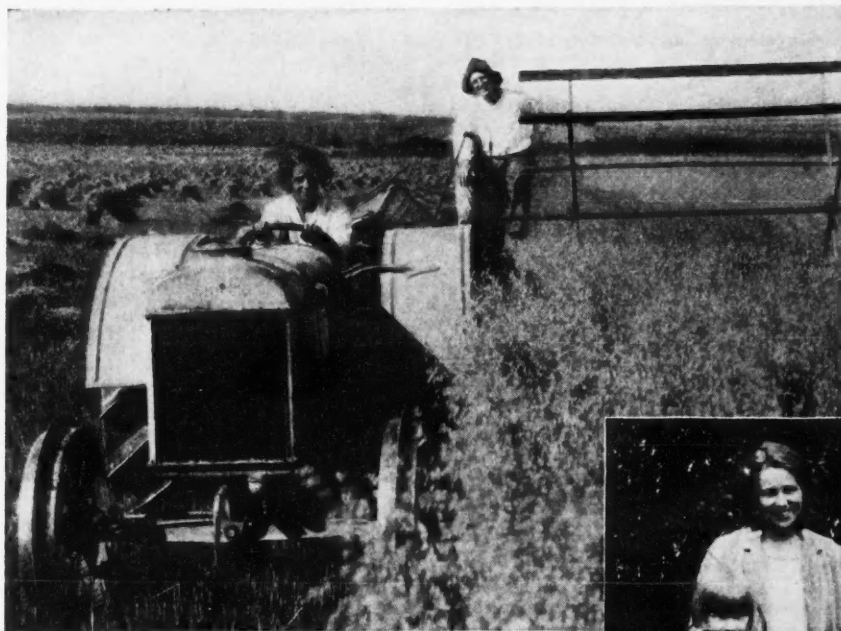
Night and morning, summer and winter, she drove the cattle two miles to water. She lived aboard a horse. She learned to ride like an Indian, only better. She rode anything that could be corralled. She didn't stop to open gates; she jumped them, taking the pony along. One such incident gave her a victory, or brought about her downfall—whichever way you may happen to view this business of matrimony.

For some years a young homesteader had been spending his winters running a sawmill near Pouce Coupe. He had met a lanky kid with pig-tails odd times, but with the weight of big business and some nineteen years on his shoulders, had not deigned to more than notice her. Then, back from several years' civil engineering at university, he one day gallantly held open a gate for a shy country miss and was left standing open-mouthed as she swung her pony, cleared a four-wire fence, with a mere casual glance, and cantered up the trail.

Chocolates, spider-web hosiery, florist-shops and glittering trinkets were not so common in the Peace in those days, but there was a profusion of wild-flowers, and ponies, like their charming owners, are fond of new trimmings and gadgets. The Wheat King claims the new saddle did it, but his spouse candidly admits the idea was born under a set of pig-tails.

On Christmas Day, 1919 the Trelle's were married, moved on to a half section of homestead land, and began the partnership climb that has gained them, while still young, the peak of agricultural fame. A story of the work

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The Trelle team at work on their Peace River farm.

two years, during his serious illness, she has, through her individual efforts, held him there.

In these days of threatening feminism, this looks like dangerous propaganda. Mrs. Trelle is a remarkable woman; but her husband is, without doubt, also a genius. Let's call it a fifty-fifty proposition concerning the wheat. With that strictly in mind we may safely proceed.

BEATRICE TRELLE was born in Fairmont, Minnesota. Some years later she discovered Canada. On March 4th, 1914 her grandfather threw his trail-weary team out of gear, pulled back the canvas sleigh covering and announced: "Here's your new home!"

New home! Open prairie, bleak windswept spaces, March blizzards, shivering poplars, frost-solid food! They lived in the sleigh until a home was erected—a tent. The



Mrs. Trelle with Marie and Kay, aged eight and six, with the family pup pose especially for The Chatelaine. At the age of twenty-nine, Beatrice Trelle is mistress of the largest registered seed grain farm in the world.



## THE CHILDREN'S FAIRY BOOK

Here is another fairy book for the children originated by *The Chatelaine*—one of a series of similar stories which will appear regularly in the magazine. Cut the page out,

and fold along the dotted lines. Cut neatly round the edges and pin in the middle. The page may look confused—but follow directions and you will have a pretty fairy book.

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*A Fairy Story for  
the Children*

**T**HIS is the story of why the bees are always so busy gathering pollen to make the sweet honey; and why the spider is so sulky and sullen and is always sitting in the corner of his web, loved by nobody . . .

Once upon a time what happened did happen, and if it had not happened, you would not be hearing this story.

A long time ago there lived a woman named Marie. She was a widow, and she had two children—a young son named Ione and a daughter named Sitza.

They were very, very poor.

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"Alas," she sighed, "he has no love in his heart, but thinks only of his weaving, and yet he never takes joy in his work, because he thinks only of the money it will bring him."

The stranger frowned.

"May he weave forever, day and night, and never take joy in his work," he said. "What he weaves, may others destroy. May he spend his days sitting in a corner, far away from everyone, and loved by none."

And the stranger went away.

And ever since that day the daughter has been all sweetness, and she is loved by everyone, for she is the slim-waisted bee that makes sweet honey for little boys and girls, and creamy wax for the candles we light at a party.

But the son has been sitting in the darkest corners ever since, a sulky spider, weaving by day and by night. Yet he never takes joy in his work. And what

So the daughter found work helping to build a house. All day she would mix mortar and help carry heavy bricks. It was much work, so heavy and hard that her hands grew rough and her back became bent. Still she got up every morning before it was light, and worked until after dark, in order to help earn a little food for the family.



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about her son, Ione. Then he asked her everyone, said the stranger, she always be so to sweetness and love. "May said the mother. "All she is all sweetness," asked the stranger. "Has she been a good daughter?" daughter Sitza. "Has she to the loving care of her she was much better, due how she was. She told him He asked the poor widow man came to their door.

Now it happened just at that time that a strange get better. took a great deal of comforting from Sitza to make her thought only of the money he could earn. And it because she knew he had no love in his heart, but When his mother heard what he had said, she wept, right on weaving in his corner. Ione whose heart held no love for his mother went at my usual time, and see what can be done then. Very likely she will be well by then." And the cruel in her head. No, I won't go. I will go home tonight, haps lose my position, just because she has a pain

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Ingredients for this healthful appetizer are familiar favorites in every kitchen.

# A TEMPERANCE COCKTAIL

*Served with all the traditional ceremony of the cocktail hour, the tomato cocktail is a delicious appetizer that relaxes your guests and sends them into dinner in genial mood*

by Helen G. Campbell

Director of The Chatelaine Institute

THE cocktail is a problem to perplex the hostess who is averse to the use of alcoholic preparations but is anxious to do the smart thing. It is a problem for thousands of guests, who, while anxious to be convivial, do not indulge. And it is a problem that may be solved with ease.

After all, the cocktail in the drawing-room is psychological. Whatever the ingredients of an appetizer may be, it is the mental effect of a concerted action that places people at their ease, relaxes them, and sends them in to dinner in genial mood.

The smart hostess is the hostess who can accomplish the effect and at the same time tactfully conform to the tastes of those she is entertaining.

As a means to this end, and in the interests of temperance, *The Chatelaine* suggests the use of the Tomato Cocktail. Many hostesses already are introducing it with success. The Chatelaine Institute, after conducting a series of experiments both in varying the "makings" and in serving tomato cocktails and noting comments, commends the idea most heartily.

Try it yourself. If you wish, serve it with all the traditional ceremony of the cocktail hour; serve it with your canape. It is going to be fashionable. Moreover, it is sensible.

Nor is the adventure of concocting to be lost, any more than the adventure of tasting. There are numerous ways of seasoning. For instance, whoever would have thought that a discreet union of the tomato and the onion could produce an appetizing drink?

## The Recipe

### Before Dinner Cocktail

- 1 Can of tomatoes (No. 2½) (3 Cupfuls of juice)
- ½ Tablespoonful of chopped onion
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped celery
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped parsley
- ¾ Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce
- Few grains of cayenne

Let the chopped onion, celery and parsley stand in the tomato juice for at least one hour. Strain and add the remaining ingredients. Chill thoroughly before serving.

N.B. Chopped green pepper may be used in place of the parsley, and a few drops of tabasco sauce in place of the cayenne.



INGREDIENTS for the newest cocktail are standbys in your food supplies. For canned tomatoes, the useful onion, celery, parsley and lettuce are familiar favorites in every kitchen.

The secret of success is a careful and clever blending of these enticing flavors to emphasize the tart deliciousness of the clear tomato juice. But the procedure is simple enough for even the most inexperienced or the busiest hostess. Dice the onion, the celery, and add them with a sprig of parsley to the strained tomatoes. Set the bowl or jug in your refrigerator for an hour or so, and the liquid becomes more flavorful, more interesting. Season now with salt and pepper, add a little lemon juice and a dash of piquant sauce to give zest and sparkle.

The cocktail is mixed—without fuss, with very little effort. But it is not yet ready to serve for thorough chilling is another essential to success. Let it stand again in your refrigerator, or surrounded by crushed ice in a large pan. Then, when your guests have gathered in the living-room, pour it into small long-stemmed glasses, set out on a serving tray.

With it, you may pass a variety of canapes—those savory little tidbits, which whet the appetite and delight the eye. They should be small, of course, flavorful, colorful and decorative. Arranged artistically on a plate or platter, they make an appropriate and delicious accompaniment to the cool, refreshing tomato cocktail, and give added importance to the gracious ceremony of the hour.

There are other uses for this healthful drink. But more of that anon! We are concerned now only with its use as an answer to the problem of "something new" and "something different," which makes a triumphant beginning to the dinner or luncheon, when we entertain our friends in formal manner.



# THE CHATELAINES INSTITUTE

[ Helen G. Campbell, Director ]

## "There's not a Thing in the House to Eat"

Is that your first desperate thought when  
unexpected guests arrive?

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director of The Chatelaine Institute

THE hostess, to entertain successfully at dinner or luncheon, must have the poise and serene assurance that comes from forethought and preparation and the knowledge that all is well in the kitchen. But her tact and resourcefulness are put to the real test when unexpected company comes. All honor to the woman who can then turn a smiling face to her friends and give them a cordial welcome.

Perhaps they arrive at a most inconvenient time—the day has had a bad start, she has overslept a little, and there has been more than the usual hustle and bustle to start the man of the house off to his work and the children off to school. The baby has been peevish, the telephone has rung repeatedly and the grocery order has been delayed. "There's not a thing in the house to eat!" is her first desperate thought.

My mind goes back to my capable mother, who could never be nonplussed in such a circumstance. Quite cheerfully she cut thick slices from a home-cured ham, chose from the store of vegetables gathered weeks ago from her kitchen garden, opened a jar of preserves, and presto! there was a meal fit for a king. What did it matter that there was no roast in the oven, no pies and cakes on hand? There was always fresh bread and butter, fresh milk and eggs, and the fruit of the orchard and garden to set before—and to please—even the most fastidious company.

Housekeepers in town and city homes have obliging grocers not far away, their shelves stocked with all sorts of products in convenient forms for quick and easy service. But time may be precious, and even the most prompt delivery is not quite quick enough. The best plan to prevent embarrassment, therefore, is to keep an emergency shelf for just such an occasion. On it, the provident home manager may keep foods for every course, literally from "soup to nuts." Space alone will limit the variety and quantity, for manufacturers have provided a vast number of delicious foods, ready to serve, or in a form requiring little time or preparation for the table.

There might well be, in this emergency supply, a few cans of soup, with which to begin the luncheon or dinner. Canned soups and broths of many different flavors are available; vegetable, chicken, tomato are only a few of the varieties, but it might be advisable to include three or four of your favorite kinds. Canadian soups are unsurpassed for deliciousness and quality of ingredients and are reasonable in price. The method of preparation is clearly stated on the container, and it is a matter of only a few minutes until a steaming soup is ready to serve.

The main course may also come from tins and cans and bottles, and be none the less acceptable. Salmon will, of course, have a place on your shelf, the red variety for salads, and the less expensive variety, equally nutritious and of excellent flavor, for creamed and scalloped dishes and other such combinations. There may be sausage, packed closely in tins, and carefully preserved for your use, sardines and many other fish, from which you may make your choice. There may be jars of chipped beef, potted meats and pastes

for sandwiches and salads. Canned tongue, corned beef, and even a canned whole chicken come ready for use, and a variety of other meats are available in this form. Pork and beans will be relished on a cold winter day, and canned lima beans have many uses.

Almost every kind of fruit and vegetable is packed and canned commercially for the housekeeper's convenience. An assortment should be on every emergency shelf. In fact, they might be considered staple foods, so often are they used in our daily meals. They possess much the same nutritive value as the fresh product and the process of canning has been so improved, that there is little left to be desired in taste and appearance. Canned peaches, asparagus and peas are famed for their delicate flavor and good color. Other canned vegetables are equally fine and becoming constantly more popular. Besides the more common fruit and vegetables, we can now buy fruit salad evenly diced and well combined. Macedoine of vegetable is also put up in cans ready for heating or to serve as salads. Then, too, there is canned tomato juice to use for a cocktail, in sauces or as flavoring for soups. Jams and jellies, syrup, honey, are other foods which will stand the housekeeper in good stead when hurriedly preparing a meal for unexpected guests.

Canned milk comes in different forms—condensed, evaporated and dried—and can be used in any recipe which calls for whole milk. In using powdered milk, either whole or skim, be sure to use the amount of powder stated on the package and mix according to directions. Packaged cheese, plain or flavored with pimento or olives, keeps well and is a convenient food to have on hand. It can be served in squares or slices, used as a spread for bread or combined with vegetables in the making of main dishes or accompaniments. Fruit and vegetable salads are often given a zest and zip by the addition of grated cheese or cheese moistened with a little cream or salad dressing. The latter may also be bought in bottles ready to use. Pickles, olives, pimento, chutney, catsup and sauces are among the relishes which every housekeeper likes to have in her cupboard.

Junket is an easily and quickly prepared dessert. Junket tablets and the flavored, colored junket powders are available. Tested recipe folders come with the former, and for the latter, only the addition of milk of proper temperature is necessary. Variations of the standard dessert may be made with the addition of fruit, nuts, coconut and other foods. Minute tapioca is a splendid emergency dessert. It does not require soaking or long cooking, and delightful variations are possible. Raisins, dates and nuts are appropriate additions



An emergency shelf for unexpected meals is the only solution to one of a hostess's greatest problems—the friends who "drop in" unexpectedly.

to puddings of this sort, and have a place on the emergency shelf. Marshmallows, too, will give a company touch to the simplest dessert. Try placing one in the centre of a baked apple just before removing from the oven. Allow it to soften and brown slightly, and your plain dessert becomes a delicacy.

Many cakes and biscuits are quickly prepared if the required ingredients are on hand. Ready-mixed cakes are now on the market, requiring only the addition of milk or water before baking. Pie crust, too, is sold in this form—a boon to the hostess with only a short time for the preparation of a meal. A variety of small cakes and wafers may be included, from the plain crackers to serve with soup to the richer cookie to accompany the dessert.

In the refrigerator the housekeeper may keep more perishable foods ready to use at a moment's notice. A jar of chocolate syrup can be used as sauce for ice cream or puddings, as a basis for a beverage, or mixed with confectioner's sugar, for an icing. A roll of cookie dough, the recipe for which is included, will keep for many days, and it is a matter of a minute or two to slice from it enough cookies to serve several people. These require only a short time to cook and are deliciously crisp and tasty.

With even a limited space, the prudent housekeeper can choose and store a supply of ready-to-serve foods, and with these on hand she need never be at a loss when unexpected company arrives.

Less common foods, for the popular hors d'oeuvres, or for the garnishing of various dishes, are splendid for evening refreshments when friends drop in. But more of that later.

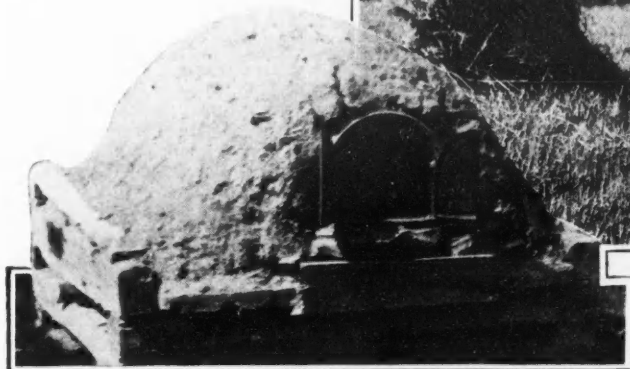
Luncheon	Impromptu Menus
	Vegetable Soup
	Scalloped Salmon*
	Emergency Biscuits*
	Peach and Jelly Salad*
	Wafers
Tea	Coffee

Continued on page 25

# The Cereal Foods of Canada

by J. B. SPENCER, B.S.A.

*No better grain is produced anywhere in the world than that grown by Canadian farmers*



*In days of old, baking was done in the primitive ovens constructed of crude masonry such as this, some are occasionally found in Quebec.*



*One of the most beautiful sights in the world is a grain field ready for the harvest.*

which is made thus: Two good handfuls of hops are boiled in four quarts of water which is poured upon as much wheaten bran as can be well moistened by it. To this is added four or five pounds of leaven and the mass well mixed, then put in a warm place for twenty-four hours. It is then broken into pieces the size of a hen's egg and carefully dried. The pieces which are now ready for use may be kept for half a year."

"For baking six large loaves six handfuls of these balls are broken up and dissolved in seven

## Breads of Early Days

The breads of the early days consisted of little more than a mixture of meal or flour and water made into a paste and baked in some convenient manner. In times

of a scarcity of cereals, potatoes and even turnips were sliced, dried and pulverized to augment the more substantial flours. By man's ingenuity machinery for grinding and separating the pure flour from the coarser parts was developed some time in the 18th Century when it was also discovered, perhaps by accident, that flour mixed with water was susceptible to fermentation which gave rise to the making of a light loaf which although sour gained favor in the households.

To the brewers must be given credit for the origin of yeast that is used in the process of bread making. An early writer records the custom of incorporating with the dough froth which formed on the surface of liquors during fermentation. This practice, it was found, caused the mass to rise more quickly than where the usual leaven was used. The housewives were not content, however, to depend on the brewers for their yeast and it was only a matter of time until the home making of yeast became a general practice.

Readers of *The Chatelaine* who have passed middle life will, from the following quotation, from an old edition of the "Britannica" published in Edinburgh in 1788, recall a familiar practice of earlier days when there was being turned out the bread that "Grandmother used to make."

"In the making of bread a substitute is used for yeast

or eight quarts of warm water. This is poured into one end of the bread trough and further diluted with three quarts of water. The liquor is then mixed with enough flour to form a mass the size of a large loaf which is allowed to stand covered in a warm place until it has well risen and the surface has begun to crack. Fifteen quarts of warm water seasoned with salt are now poured over the mass and enough flour added and worked in to make it knead well. When well kneaded it is set aside for an hour when it is ready to be formed into loaves which, after being kept warm for half-an-hour, are ready for the oven."

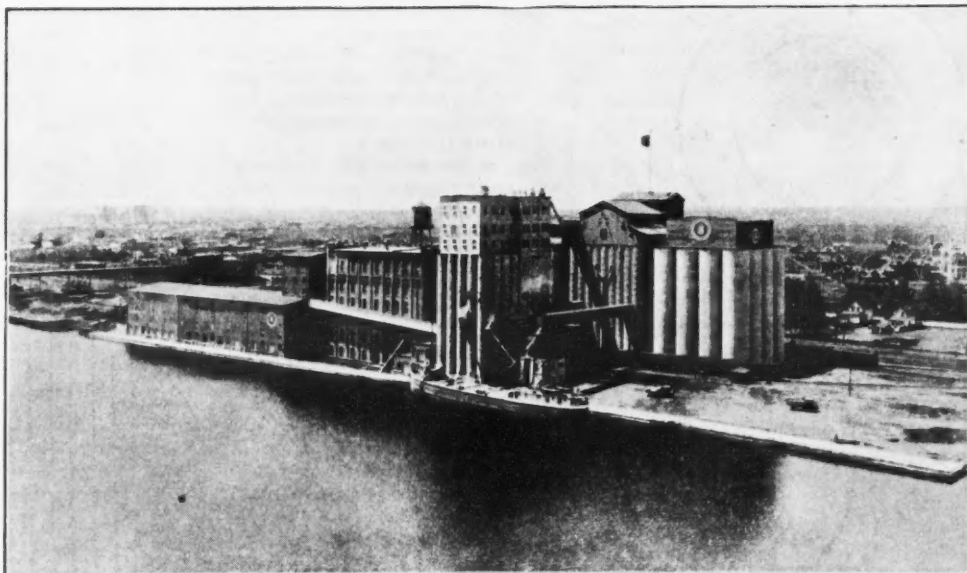
Is it not fair to assume that the baking in those days was done in the primitive ovens constructed of crude masonry of the type that is still in use in some of the Eastern counties of the Province of Quebec? In preparation for baking the oven is filled to capacity with dry, finely split wood, which is set on fire and when reduced to dying embers is raked out, leaving the body of the oven sufficiently heated to bake the loaves which are enclosed and left to cook.

The use of bread as now understood had become quite common in "The Motherland" about a century and a half ago. It was divided into three main classes—white, wheaten, and household, differing only in degrees of purity. In the making of white bread only flour was used. Wheaten bread contained also some of the finer bran, while the whole wheat milled to fineness was used for the household grade. Within the three main classes there were many sub-divisions distinguished by the classes of the society to which they were served. In religious institutions there were "esquire's," "monk's," "boy's" and "servant's" bread, and in royal households other denominations such as "Messenger's," "Court" and "Eleemosynary" breads, the last named being distributed to the poor by way of alms.

In those early days bread was esteemed in some European countries, according to its antiquity. Bread that would keep from thirty to forty years was especially favored in Norway for feasts and was said to have been made of barley and oatmeal and baked between two hollow stones. At the christening of a child the bread served might well have been baked at the time of the christening of the grandfather.

## The Evolution of Milling

The process of milling grain has passed through many interesting phases. The early records show that the grain was broken by pounding, the kernels being crushed and broken by persistent beating with crude implements. Later came the use of the hollow stone into which fitted another stone. Crushing was done by the rolling motion of the upper stone. [Continued on page 45]



*One of the giant grain elevators which mark an important epoch in the history of wheat from the field to the table.*

FROM time immemorial cereal grains have been the basis of human nourishment, and long before the art of bread-making even in primitive form was known man carried cereal grains in pouches grinding it with his teeth.

Even the earliest records testify to the ingenuity of man in finding ways of extracting the nutritious parts of grain, preparing them into agreeable and wholesome foods, and into the various forms of bread which preceded the tasty and familiar golden-crust loaf we know today.

In the days of antiquity practically all of the cereal grains were used. With the development of human experience and knowledge wheat and rye gained the ascendancy, gradually forging ahead in popular preference to the exclusion of the others.

Cereal grains have much in common with respect to nourishing properties, but wheat and rye possess an ingredient which accounts for their preference as bread flours. It is the gluten, common to these grains but practically absent from the others, which gives to the dough made from the flours of wheat and rye a peculiar elasticity and which provides the size and texture so highly prized by bread makers. It is the "stretching" of the dough caused by the gases produced by yeast fermentation during the process of "rising" which ensures the fine qualities of the large light loaf.

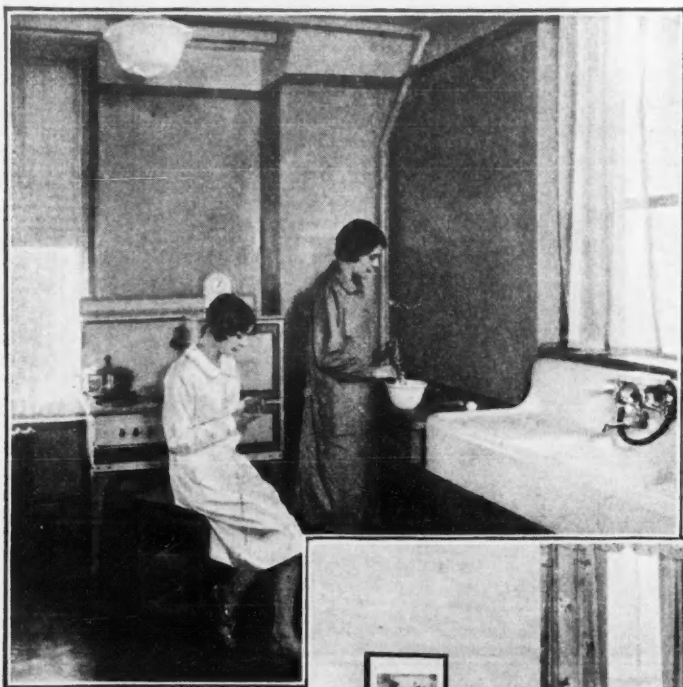
It is the gluten also which gives to flour its ability to absorb a relatively large proportion of water, and it is the richness of wheat over rye in gluten which has given it the preference over flour grains from the millers' and bakers' standpoint. It is out of these distinctions that the terms "hard" and "soft" wheat have grown, the former being particularly adapted to the making of fine bread, the latter for pastry purposes.

For bread making wheat is the pre-eminent favorite in Canada, and throughout this continent, rye being used as a bread staple only by people who have arrived more recently from the northern sections of Europe. In continental Europe however, there is a marked preference for rye among the people of the hardier northern and eastern countries, while wheat is the bread staple with the people of the warmer climes of France, Spain and Italy.

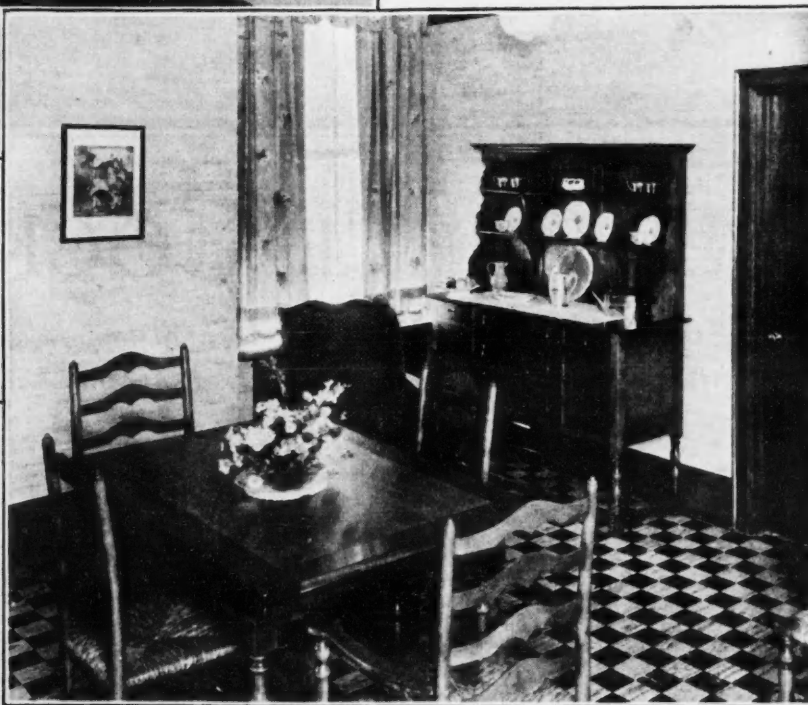


## The Chatelaine Institute Mirrors Your Own Kitchen

*A busy moment in a corner of the kitchen. Every detail of the recipes tested and originated, as well as the efficiency of small utensils must be carefully noted and checked.*



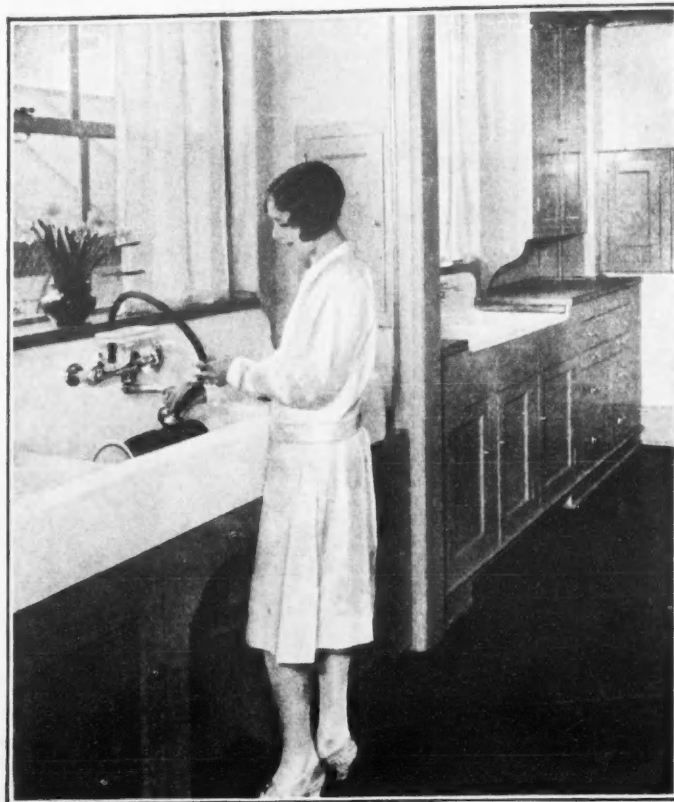
*Centre—a glimpse of the attractive dining room of the Institute with its furniture of Canadian design and workmanship in the graceful French Provincial style.*



*One of the most interesting features for visitors to the Chatelaine Institute is the arrangement of the two sinks. They are set under wide sunny windows, with cupboard space underneath. The one on the left is on castors and will pull out if it is necessary to work with the pipes. The woodwork is apple green and the curtains daffodil yellow. Note that there is space at the bottom for one's toes and that, in the farther sink, the drain board pulls out over the laundry tub from the cupboard.*



*A particularly delicious frozen dessert has just been completed in one of the electric refrigerators. Photographs of the actual dishes made in the Institute illustrate the articles in The Chatelaine.*



*The kitchens of the Chatelaine Institute are equipped with electric, gas, and coal-oil ranges, so that various types of cooking may be studied. Testing the efficiency of the "plug-in" range.*

# English and American Beauties

entrust their flower-like skin  
to this same sure care . . . .



Lady Buchanan-Jardine



Lady Violet Astor



Lady Louis Mountbatten



Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II



Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.



Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel Jr.

**W**HAT is your taste in beauty? Do you prefer the pink and white and gold of English blondes . . . their eyes of larkspur blue and skin like rose leaves?

Or are you loyal to the dazzling galaxy of charms our own America offers . . . blonde, brunette and Titian beauties, gay, grave or demure . . . with exquisite skin that is delicate as apple blossoms, creamy as magnolia bloom, lily-pale or warmly tinted as a tea-rose?

Famous American and English beauties agree in this: they all use Pond's . . . because these four delightful preparations assure the perfect cleansing and protection that are essential to preserve their flower-like skin . . . keep it always radiantly fresh, fine, smooth and clear.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. declares: "One can keep one's skin lovely with just those Two marvelous Creams, the fine Tissues and the invigorating Tonic." Lady Violet Astor says:

"Pond's makes our skin look younger and younger each year—a wonderful service!"

Pond's Method is so delightfully quick that lovely young Lady Buchanan-Jardine says, "It is at once easy, satisfactory, complete."

Piquant, laughing Mrs. Gifford Pinchot II says: "Just the four steps of Pond's Method, followed every day, will keep one's skin exquisitely smooth and clear."

"Pond's is wonderful!" charming Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., sums up the universal enthusiasm. Lady Mountbatten also is de-

voted to the Pond's Method . . . here are the one, two, three, four famous steps!

*During the day*—first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

*Second*—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent. (New! Tissues in peach color—now on sale, as well as white.)

*Third*—pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores—tone and firm.

*Last*—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish—use it wherever you powder, face, neck, shoulders, arms, back. Marvelously effective to keep your hands soft, white and unchapped through the winter.

*At bedtime*—never fail to cleanse immaculately with the Cold Cream and wipe away with Cleansing Tissues.

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MADE IN CANADA





A professional milliner tells how to turn your old hat into a popular beret—and how to cut a proportionate pattern from a scrap of velvet



Figure 7

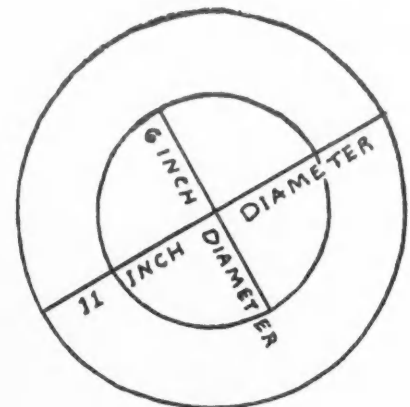


Figure 5

Diagrams on this page show how the material should be cut out.

# You Can Make Your Own Beret

by MIRIAM ELSTON

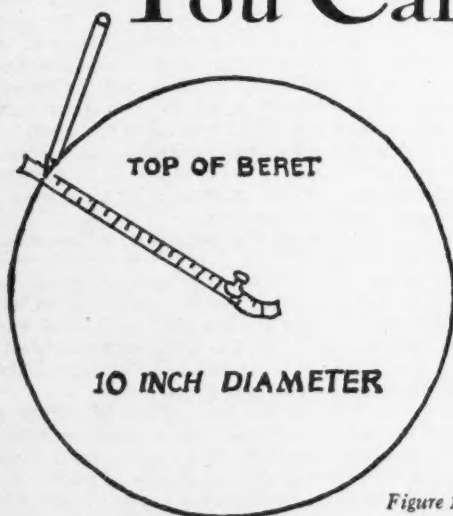


Figure 1

**P**RESSED and crushed velvets, under different names, are spoken of with much favor in the American and French hat journals this season. Some of the crushed velvets are also mottled in color. Grey velvet mottled in Alice blue or in rose or mauve shades is very nice and rose used on sand is also pleasing. Toast and tan shades are also good on sand. Dark green may be mottled on light green by using a weak dye solution of Prussian blue paint. Sponge the dye solution on in spots by the use of a sponge or a little bit of wadding or a piece of woollen cloth. Don't make the spot of color too heavy. It produces a great deal more pleasing effect if sponged on so lightly that it just tints the pile and hardly colors the foundation at all.

No other treatment can equal crushing to make used or faded velvets look like new. And the process is very simple indeed. Steam the velvet well over the kettle spout, seeing that every part of the velvet has had a chance to get well dampened, then gather into a ball and crush well in the hands. And when I say crush well, I mean crush very hard. Always turn the pile of the velvet inside when crushing.

After crushing the velvet,

open it up, pull it back into shape and let it dry. The back of the velvet will be somewhat wrinkled. The velvet is all right to use without pressing, but it may also be pressed on the wrong side after it is thoroughly dry.

Crushed velvet is very smart used in combination with straight pile velvet in making a hat. One great advantage in using crushed velvet is that it requires no matching, and seams if taken before the velvet is crushed are almost or altogether invisible. Usually velveteens will not crush nicely—they are too harsh looking—but silk velvets crush beautifully.

I have seen one very pretty beret this season fashioned from an old velvet crown, one of the larger draped crowns of several seasons ago. The top of the crown was a circle ten and a half inches in diameter, and the side of the crown was the usual bias side crown. It had been draped over a stiffened crown foundation on the original hat, but to form the beret it was taken off the foundation then it was turned inside out, steamed over the kettle spout, crushed, dried and pulled into shape again.

The side band was, of course, deeper than was needed and this extra depth was cut away leaving only a band three and one half inches wide around the circle top. A draw-string of heavy thread was run into the lower edge of the velvet, the stitches being very small and even. Another draw-string was put in just one-third of an inch above this one.

A hat lining was then fitted on the head. The piece cut off from the crown was folded double and basted together, making a bias band of velvet, raw at one edge and finished at the other, and about one and one half inches wide. This band was fitted around the head over the lining, fitting low into the nape of the neck, covering entirely the right ear, and drawn higher on the left so as to show the lower half of the left ear. At the front the band overlapped just over the left eye, Figure 7.

When the band was in place it was pinned to the lining about every two inches all the way around the head, and the lining was cut off just even with the lower edge of the band.

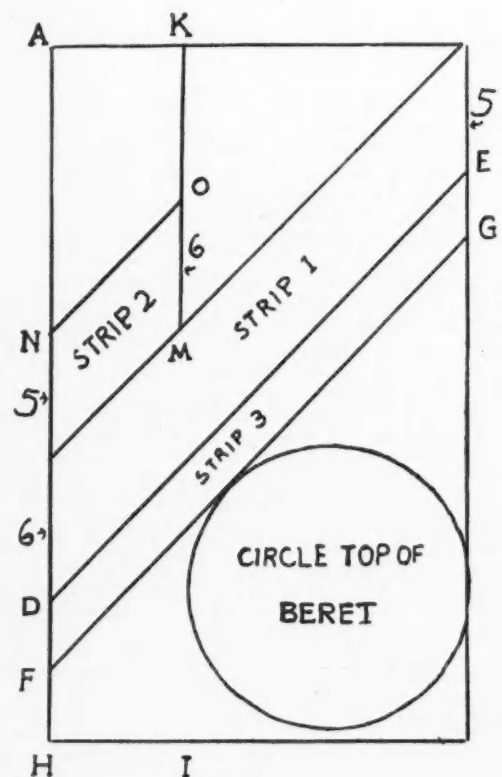


Figure 2

The velvet crown was then put on and the draw-strings were adjusted to make the slight fullness of the crown fit gracefully to the upper edge of the velvet band.

When satisfied with the adjusting the band and crown were sewn together, taking care not to [Continued on page 27]

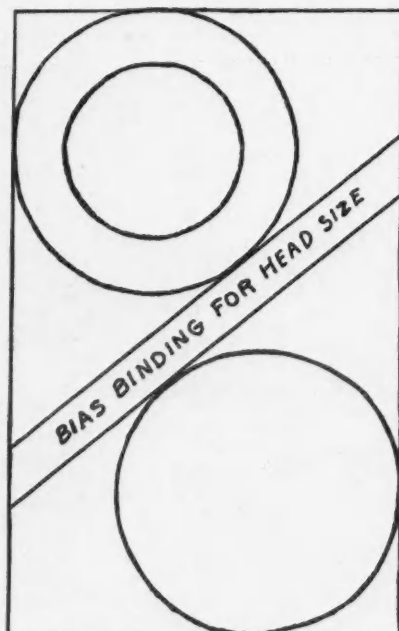


Figure 6

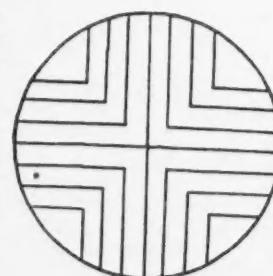


Figure 3

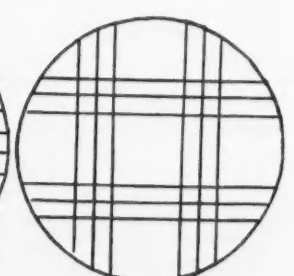


Figure 4

# "There's Not a Thing in the House to Eat"

Continued from page 18

## Scalloped Salmon

- 2 Cupfuls of salmon
- 1 1/2 Teaspoonfuls of lemon juice
- 3/8 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/8 Teaspoonful of pepper
- 1/8 Teaspoonful of paprika
- 2 Cupfuls of medium white sauce
- 1/2 Cupful of buttered bread crumbs

Flake the salmon, removing the bones, and add the lemon juice and seasonings. Cover the bottom of a greased casserole with the salmon. Cover with a layer of white sauce, and repeat, having a layer of sauce on top. Sprinkle the crumbs over the top and place in a moderate oven (350 degrees) until thoroughly heated and the crumbs browned on top. This recipe will serve six. With a little more time for cooking a delicious salmon soufflé may be used.

Use the above recipe for six, reducing the salmon and sauce to one and one-half cupfuls each and adding three eggs. To combine, add the hot sauce slowly to the beaten egg yolks and combine with the seasoned fish. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold into the fish. Bake in a greased casserole, set in a pan of water for forty-five minutes, at 350 degrees F.

## Emergency Biscuits

- 2 Cupfuls of flour
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter or other shortening

About 1 cupful of milk

Mix and sift the flour, baking powder and salt and cut or work in the shortening. Add the milk until the dough will drop from a spoon. Drop on to a greased pan and bake at 450 degrees for fifteen to eighteen minutes. This is simply a baking powder biscuit recipe using more liquid and saving the time it takes to roll them. About twelve biscuits can be made from these amounts.

## Peach and Jelly Salad

Roll peach halves in cocoanut. Place on lettuce and fill the centres with jelly. Serve two halves to a person and garnish with mayonnaise.

## Asparagus Salad

Arrange canned asparagus tips on lettuce leaves and serve with dressing made by mixing one-half cupful of mayonnaise with two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup. Garnish with strips of green pepper or pieces of hard-boiled egg.

## Emergency Cake

- 1 3/4 Cupfuls of cake or pastry flour
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 2 Egg whites
- About 3/8 cupful of butter
- 1/2 Cupful of milk
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of vanilla

Sift the flour, measure it and sift with the salt, baking powder and sugar. Place the egg whites in a cup and add softened butter until the cup is half full. Add milk to completely fill the cup and combine with the dry ingredients. Add vanilla and beat for five to seven minutes. Bake in a greased flat pan or in individual cup cake tins for forty to forty-five minutes at 350 degrees F.

## Orange Frosting

- 1 Egg yolk
- 1 Tablespoonful of orange juice
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- Icing sugar (about 1 1/4 cupfuls)

Beat the egg yolk, and add the fruit juices to it gradually. Stir in sifted icing sugar until of the right consistency to spread on the cooled cake.

## Creamed Potatoes

Left-over boiled potatoes may be reheated in a cream sauce and served garnished with paprika or raw potatoes may be peeled, cut in one-third inch slices, boiled, drained

and added to cream sauce. Grated cheese added to the cream sauce is a pleasant change—one-half cupful of cheese to one cupful of sauce.

## Graham Muffins

- 1 Cupful of flour
- 1 Cupful of graham flour
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 1 Egg
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter

Mix and sift the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add the milk to the beaten egg. Combine the two mixtures with as little stirring as possible. Add the melted butter and put in well greased muffin tins. Bake for twenty-five minutes at 375 to 400 degrees F. Yield—twelve muffins.

## Chocolate Tapioca Cream

- 1 Quart of scalded milk
- 2 Squares of unsweetened chocolate
- 1/3 Cupful of minute tapioca
- 1/2 Cupful of sugar
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Egg yolk
- 1 Teaspoonful of vanilla
- 1 Egg white

Add the chocolate, cut in pieces, to the scalded milk, then add the tapioca, sugar and salt and cook for fifteen minutes in a double boiler. Pour a little of the hot mixture over the beaten egg yolk. Return to the double boiler and cook for five minutes or until the mixture thickens. Remove from heat, add the vanilla and fold in the beaten egg white. Serve in sherbet glasses topped with whipped cream.

## Spanish Omelet

Serve plain or fluffy omelet with the following sauce:—

- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 1 Teaspoonful of chopped onion
- 1 Teaspoonful of green pepper
- 1/2 Tablespoonful of flour
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of celery salt
- Pepper
- 1 Cupful of tomatoes

Cook the onion and green pepper for three minutes in the butter. Add the seasonings and flour and mix well. Add tomatoes and simmer until thick. Pour some on the omelet before folding and the rest around the omelet.

## Emergency Menus

### Supper

- Poached Eggs in Spinach Ring
- Asparagus Salad\*
- Brown Bread and Butter
- Canned Fruit
- Emergency Cake\*
- Tea Cocoa

### Dinner

- Canned Consomme
- Cold Sliced Meats
- Creamed Potatoes\*
- Canned Peas
- Mixed Fruit Salad (Canned)
- Graham Muffins\*
- Chocolate Tapioca Cream\*
- Coffee

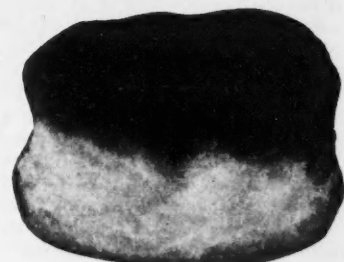
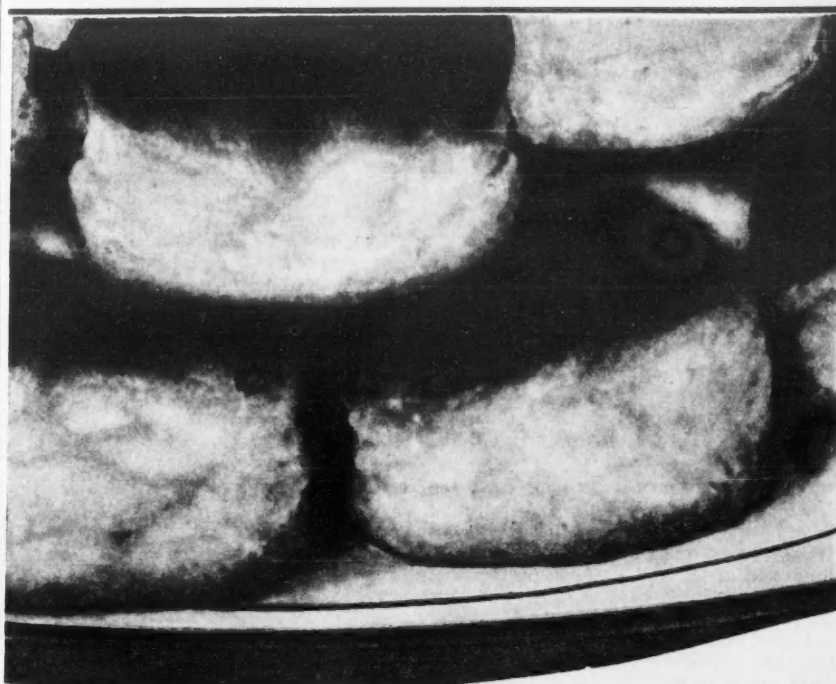
### Two more suppers

- Broiled Bacon
- Spaghetti and Tomato Sauce (Canned)
- Pineapple and Cream Cheese Salad
- Biscuits and Honey
- Tea Cocoa

- Spanish Omelet\*
- Macedoine of Vegetable Salad (Canned)
- Saltines
- Vanilla Junket with Maple Syrup and Chopped Nuts
- Tea Coffee

Recipes are given in this article for the dishes indicated by a star.

# BISCUITS LIKE THESE IMPROVE ANY MEAL!



## Try this Recipe for Biscuits

- 4 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 cups milk (or enough to make a soft dough)

Sift together two or three times, flour, baking powder and salt. Rub in butter with tips of fingers, then add the milk to make a very soft dough. Do not roll out, but drop into well-buttered tins and bake in a hot oven.

Vary your daily menus with hot biscuits if you want to please the whole family.

The most hurriedly prepared dinner will instantly assume new interest for everyone when brown-crust, feathery-light hot biscuits are placed on the table.

Be sure to make lots of them, for lazy appetites are quick to respond to this treat. You seldom can make enough to satisfy everyone if they "turn out right".

And remember! They *always* turn out right when you use MAGIC BAKING POWDER, the kind that 3 out of every 4 Canadian housewives\* who bake at home, say they use because it gives consistently better baking results.

If you bake at home, the New Magic Cook Book will provide you with dozens of interesting recipes. Mail the coupon and a copy will be sent free.

\*This fact was revealed in a recent Dominion-wide investigation.

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# When the Sandman Comes

by ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

*Furnishing rooms of practical charm for sons and daughters*



ONE has often heard mothers say: "Of course, we'll have a real room for John when he's old enough to appreciate it—when he gets over

being destructive." Or, "I'd like to fix up a pretty bedroom for Mary, but children never take care of anything." Yet the experiment of providing even very young children with attractive quarters of their own has proved a great developer of appreciation in many homes. It has taught the youngsters pride in their own possessions and given them a real sense of hospitality—for children love to bring their little friends in, to share their inviting surroundings.

I know of one home where there are three children; a little girl of five, and two boys of eight and six, and I have thought how well developed the taste and appreciation of these children will be through the years, by the delightful rooms that have been arranged for them.

The little girl's room is one of the most attractive and original in color scheme that one would wish to see. The furniture is enamelled a light apple green, and decorated in a painted floral design. It has an unusual setting in two-paper panelled walls. The background paper is an indefinite stippled grey; the panels in soft salmon pink. A large modern panelled mirror covers the wall beside it.

The curtains are of russet taffeta, and this material is beautifully matched in another taffeta of russet, shot with apple green and sprigged with small bouquets of petit-point embroidery. This makes the petticoat for a small draped dressing-table. The little cushion of the dressing table stool is also of this enchanting fabric.

The draping of the table is worthy of notice. The two side "skirts" are attached to hinged wooden arms which open out over the two side tiers of drawers. The centre portion, however, is directly attached to the centre drawer and pulls out with it. All the three sections are finished with cording of their own material, and when folded into place seem to be of a piece. This is a particularly practical way to finish a table with several compartments—for it avoids the necessity of opening the entire face to reach a given drawer.

But I think the most endearing piece of furniture in the whole room is the small "doll's cupboard" in the corner, directly above the dressing-table, similarly draped and containing such necessities of the doll-housekeeper as a tea-set, some very important miniature furniture, and a few cherished small possessions of the owner. When I saw it and I was told that it was always so, except on those occasions when dishes and furniture were removed for actual use in doll-entertainment, it was the picture of tidiness and care, and pride was marked in the very placing of every article on its shelves.

The rug in this little bedroom is of bright grass green chenille, in a small modernistic pattern—little arrows of yellow and purple at the corners.

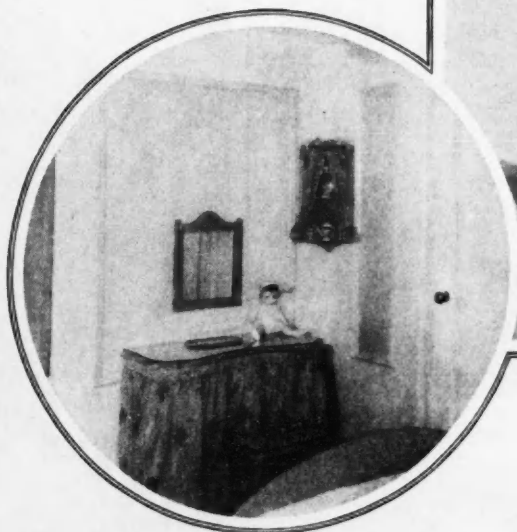
Both the dressing table and bureau are glass-topped over the petit-point taffeta. Glass tops are an excellent plan for a child's room, a safety device against damaging spillage and breakage.

The bedspread used is a washable one, another sensible idea. A "permanent" silk cover of any sort in a nursery-age room is usually a pure loss. Children like to climb, and it defeats the purpose of the room at once, if they are so restricted by its "fine fixings" that they cannot enjoy it. In this case, a strong washable lace over a pink slip is both serviceable and pretty. Such spreads always have washday alternatives which do not upset the scheme of the room.

The low radiator is shelf-covered, and provides a small table-surface for tiny tea-cups—a very cozy place to sit down for a little refreshment, or on which to spread a picture-book.

The room is provided with ample closet space—large enough for dozens of little dresses on their hangers, shelves for hats and shoes, and much room besides for a folding table, a skooter or any other appurtenance of playtime that might require putting away.

The lighting is of the indirect modernistic type, to be augmented later by small lamps for the pretty dressing-table.



The furniture in the little girl's room is enamelled a light apple green, and decorated in a painted floral design. Inset is shown a charmingly draped little dressing-table, and above it to the right, a wee "doll's cupboard," similarly draped.

Leather is such a manly thing—small wonder that the English perfumers provide a special man's scent called "Russia Leather" reminiscent of well-polished riding boots and harness.

Here the walls are papered in a warm neutral paper of a beige cast, which being examined closely reveals invisible hair stripes of biscuit, rose and blue.

The furniture consists of twin beds in the prevailing dark oak, a bureau with stand-mirror, and highboy. These pieces are traditionally carved, the upper drawers boasting that most beautiful of early English motifs—the linen-fold design.

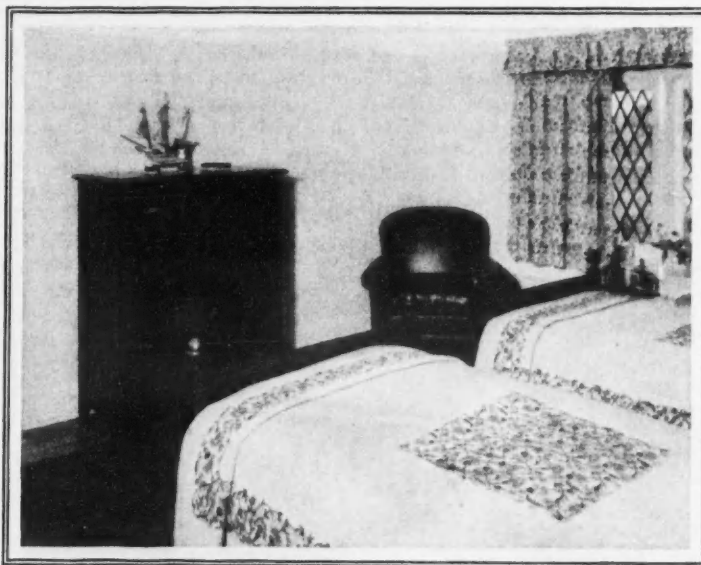
The bedspreads of heavy écru crash carry embroidered medallions of the East Indian embroidery which was originally the inspiration of crewelwork. Crewelwork is the real contemporary and running-mate of old oak. These coverlets carry the prevailing wine shades and high lights of tangerine with touches of bright cool green and blue.

The deep window is curtained in hand-blocked linen suggestive of the crewel work designs, and made up of the rich colors which are the charm of the room.

Highlights have been achieved by the judicious introduction of tangerine in a low bedside bookcase, which is to be augmented later by two hanging shelves in the same color for toys and oddments.

The lighting fixtures are of the candle type, with bulbs which while they simulate the flame, carry out the Gothic tradition in modernistic outlines. They are glazed a rich burnt umber, which casts a warm ruddy light over the room.

What I very much like in these two children's rooms, is the fact that as their occupants grow older, their quarters will not become passé. There is nothing in them to offend the adolescent consciousness by reminders of nursery habitation—and yet they are eminently suitable for the children at their present age. They are rooms not "dressed down" to the child, but rather designed to carry him along to the surround. [Continued on page 27]



The boys' room is rich in color and furnished in reproduction of a real man's period—early English oak. Its keynote is a wine-colored broadloom rug.

## To 1931

by Constance Claire Sissons

Sing a song of New Year's, a pocketful of mirth,  
Two-and-fifty glad weeks wing their way to Earth;  
May they 'light a-laden with happy hours to spend!  
—Isn't this a welcome wish to set before a friend?

Months of true prosperity—measureless in money;  
Days of health and harmony—sweet as clover honey;  
Minutes ticking gaily by from busy sun to sun—  
Till Nineteen-Thirty lifts the latch for Nineteen-Thirty-One!

## You Can Make Your Own Beret

Continued from page 22

allow the stitches to go through into the lining. A band of ribbon one inch wide covered the join between the crown and band, finishing in a small tailored bow just above where the band crossed in the front. The lining was then turned back about one inch from the edge of the band, and sewn down with fine invisible stitches. The fullness of the beret was draped over toward the back and right side of the head, and a small enamelled pin caught the velvet to the lining so that it stayed in place without constant attention.

Five-eighths of a yard of eighteen-inch-wide millinery velvet is required to make this beret as described above if you are making it from new material. If using goods thirty inches wide or wider you will need only one half yard.

You can draft your own pattern for the top of the beret. Punch a small hole in your tape measure just at the one-inch mark. The sharp point of your scissors will do it if you are careful. You want the hole only big enough to allow the sharpened end of your pencil to go through it easily.

Now spread a piece of paper on your kitchen table, stick a push-pin or a darning needle into the six-inch mark on your tape measure, and stick solidly into the table. Insert the point of the pencil into the hole you have made in the tape measure and describe a circle as shown in Figure 1. This circle is your pattern for the top of the beret.

Cut out the circle and place it in the corner of your material as shown in Figure 2.

Figure 2 shows you also how to cut your side crown pattern. From point A measure along the edge of your goods eighteen inches to point B. Draw a straight line from point B to point C. From point B measure six inches to point D, and from point C measure six inches to point E. Draw a straight line between point D and point E. From point D, measure four inches to point F and from point E measure four inches to point G, and draw a straight line from point F, to point G.

Now measure from point A seven inches to point K and from point H measure seven inches to point I. Place your ruler on points K and I and draw a straight line to point M. From point M measure up six inches to point O and from point B measure six inches to point N. Draw a line between points N and O.

Your pattern is now ready to cut out. Strip 1 and 2 form the band which is sewn around the circle. Join the end of strip 1 that is marked with Figure 5 to the end of

strip 2 that is marked with the Figure 5. Joining that way the shading is right.

If you follow directions, observing closely the measurements given, you will have a pattern correct in every detail.

It is wise to baste the wide strip to the circle top before joining end 6 on strip 1 to end 6 on strip 2. You may find that you need to pare a little of the length before joining.

To finish this beret follow the directions as given above for putting together the beret of crushed velvet.

A velvet beret may be made to look very smart by stitching with gold thread before putting together the parts of the beret. If you happen to have a sewing machine with a rotary shuttle the gold thread will stitch beautifully, using the gold thread on the shuttle. Mark the pattern on the wrong side of the goods and proceed to stitch. The needle should be threaded with sheen or silk to match the goods.

A suitable gold thread comes on spools or in skeins.

Buttonhole twist is also effective for stitching self or contrasting colors.

Figures 3 and 4 show two effective patterns for use in stitching the top of the beret. The bias side piece is very effective stitched in straight lines throughout the length of the band.

Another pattern of beret used much this season is made of two circles of velvet sewn together, part of the under circle being cut out to allow the head to enter.

To make your pattern for this beret draft a circle as shown in Figure 1, but make the circle eleven and a half inches in diameter instead of ten inches, as shown in the illustration. Figure 5 shows the pattern of this beret. The big circle is the pattern for the top and the space between the two circles is the pattern for the underneath. Figure 6 shows how to place the pattern on the goods for cutting out. Three-quarters of a yard of eighteen-inch goods is necessary for making this beret.

A very pretty beret may be made from felt cloth by pattern as shown in Figure 6. The drapery departments of departmental and furniture stores usually carry very nice colors in reds, greens and yellows.

A tam and a short sports coat in the same color are very smart. The coat though so light, is extremely warm because the air does not get through it. The cost is small and if you wish to wear it under a cloth coat you will be surprised how nearly it approaches the warmth of your fur coat.

## When the Sandman Comes

Continued from page 24

ings which will be natural to him all his life. Though their small impediments may vary with the years, their general background is one eminently suitable to their intended use at all times. Though the

"doll's cupboard" may eventually become the vanity cabinet, or the toy-shelf a rest for textbooks, the rooms themselves will remain permanent and adaptable to the changing needs of those who occupy them.



You'll find special comfort  
in the lasting softness  
of this sanitary protection

Kotex stays soft; it is cut to fit  
inconspicuously; it deodorizes;  
it is marvelously absorbent.

**D**URING busy hours at work; during crowded hours of play . . . women must feel safe. They must be sure of their sanitary protection. And Kotex gives just that needed sense of security.

It is soft not only at first but later, when ordinary protection is so apt to grow stiff and uncomfortable. It is rounded and gently tapered, to make the pad fit better. And though this improvement was introduced primarily for comfort, it offered a second advantage; Kotex is inconspicuous, even under snug, smooth-fitting gowns.

### Why Kotex absorbs so well

The absorbent used in Kotex is Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. It takes up five times as much moisture as an equal weight of cotton. The moisture is distributed, so that it does not concentrate all in one place. This, of course, means that Kotex protection is daintier as well as more effective.

Why is it so much more efficient? Because the absorbent is laid in many thin, air-cooled layers—each one a quick, complete absorbent in itself. These layers remove moisture quickly away from the surface.

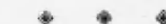
Many hospitals, recognizing this superiority, demand Kotex for their patients. They find it an improvement over the finest surgical

### IN HOSPITALS

1. Canada's leading hospitals use the same absorbent of which Kotex is made.
2. Kotex is soft . . . Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
3. Safe, secure . . . keeps your mind at ease.
4. Deodorizes . . . safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
5. Disposable, instantly, completely.

cotton. So will you, once you try it. No one thing has contributed more to women's comfort than this modern sanitary pad. Buy a box of Kotex today.

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TRY KOTEX—Free . . . 3 Kotex pads will be mailed to you in a plain wrapper, as soon as this coupon is received. Also, a very interesting and valuable booklet, "Preparing for Womanhood." It answers many questions that are in every woman's mind. The sample and the booklet are yours, at no cost.

MADE IN CANADA

# KOTEX

The New Sanitary pad which deodorizes



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Send coupon to: Moyra Monk, R.N., Dept. 6-1-1,  
Room 908, 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

You may send 3 Samples of Kotex and book,  
"Preparing for Womanhood," in plain envelope.

Name .....

Address .....

City.....Prov.....1434



of the rare occasions that we saw her, when my sister told me she was hard put to it to stand after one of his little ministrations. And Hughie darling stood over the fireplace and stuck out his shilling-rabbit chest and pointed his little duck toes, and jingled the change in his trouser pocket in an infuriating way he had—the heavy husband, in fact. I'm telling this story to ladies, so I can't even begin to record some of our sensations. Decent English won't do it.

VERY well. That gives you something of the situation when the two of them went out to that ancient sheep-uncle of theirs in Australia. I had not met either of them for the inside of a year, and when I ran across Torrance on the *Antares'* boat deck, the first afternoon out of Auckland, you might have knocked me down with a feather.

"Well, well!" I said.

"Why, Monty!" said Torrance. "What are you doing here?"

I told her and took a look at her while I was doing it. There wasn't much doubt that Master Hughie hadn't improved. She was pounds lighter, there was a look in her eyes I didn't like at all—ever see a well-bred pup that's been belted until its spirit's pretty well gone? That's what I mean—and the lines of her face showed much too fine-drawn. However, she laughed and chaffed me about my continued single blessedness, and this and that, for a few minutes, and then I asked her where Hugh might be.

"Downstairs," she said, with the usual woman's idea of shipboard.

I made a mistake, I can see now. "Bar?" I asked.

She looked at me, and I swear I saw S.O.S. fairly crackling in that look.

"Yes," she said dully, "of course."

Now, if I'd been old enough, or disinterested enough, or cool enough to have come the Dutch Uncle with Torrance then and there, things might have been different. But I wasn't old enough by twenty years or so, I most certainly wasn't disinterested at all, and I was in one tearing passion with Master Hugh. So instead of walking the deck for a while talking all round the thing and finding out how Torrance was to be helped, I must needs take her off into a corner between the boats and blurt out a good deal of stuff that was, possibly, highly unnecessary, but that seemed to me at the time the obvious sort of treatment she required. Not that I didn't mean every last word of it. I did—and do. Even now.

Torrance took it all gratefully enough. I don't suppose she'd had a soul to talk to properly for months, anyhow. And in about ten minutes, bit by bit, and through some tears, I'd got the truth out of her—or most of it. It was the first time I'd heard the real facts about the beating business.

"But see here, Torrance," I said, when I could get myself more or less under control. The thing had sobered me down a lot, but it had put an idea into my head—a wild one, as time showed well enough, but I maintain unjustifiable. "See here. This can't go on. It's got to be stopped somehow. Either someone's got to take Hugh in hand and stamp on him; or, you've got to leave him. Which is it to be, Torrance?"

She was perfectly quiet for a minute, tracing circles on the deck with the toe of her shoe. And then she said:

"I don't want him hurt, Monty."

"Very good," I said. "Then leave him."

"How can I?" she asked quite simply. "Where could I go?"

WELL, in my state of mind there was only one answer to that, and I gave it her. It sounds impossible enough at this distance, and puppyish and melodramatic and anything else you like; but Torrance's face on the *Antares'* boat-deck that afternoon was enough to run anyone off the rails, and what I said sounded completely convincing to me.

There was another of those pins-and-needles little silences, and then Torrance looked straight up at me.

"Monty," she said, "listen, dear . . ."

What it was she was going to come out with I don't know to this day, and there isn't much use speculating. I've come to the conclusion. Might have been anything, just anything you like to think of, but at that precise moment enter Master Hugh Gillespie, all five feet of him, just concerned enough in liquor to be quarrelsome.

"Hul-lo!" he said. "What are you doing here?"

I wasn't in any mood to stand much from Master Hugh "Talking to Torrance," I said. "Any objection?"

He looked at me, narrowing his eyes. "Well, since you do ask me," he said, "I have. Every objection. Get out of this!"

I got up. So did Torrance. I think her nerves must have gone back on her just then, and I don't wonder, after three years of Hughie and ten minutes of me. She mumbled something about "leaving us to ourselves" and made a bolt for the ladder.

## The Loyalist

Continued from page 3

Hugh looked after her. "Oh, well," he said airily. "That way will do as well as any, I suppose. Now you just look here, Blackstone," he went on in his nasty squeak of a voice, "you keep right away from my wife. If you want to know, I don't trust her a bit—or you either, you . . ."

I have to draw the carbolic sheet here as well. "Get that?" "Yes," I said, "I get it!" And I let him have a smack, full drive under the jaw, that knocked him flat on the deck.

He scrambled to his feet, holding his comic jaw.

"All right," he said. "That's enough—I'll wait."

"Yes," I told him, "That's just what you'd be well advised to do. And listen to this," I went on, stepping close up to him, and talking through my teeth, "You keep your hand off Torrance, my friend. She won't tell me anything, I know, but I'm not blind—and if I find out that you've been amusing yourself by taking it out of her, I'll—I'll about flay you alive!"

A pretty couple of fools we must have looked. It would have pleased me more than anything in the world just then to have picked Master Hughie up by the hips and jerked him overboard. I'm not an easy-tempered person, I suppose.



## CROSS CURRENTS

How much of the "wildness" of some of the younger generation is caused by the neglect of parents? What hope for happiness has a young and beautiful girl who has secretly married a man she hates?

"Cross Currents," the powerful novel which begins in *The Chatelaine* in the February issue, will be one of the most talked-about books of the year. It appears in *The Chatelaine* before it is published in book form.

Read It First in *Chatelaine* for FEBRUARY

The next affair was rather a staggerer. Hughie went to the rail, leant over it, and looked at the sea for quite an appreciable time. I wondered whether he was going to come back at me—if he were screwing up his beautiful courage. I rather hoped he was. But no. He turned round suddenly and spoke to me in an odd strained voice, leaning his back against the rail and with his arms stretched out on either side of him.

"Monty," he said suddenly, "this is the devil of a business."

"Oh?" I said.

"Yes," he went on. "I . . . I'm sorry about Torrance. I treat her wretchedly . . . have done for years. I . . . I believe you've knocked some sense into my head, Monty. It's . . . it's a shame. Poor little girl!"

And I'm blessed if he didn't break down. I stood looking

at him, saying nothing. There wasn't anything to say. "I'll . . . I'll reform," says his magnificence. "I'll never lift a hand to her again. Only . . . only don't hit me again, Monty—I've a weak heart." And then he proposed that we should go below and have a drink. I could have killed the fellow.

"No, thanks," I said. "I've not come to that yet, Hugh."

And with that I turned and left him, and I found out afterwards he went down to the bar again, swollen jaw and all—said he'd hit it against a stanchion—and ended up by having a couple of stewards cart him to his cabin, speechless. Torrance took him in and fixed him up with the skill born of long practice. And that was the end of that incident.

I saw Torrance again twice in the next forty-eight hours, but both times there were other people about, and I couldn't get a word with her alone. She smiled at me, though, and it seemed to me I could discover things in the smile. At least, I thought I could.

As for Hugh, he pursued his researches below consistently and with enthusiasm, and I didn't clap eyes on him till two nights later. It was not much loss.

WE RAN into our storm on the third evening out, and I'm not going to inflict you with any lurid description of what a shipwreck is like in mid-ocean. We were turned out by hurrying stewards at two a.m. and told to get on deck and stand by the boats. The *Antares* had stopped and was down by the head already; a glance at the ship's officers was enough to tell the tale. They were carrying revolvers, among other ominous bits of evidence, for we'd a bunch of steerage people—Chinese mainly—going to Tahiti. I could hear a lot of confusion forward, trampling of feet and so on, and the wireless room seemed frenziedly busy. The fourth officer passed me—I'd struck up an acquaintance with him—and I touched him on the arm.

"Serious?" I asked.

"Fini na-poo!" he whispered, and ran on.

That didn't look promising either, and the angle of the *Antares'* decks looked even less so. I turned round to look for Torrance, and found her at my elbow. She was dressed in some sort of a compromise huddled on anyhow, and with her was Master Hughie, looking as if he'd been dragged through a hedge backwards. He hadn't been in bed long enough to sleep off the effect of his . . . er, researches, and his eyes were like stale oysters. He was gabbling and shivering, and Torrance put an arm round him to steady him on the sloping deck.

"It's all right, Hughie dear," I heard her say. "It's all right." Just like a mother talking to a fractious kid. It brought me up with a round turn.

"Here," I said. "Come on. We'd better get to our boat." For we'd been allotted to the same one.

I'll pass over the next twenty minutes. They are not part of the story and you probably read about them in the papers. We got into number eight boat, and they lowered us away—we had to hang on like leeches, for the *Antares* was mighty near standing on her head by now. Then the lights went out, a fall broke or gave way, and the next thing I knew was that I was in the cold, cold sea, in the dark, and paddling around looking for something to hang on to.

Someone floated into me, and clung for a moment.

"Hullo," I choked. "Who's that?"

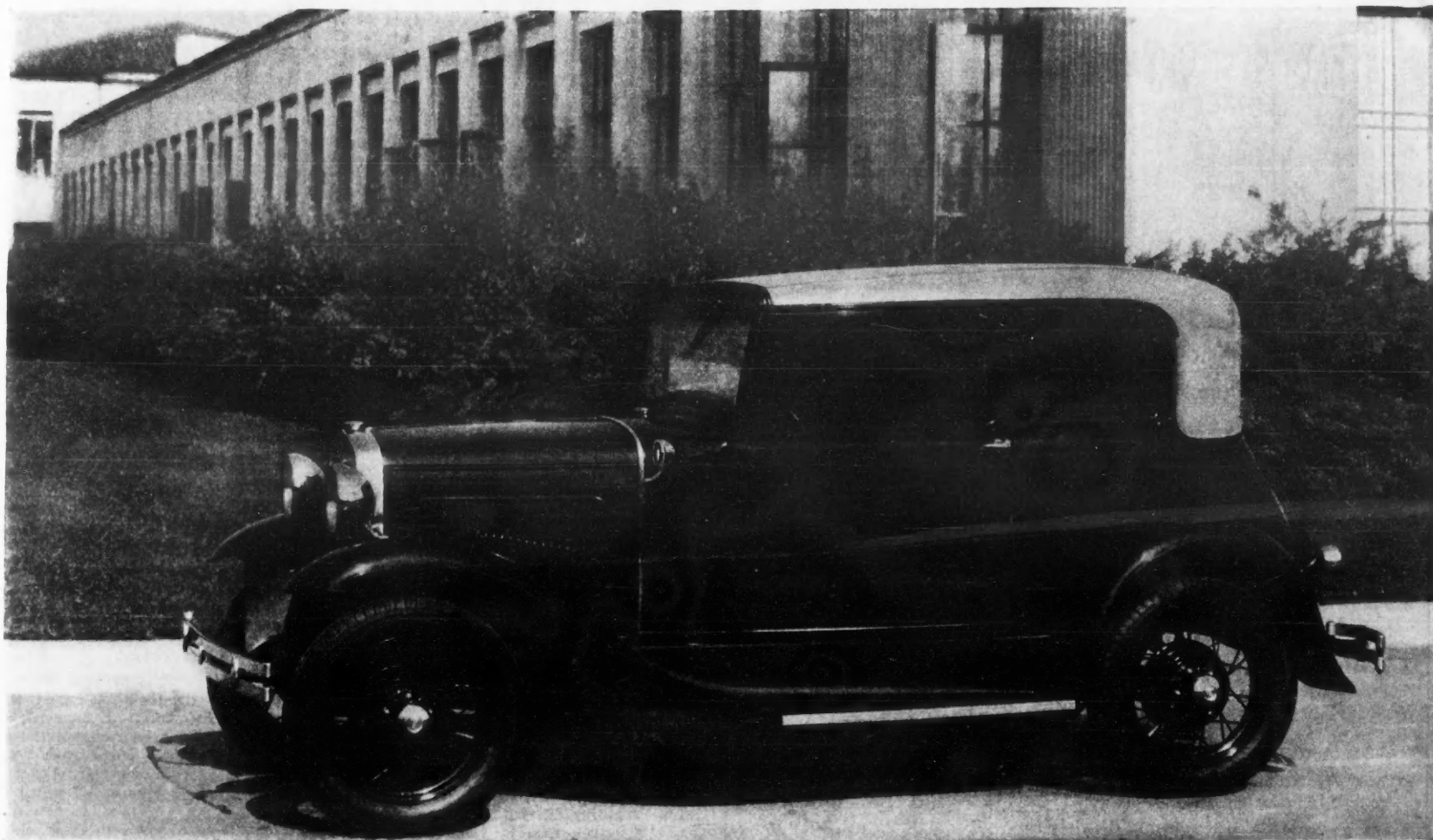
"Me," said Torrance, and upon my sacred aunt she giggled. "Me and Hugh."

She'd got the little brute under her arm—Torrance is a big girl for all she lets that shrimp maltreat her—and was keeping the two of them afloat in the chilly water with one hand. It was pitch dark, and there were a lot of cries and . . . but I said I wouldn't go into lurid details.

"Torrance!" I managed to splutter. "Is that you? Here, hang on to me . . ."

Hughie chose that moment to tune up with a sort of damped-out wail. It was merely terrified babble, most of it, with a lot of cheap and bubbly prayers thrown in, and some ineffective cursing, too. I was pretty well frightened out of my life, myself, but I managed, I remember, to get some amusement out of him. Torrance didn't, though; she'd an arm in mine, and the other under Hughie's shoulders, and I could hear her cooing and crooning away to him, like a mother with a sick baby, as I said. It occurred to me very forcibly, amused as I was at the maunderings, that it would be a highly satisfactory matter if she let him go to the bottom of the Pacific alone, and made that journey, for it seemed certain enough just then, with me. Curious, the shocking clarity of one's thoughts in a hole like that.

So we plowtered around, up and down the waves, for I suppose ten minutes; and I was just getting unpleasantly tired, and uncomfortably certain that this was the end of it, and hadn't I better break loose and drop down into the depths, and chance meeting Torrance somewhere down there when Torrance gave a little [Continued on page 48]



THE FORD VICTORIA—the newest, latest Ford body type

### The Canadian Car

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Montreal and Winnipeg, \$750,000 in Chatham, \$350,000 in Sarnia, \$250,000 in Niagara Falls and Vancouver, \$150,000 in Calgary and Regina, \$100,000 in London, and \$50,000 in Saint John. Additional cities and towns supplying materials for the manufacture of the Ford car are Almonte, Belleville, Brantford, Galt, Ingersoll, Kitchener, Milton, Owen Sound, Peterborough, Rock Island, St. Catharines, St. Johns (Quebec), Tilbury, Waterloo, Welland, Woodstock and many others.

The Ford plants are, in reality, a great mechanical university, dedicated to the advancement of industry. Many manufacturers come to see and share the progress made.

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FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED



# Providing Greater Value at Lower Cost



*The Ford Plant in 1904*

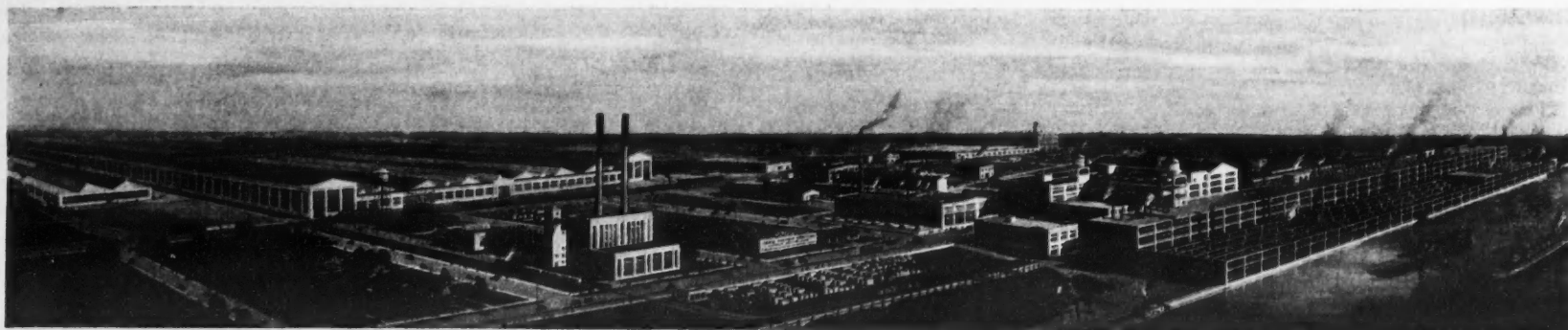
*The Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, was organized in 1904. Business was started in a small frame building formerly occupied by a wagon manufacturing concern. There was very little machinery and only 17 men were employed. The first year's production was 117 cars.*

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The search for better ways of doing things is never-ending. There is ceaseless effort to find new methods and new machines that will save steps and time in manufacturing.



*The Ford Plant Today*

*The Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, is one of the largest industrial organizations in the Dominion. The plant at East Windsor, Ontario, covers many acres and gives employment to thousands of men. Assembly branches are maintained at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver, and sales branches at Saint John, London, Calgary and Regina. All Ford cars for the British Empire,*

*other than for Great Britain and Ireland, are made by the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited. Affiliated in its world-wide activities are the Ford Motor Company of Australia (Pty.) Limited; Ford Manufacturing Company of Australia (Pty.) Limited; Ford Motor Company of South Africa, Limited; Ford Motor Company of India, Limited, and the Ford Motor Company of Malaya, Limited.*



## What Every Woman Should Know About Antiseptics

by JOHN W. S. McCULLOUGH, M.D., D.P.H.

**A**LITTLE over 100 years ago—in 1827, to be exact—there was born at Upton in Sussex, England, to Quaker parents of independent means, a son, who eventually studied medicine in London, and became a surgeon. He was a retiring, rather shy young man imbued with a sense of duty, eager for the truth, and whose greatest ambition was to do well what he had to do.

After a period in London the young surgeon, Joseph Lister, by name, sought wider experience. He felt that he never could reach the measure of success in his profession that he desired unless he could practise among all classes of people. He was filled with anxiety that he might have no acquaintance with obscure diseases and with only an imperfect knowledge of the more common ones. He feared that his want of experience might injure his patients and that mistakes might interfere with his success. He went to Edinburgh where fortune was kind to him in various ways. It placed him in close contact with the foremost of Scottish surgeons, James Syme, afforded him the sort of practice he desired and, best of all, gave him a wife, a daughter of Syme, whose endless devotion and willing sacrifice made her the inseparable companion, prudent counsellor, helper and consoler, and went far in annulling his natural defects.

Lister's spare time was spent in his laboratory, where he persistently labored to improve by experimentation his store of knowledge. The surgery of the day was distinguished by speed. There were in Lister's early days as a surgeon, no anaesthetics. Speed, for example, in the amputation of a leg or arm was the thing essential. The results of surgery were uncertain. An operation of the smallest sort was a case of life and death. Wounds were subject to erysipelas, to putrefaction, and gangrene was of daily occurrence in every large hospital. Lister sought a means whereby these serious results might be obviated.

"The manipulative skill of surgeons, their courage, rapidity, and dexterity had excited the wonder and admiration of men for centuries, yet none practised the art on any case, however simple, without terror, dismay and foreboding. Lister's gentle hands lifted from men the heaviest load of suffering and sorrow they could ever have to bear and opened the gates of mercy and of compassion to mankind."

Lister's plan of treatment in surgical wounds made operations, hitherto, impossible, of daily event, made surgery safe, opened up a new sphere of life for countless thousands. "His discoveries have saved more lives than all the wars of the ages have thrown

away: they have made him without doubt the greatest material benefactor of mankind the world has ever known."

### What Are Antiseptics?

**THEY** are materials having the power to prevent the growth of the bacteria which cause putrefaction. The more important antiseptics are perchloride of mercury, lysol creolin, carbolic acid, iodoform, iodine, thymol, salicylic acid, boracic acid, formaldehyde and potassium permanganate.

In the present day, surgeons, while still using antiseptics in the preparation of ligatures, of the skin of the patient, of their hands, instruments and other materials, endeavor rigidly to exclude germs from wounds.

At the present time surgeons use antiseptics and aseptic methods, of both of which Lister was the parent, with the object of the prevention of the access of germs to wounds. If the germs are kept out of wounds they will heal without any so-called healing agents. Keep out dirt, otherwise infection, and the wound will heal.

### Common Uses of Antiseptics

**OUTSIDE** soap and hot water, the use of dry heat and boiling, antiseptics are, as a rule, poisons and consequently, must be used with the greatest care.

Alcohol is an antiseptic; in sufficient strength it will kill the protoplasmic poison. But alcohol in tuberculosis, pneumonia, typhoid fever and other germ diseases is condemned by most doctors because its tendency is to kill the patient before it kills the germs of disease.

Carbolic acid is an antiseptic which if used in proper strength interferes with the access of germs to a wound but if used in too strong solution or actually applied to wounds has an ill effect on healthy healing.

Sunlight is an antiseptic, because of the beneficent effect of the ultra-violet rays, but sunlight must be employed with the utmost care to the surface of the body if, as is well-known, burns are to be avoided. Sunlight properly applied has an antiseptic effect upon certain forms of tuberculosis notably that of bones and joints or of the abdomen. On the other hand, except under skilful handling, it is dangerous when used in tuberculosis of the lungs.

Arsenic is a powerful poison. Yet arsenic in the form of salvarsan (606) is one of the most potent of antiseptic remedies in the cure of the most formidable of diseases.

The emanations of radium and the X-rays are probably antiseptic in character. These apparently have an ill-effect upon the cells

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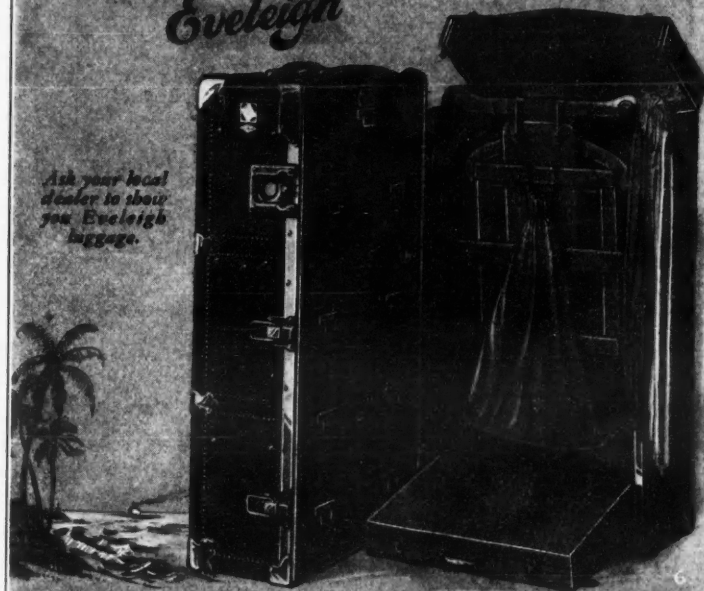
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## To Get Rid of War

*Continued from page 14*

Down the vista and toward the palace which your President pictured in those words we all march, for there only is the home and the citadel of peace.

I know of the historic disinclination of this country to re-interpret an admonition of its first patriarch and President. "Entangling alliances" was a phrase brilliantly coined to describe a peril of the eighteenth century, but surely it should not be used now to prevent that co-operation by which alone we can escape a far greater peril of the twentieth. Something to take the place of competing armaments has to be found, and I despair of finding it except in "a universal association of nations" including as fundamentally indispensable the United States of America—an association within which means will be found to define and identify a guilty power and to hold that power in restraint.

There are those who say it is impossible to define an aggressor, to adjudicate on facts in the light of that definition, and put a finger on the offending power. The answer is, it has already been done. The League of Nations' definition to which I have some time ago referred has actually worked, and because it has worked a Greco-Bulgarian war in 1925 was avoided.

There are still more who say that sanctions to restrain an aggressor cannot be provided, and if provided, cannot be applied. The difficulties, I know, are great. To overcome them means some limitation of certain attributes of sovereignty which nations have always claimed. But after all, everything worth while in the way of co-operation entails something like that and the appalling truth is there is no other way in which mankind can adjust its affairs to great new facts of this present time, and make sure of survival.

Senator Borah has argued that to provide for force against an aggressor in a Pact of Nations looking to peace is an anachronism, and he applauds the Pact of Paris because it has no such provision. The very compact of this United States, the compact upon which it is built and its peace and order rests, provides for that very thing. The covenant of man with man over the whole sweep of this Republic, the covenant by which you are citizens of one nation, binds each and all not only to obey the law and keep the peace, but to put forth when called upon the hand of force to hold in check an offender. It is no anachronism; it is the very essence of the Social Contract itself; it is the principle by which the integrity of a nation is assured and the reign of law sustained.

The practically minded man keeps telling us this whole plan is Utopian. Maybe so; but there is nothing too Utopian if it has to be done. The civilization of today would

be Utopian to all ages gone by. He tells us it presupposes confidence in a World Court on the part of at least a dozen mighty nations and submission to its decrees. Even so; I put against him the plea of necessity, for otherwise man who has conquered the forces of nature is in turn conquered by his own discoveries; man who has made a slave of the elements becomes himself a slave. He tells us it means the curtailment of a sovereign right asserted by every State from the beginning of recorded time to make war when it deems itself aggrieved. So it does. I put against him the plea of necessity; the sovereign right of a single people to fight must yield to the sovereign right of all to live. He tells us finally that it means the allocation of forces now controlled by governments, those physical forces which make for international destruction, that it means their allocation to abide the judgment of an International Congress and their steady reduction to the dimensions of an international police. Let us all pray that it does. I plead again the law of necessity, of imperious overwhelming necessity, for a movement toward this goal is the only substitute for the armament system of this day, a system which left alone may in no distant time send civilization crashing to its doom.

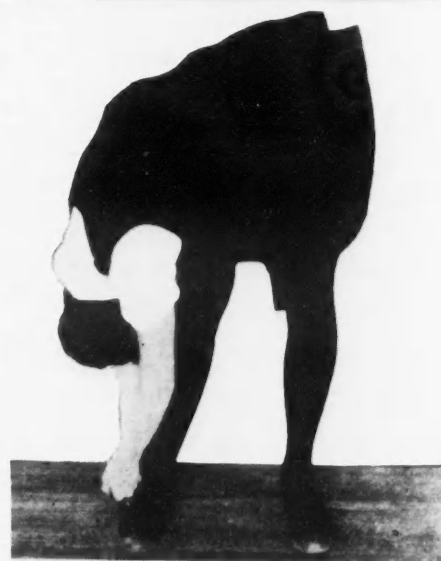
Nationalism, I know, is rampant still—narrow, short-sighted nationalism—and that nationalism must be abated. Every nation wants peace, I verily believe, but nations are self-centred and fear and distrust are with them tremendous factors still. Let us remember, on the other hand, by way of inspiration, that the inter-relations now of people with people are more intimate, the printed and spoken word pass night by night over deserts and oceans to every land. The processes of our minds, the longings of our hearts can be communicated without ceasing and on a universal scale. The bitter lessons of these years and the dangers looming ahead can be taught and retaught without hindrance over the whole range of nations. And surely there are common chords of humanity which will vibrate still when touched in unselfish appeal by brothers in the Crusade for International Friendship of every tribe and tongue.

Not today, perhaps not tomorrow, can this evolution in human relationships be brought about, and Anarchy, which long ago by the organization of individual States had to yield to law and order there, be banished also from the larger field of International Affairs. Not today, perhaps not tomorrow, can all this be done, but the time for preparation is now, the time for learning and for teaching and for mission work, for high resolve, for definite progress day by day, that time is now, and let us all rejoice to take our part.

### The Chatelaine's Exercise a month

The seventh in a series of particularly good exercises to be mastered one by one each month. Posed for *The Chatelaine* by the Margaret Eaton School.

**Lateral Trunk Movement**  
Stand with feet one foot apart, arms extended over head with hands grasped. Swing down to touch the floor outside left foot. Return to first position and alternate with right foot. Exercise should be done rhythmically with knees straight and feet firm.



## A CROSS ON THE DOOR

# Sealed the Doom of another household!

LONDON was a nightmare of horror that summer. The Black Death raged through the city. Victims died so fast that condemned prisoners collected the bodies by the cartload.

Terror-stricken, the survivors went to the most extreme lengths to save themselves. A red cross, and the words "God have mercy on us," were chalked on the door of every house in which the plague had struck.

The cross on the door served as a warning. But it was also a sentence of death on all within, for no one was permitted to leave these houses. Shut up like rats in a trap, the well were condemned to die with the sick.

Cruel and inhuman? Yes—but only ignorance was to blame. For in 1665, pestilence was regarded as Divine vengeance for sin. Germs were unheard of, sanitation unknown.

Not until 200 years later, after the American Civil War, did the medical world discover that disease and infection are caused by germs, and that germs can be killed. Today, science wages an unceasing war upon germs, and one of its most effective weapons in this fight is "Lysol" Disinfectant.

For more than forty years, this effi-

cient germicide has been a stand-by with doctors and hospitals the world over. Wherever there is a real job of germ-killing to do, there you will find "Lysol"—in the sickroom, in the operating room—even at childbirth, when disinfection *must* be safe and thorough.

"Lysol," when diluted according to directions, is non-poisonous—yet all recommended dilutions are sure germ-killers. In any situation in your own home where you have cause for doubt, play safe—use "Lysol." Use it properly diluted wherever germs are apt to lurk—on wounds, cuts and human tissue; in the household on telephones, door-knobs, woodwork, nursery furniture, baby's toys and utensils.

"Lysol" is the most economical disinfectant in the world, too. *A tablespoonful diluted makes four quarts of non-poisonous disinfectant, every drop of which will kill 200,000,000 bacteria.* Get a large bottle of "Lysol" from your druggist today. It is your surest safeguard against sickness and infection. Lysol (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8, Canada. "Lysol" is the registered trademark of Lysol (Canada) Limited. Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, Toronto.

## "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene

For forty years, "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the standard antiseptic, depended upon for feminine hygiene by women throughout the world. When diluted according to directions, it is absolutely harmless to humans—yet its cleansing and disinfecting action is so thorough that it kills harmful germs under conditions that render many preparations completely ineffective.



THE CROSS ON THE DOOR WAS A SENTENCE OF DEATH ON ALL WITHIN



Doctors and hospitals the world over depend on "Lysol" Disinfectant today

**Lysol**  
Disinfectant



Be careful! Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being offered. Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol."



of cancer and a decided respect for the cells of healthy tissue. Lead, a poison, has also to some extent an antiseptic effect on this dread disease and in proper hands has to its credit the alleviation and cure of cancer.

The principle involved in the treatment of wounds, namely, that germs causing putrefaction shall be prevented from reaching wounds, is the important one. Surgical and other wounds should, of course, only be dressed by those trained in such work, but it often happens that first-aid is necessary for a wound and it is of vital importance that the wound shall not be contaminated

by dirt of any kind, which is liable to set up infection.

In rendering first-aid, the hands of the person giving aid must be as clean as soap and hot water can make them. The skin about the wound should be cleansed in the same manner and tincture of iodine applied over a wide margin of adjacent skin. If the skin is coated with dirty grease, nothing will the more readily remove the grease than gasoline, also an antiseptic, which, of course, must not be used in the presence of an open light for fear of an explosion.

If there is persistent bleeding, a piece of

rubber tubing, a clean bandage or a handkerchief should be tightly applied above the seat of bleeding so as to form a tourniquet. The wound itself should, as soon as the skin is cleansed, be covered with clean cotton, gauze or cheesecloth, which has been boiled or otherwise sterilized, and a bandage applied.

Further use of antiseptics should as a rule, be left to the physician or surgeon but the milder ones, such as boracic acid solution in the case of eye infections, solutions of thymol in cleaning the teeth or as a gargle, are in common use. A one in twenty solution

of potassium permanganate (Condy's fluid) is an effective preventive of the ill effects of contact with poison ivy. The stronger and more effective ones such as perchloride of mercury, and carbolic acid, should be used only by physicians and nurses.

Finally, there is a large group of commercial or proprietary articles for which antiseptic qualities are claimed. The list of ingredients on the label should be the guide of the discriminating householder. As a rule these preparations are convenient and useful and are, invariably, a tribute to the art of the chemist.



# The Mastery of Auction and Contract Bridge

## The Approach System at a Glance

by XAVIER BAILET

The Approach System is based on three fundamental facts:

1. By definition, Bridge—Auction or Contract—is a partnership game. The first paragraph of the Laws reads as follows:

*The game is played by four persons two play as partners against the other two, each pair constituting a side.*

Consequently, an Original Bid, which takes into account only thirteen cards of the partnership, has rarely a chance of fitting the two hands, and should be merely the first step in an exchange of information which will lead to the final declaration.

2. The choice of a declaration always lies between a No Trump and a suit. Although game takes only nine tricks at No Trump instead of ten or eleven at a suit declaration, the suit is always safer and will often yield as many tricks, but it has in addition the double advantage of conveying more information and of being easier to overcall. For these reasons, the Approach System favors suit bids in preference to No Trump, even when the suit contains only four cards.

3. Since the two partners have the privilege of choosing the suit at which the two hands will be played, they should naturally select their strongest and longest suit. The more trumps between the two hands, the better, of course, but eight is safe enough provided they are split 5-3 or 4-4 with a reasonable amount of top honors. The minimum of safety is seven, split either 5-2 or 4-3, but they must make up in tops what they lack in length.

### The Original Bidder

The sources of potential tricks in the hand of the Original Bidder are, in order of importance:

1. The High Cards that will take tricks at any declaration.

2. The length of the suit that may become trumps.

3. The tricks he may be able to make in side-suits if his original bid becomes the final declaration.

Until the final declaration is reached, the only tricks that matter are those that will be good at any declaration. The following table will help you to count them accurately.

### Table of High-Card Tricks

1/2 Trick	1 Trick
Any K x	Any Ace
Any Q J x	Any K Q
Any Q x plus J x	Any K J x
in different suits	Any K x plus Q x
	in different suits

### 1 1/2 Tricks

Any A Q  
Any A J 10  
Any K Q 10

### 2 Tricks

Any A K

Note—No more than two tricks must be counted in one suit, because, against an adverse declaration, the third round will probably be ruffed.

### Table of Trump Tricks for Declarer Only

A suit of 4 cards ..... 1 trick  
A suit of 5 cards ..... 2 tricks  
A suit of 6 cards, etc., etc. .... 3 tricks

Note—These trump tricks are counted in addition to the High-Card tricks in the suit. For instance, A K x x x counts as four tricks, two High-Card tricks for A K, plus two tricks for the suit of 5 cards.

Here the thoughtful reader will think immediately of some apparent exceptions. A 4-card suit such as A K x x may be good for three tricks only, but A K Q J is obviously good for four. A 5-card suit such as A K Q J x has every chance of taking five tricks, and a 6-card suit, or longer, has every chance of taking every trick if it is headed by A K Q. This is what I meant above when I stated that short trump suits must make up in tops what they lack in length. The table is not given you as a substitute for thinking but to help you to think accurately.

### Table of Side Suit-Tricks

4-card suit other than trump suit—1/2 trick  
5-card suit other than trump suit—1 trick  
6-card suit or longer—1 1/2 tricks

Note—Obviously, side suits are not as valuable as the trump suit, because they have to be established and the opponents' trumps have to be drawn before they can come into play.

### Original Bids of One in a Suit

The first requirement for an original bid of one in a suit is a hand containing at least two-and-a-half high-card tricks, as Dealer or Second Hand, and at least three high-card tricks as Third or Fourth Hand.

The second requirement is a biddable suit.

### Table of Biddable Suits

4-card suits	Consequently
Minimum	
A Q x x	A K x x
A J 10 x	A K Q x
K Q 10 x	A Q J x
	K Q J x, etc.

### 5-card suits

Minimum	Consequently
K x x x x	A x x x x
Q J x x x	A K x x x
	K Q x x x
	K Q J x x, etc.

Suits of six or more cards may occasionally be bid when they are headed by a Q or a J, but the rest of the hand should be proportionately stronger. In other words, it should contain three or more high-card tricks.

NO TRUMP BIDS OF ONE—Rather than pass originally, bid one No Trump when you have the required number of high-card tricks distributed in at least three suits.

### Partner's Response to Original Suit Bids of One

As we have seen, the purpose of the bidding is to choose the longest and strongest suit between the two hands, and the minimum of safety is eight between the two partners or seven with stronger tops.

### Normal Trump Support in the Approach System

Since the Declarer may be bidding on a 4-card suit, his partner must not raise him in that particular suit unless he has Four little trumps or

Three to an honor as good as the Q.

Faithful adherence to this requirement will bring about two situations:

1. Partner has trump support
2. Partner lacks trump support

Let us examine them in turn.

### Partner Has Trump Support

With trump support, the best thing to do is obviously to raise the Declarer's bid in the suit, unless, of course, partner has a suit which is even better.

The tricks in the hand of the partner of the Declarer, at the suit declaration named by the Declarer, are made up of:

1. Trump tricks
2. High-card tricks
3. Side-suit tricks
4. Short-suit tricks

The high-card tricks and the side-suit tricks are counted according to the same tables as used by the Declarer, but the trumps and the short suits are counted differently.

### Table of Trump Tricks in Support of Declarer's Bid

1 trick for Normal Support, meaning either x x x x, A x x, K x x or Q x x  
2 tricks for 4 trumps one of which is either Q, K or A.

But never more than two tricks in Declarer's suit

In addition, the partner of the Declarer is often able to use his trumps separately when he has a short suit, but obviously, his ability to ruff will be limited by the number of his trumps, and consequently, four will be more valuable than three.

### Table of Short-Suit Tricks for Dummy Only

	With 3 Trumps	With 4 Trumps
Blank suit	2 tricks	3 tricks
Doubleton	1 trick	2 tricks
Singleton	1/2 trick	1 trick

SUMMARY—With trump support for his partner, Dummy adds up all the tricks in his hand and at Contract, gives the full raise at once.

We come now to the second situation.

### Dummy Lacks Normal Trump Support

Having ascertained that it would be unwise to raise his partner's bid, Dummy counts his high-card tricks.

1. With less than one-and-a-half high-card tricks—or unless he has a freak hand—he passes.

2. With at least one-and-a-half high-card tricks, he takes-out: (a) with a suit bid, if the suit is biddable, (b) with a No Trump, if he has no biddable suit and if his high-card tricks are distributed in at least two suits.

Note—In every case, the suit taken-out should be preferred to No Trump.

However, when there is no biddable suit, the response must be No Trump and the number of No Trumps that should be bid is given by the following table. Remember that the Declarer has at least two-and-a-half high-card tricks in two suits.

### Table of No Trumps

Number of High-Card Tricks in the two Hands	Partner of original bidder takes-out with
4 to 4 1/2	One No Trump
5	Two No Trumps
5 1/2	Three No Trumps
6 1/2 or more	Slam Zone

# THE DOMESTIC WORKSHOP

*A Department Which Seeks Out and Investigates  
What is New and Good in Housekeeping Helps*

*Conducted by VERA E. WELCH*

## HAWES' FLOOR WAX

**CLEANS  
AS WELL AS  
POLISHES**

*Paste  
or Liquid*

**BE SURE IT'S HAWES'**

### Your Sewing Machine

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**The Inside Front Cover and  
Pages 49-51-53-55**

of this issue. There are patterns for your children and for yourself. Get the sewing machine into working order.



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Almost any oil will furnish a certain amount of lubrication for your household appliances. But lubrication alone is not enough to keep them working their best all the time.

Further protection is needed. Bearings and moving parts must be *cleaned* as well as *oiled*—then *protected* against rust.

Three-in-One Oil does all three things at one time. And because it is a blend of *animal, mineral and vegetable* oils, it does each job far better than any plain mineral oil ever can.

It instantly penetrates the tightest bearings and moving parts, cleansing them of old oil, dust and dirt. Its lasting film provides excellent lubrication, and guards against rust. Three-in-One even protects the appearance of all your appliances by preventing tarnish.

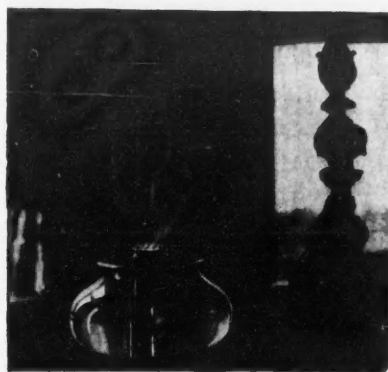
All good stores have 3-in-One in handy cans and bottles. Write for free sample and pamphlet, "79 Uses in Your Home."

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## 3-in-One Oil

**CLEANS - OILS - PREVENTS RUST**

**WE** ARE gradually waking up to the fact that our steam-heated houses, while necessary to our comfort, are nevertheless responsible for certain irritating conditions that have their birth in the excessive dryness of the atmosphere. The air in our homes is parched and



*The portable Humidaira brings to the living room, the sickroom or the nursery the needful amount of humidity to make the heated atmosphere healthful.*

so steals moisture from our bodies, furniture and every possible source, until its capacity for moisture is satisfied. The effects are obvious in the tendency of our skins to become rough and cracked, in minor throat irritations, and a general feeling of lassitude.

So, in recent years, science has turned its attention to means for providing sufficient moisture in our homes to drive away that stuffy, stale atmosphere. The result is seen in the humidifying equipment now obtainable in all sizes and varieties—portable, for any room in the house, invisible steam, for the hot water or hot air furnace, or automatic Delux which takes the place of a radiator.

The Humidaira illustrated is an electrically operated air conditioner. It is also obtainable in two very handy sizes, one and two gallon capacities, and consists of an amber bowl with a small electric steam generator. You simply fill the bowl with water and plug in the connecting socket. As the Humidaira is automatic, it turns off the current itself immediately the water is evaporated. Thus the humidity is evenly distributed and is sufficient to humidify from 2,500 to 3,500 cubic feet of space, according to the size selected. A similar type also is obtainable which is automatic and self filling.

The Humidaira Delux is the newest model put out by the Canadian company which manufactures this equipment. It is designed to take the place of a radiator and supplies both heat and humidity. Air issuing from the grille is highly humidified. It can be installed by any plumber by simply taking out an existing radiator and connecting up the Humidaira Delux to the same pipes. One Humidifier is sufficient to give humidity to the whole house.

Then there is a humidifier which may be attached to the feed pipe of the radiator, and finally, the furnace humidifiers

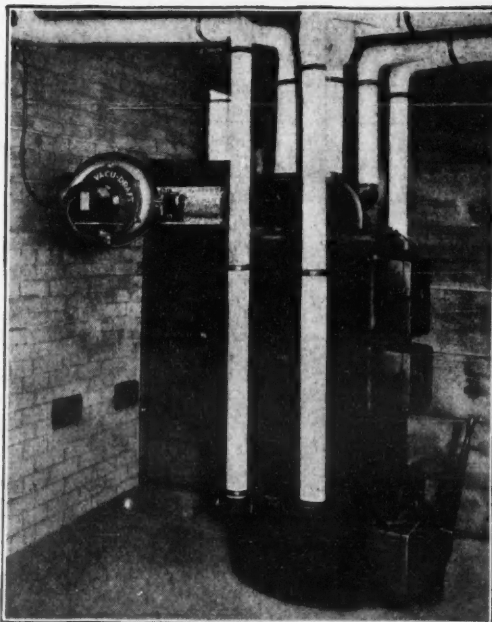
which are economical and practically automatic. The amount of water evaporated by this type of humidifier depends on the firing of the furnace. On a cold day when more heat is required, the greater will be the moisture expelled by the humidifier. Both hot water and hot air types are most simple in operation.

Automatic gas and electric humidifiers are also obtainable if desired.

**S**PEAKING of furnaces, there are, generally speaking, two kinds—yours and the one your neighbor owns. The former is usually an unmanageable thing that changes its humor with the winds. The other is that fabled creature which apparently functions almost automatically. There is a device on the market, however, that should put all furnaces, regardless of ownership, into the latter class. It is the Vacu-Draft automatic fuel economizer.

The Vacu-Draft is a thermostatically controlled appliance for mechanically increasing the natural draught of the ordinary domestic furnace and increasing its efficiency. As its name suggests, the Vacu-Draft is actually a vacuum pump, powered by a motor that runs off the lighting circuit which by drawing air through the furnace, creates a draught the natural way. An automatic temperature control starts and stops the Vacu-Draft so as to give the correct house temperature at all times and keep the house at a temperature assuring comfort and good health. It is designed to function faithfully no matter how severe or changeable the weather may be.

With the ordinary heating system it is often difficult to get the furnace to draw until the chimney is warm. When using a Vacu-Draft the action is short and the results immediate. When the fan stops it acts as a check in the pipe and prevents the usual loss of heat. The manufacturers of Vacu-Draft claim that by its use you can reduce fuel bills from thirty to sixty per cent because it enables you to burn the small, inexpensive sizes of fuel and get from them one hundred per cent of heat.



*The Vacu-Draft is designed to give efficient, economical heating comfort that is automatic, clean and safe.*

### ELECTRIC UTENSILS



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Scorched  
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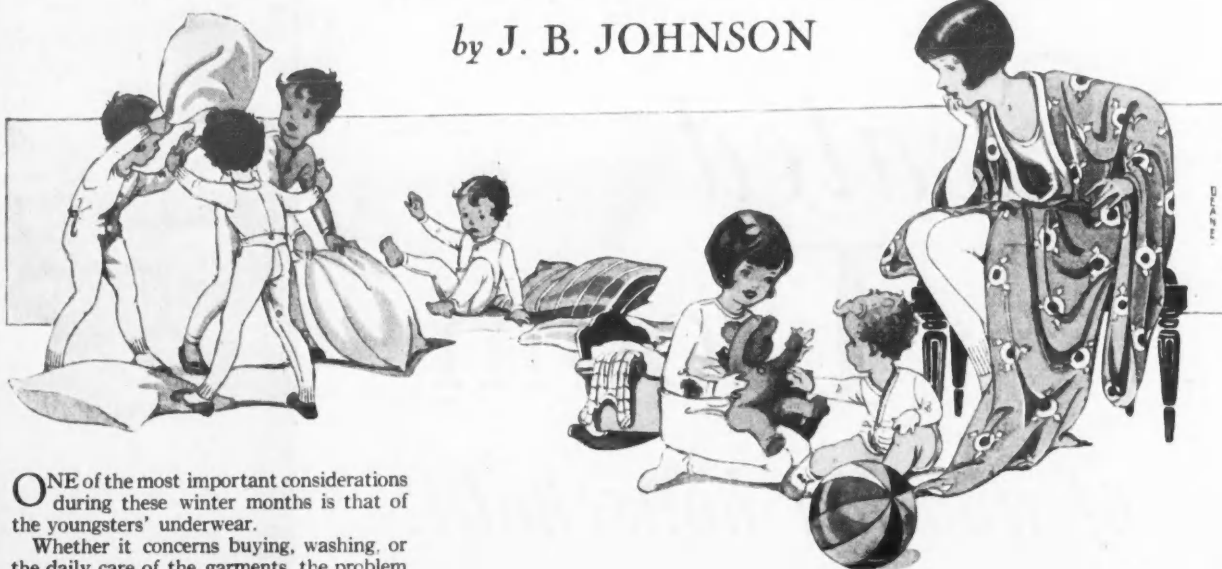
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City..... Prov.....

Color of your hair?.....

# BUYING THEIR WINTER UNDERWEAR

by J. B. JOHNSON



ONE of the most important considerations during these winter months is that of the youngsters' underwear.

Whether it concerns buying, washing, or the daily care of the garments, the problem is an ever present one, particularly in those homes where the children seem to be constantly shooting out of their garments at an astonishing rate of speed. One mother vows that her son's wrists and ankles lengthen overnight!

As in everything else a real knowledge of the various fabrics and purposes which they serve will make you better able to buy with the greatest economy and satisfaction.

In choosing your children's undies, remember that the well-fitting garment will wear longer than the ill-fitting one. The "age" which corresponds to the various trunk and chest measurements is the best standard by which to order. If the child is exceptionally large, order garments a size or two larger than normal.

*Normal Sizes For Children's and Misses*

Chest Measurement 22 24 26 28 30 32 34  
Age..... 4 6 8 10 12 14 16

Trunk Measurement..... 42 45 48 51 54 57 60

Remember that the contents of the fabric affect the warmth and absorbing powers of the garment. For instance wool absorbs quickly and bleached cotton very slowly.

Knit underwear is made of a fabric which is knitted of soft spun yarns in looped construction.

It is elastic due to the soft twist of the yarns and the looped construction of the fabric. This elasticity allows for free movement of the body and obviates binding.

It is soft and does not crush or wrinkle.

It is absorbent to a degree depending on the fibre content of the fabric. Knit underwear absorbs rapidly and constantly, does not become quickly saturated, and gives up moisture gradually, thus helping to keep the

body dry and maintain an even temperature.

It is this quality of absorption which makes it so important to constantly wash knit underwear—particularly wool garments, for perspiration is the enemy of wool, destroying the delicate fibres.

Knit underwear is warm because of the air space in the fabric between the looped stitches. These air spaces have the same effect as the air between the storm windows—they conserve the heat of the body and gradually warm fresh air entering the fabric. Air is the greatest known insulator against cold.

Finally, the durability of knit underwear is due to the fact that soft spun yarns in looped construction give freely without breaking.

All undergarments are made of fibres—hairlike filaments of vegetable or animal origin, spun into yarns and knitted into fabrics. Cotton wool, silk, and rayon fibres are those used in the making of underwear.

Cotton fibres are vegetable, being obtained from the seed-pods of the cotton plant. Cotton underwear can be handled in the general family washing, boiled, rubbed and put through the washing machine. Cotton, when bleached is very absorbent.

#### Wool Fibres

The wool fibre is animal, and is nature's own protection against the cold and damp coming from the wool of the sheep. It is composed of a gelatine-like substance not unlike the human skin in composition, which may be one reason for its comfort against the skin.

#### In Washing Wool

Every woman knows that wool must be washed separately from the other clothes, and in lukewarm water with a mild soap-suds—but how many women know why?

Knitted wool fabrics for underwear are usually pre-shrunk by the manufacturer to avoid undue shrinking in the wash, for raw wool fibres swell and shorten when wet—especially in hot water.

Never allow woollens to become so soiled that they must be rubbed, for rubbing entangles the fibres and causes a further shrinkage. Remember that the matter to be removed is not the ordinary dust and dirt that accumulate on the face and hands and outer clothes. Soiled woollens contain the particles thrown off by the skin, exudations through the pores of the skin, and other salts.

Turn the garment inside out and shake it, to free it from dust and other loose particles. Soak it in lukewarm water for ten to fifteen minutes to dissolve the soluble perspiration salts, and wring it gently.

Wash it in a thick suds made of luke-

warm water and mild soap flakes. If the water is hard use one-quarter ounce of borax to a gallon of water. Don't rub—squeeze the suds gently through the soiled spots.

Rinse twice in clean water—and keep the temperatures of all the waters the same. Squeeze out gently and hang up to dry by shoulders or tops of bands. Never let underwear freeze—it ruins woollens. If the garments are to be dried indoors, keep them at some distance from the stove or radiator because excessive heat will cause shrinkage. Knit underwear needs no ironing.

#### Silk and Rayon

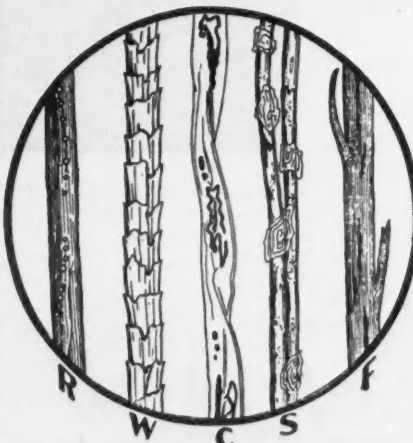
Silk fibres are spun by the silkworm, and are composed of a gum-like substance that is very strong and elastic. Tests show that silk fibre is almost as strong as iron wire of an equal diameter. Smooth and lustrous, silk adds to the beauty and softness of a knitted garment made with wool or cotton.

Silk fibre is softer and is dissolved by very hot water and strong alkali soap—that is why it must always be washed with mild soap-suds in lukewarm water, and dried away from the sun.

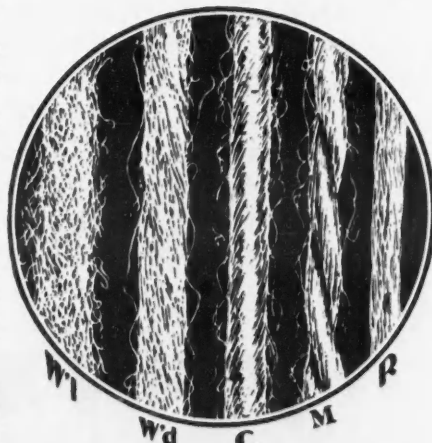
Rayon is a chemical product developed from cellulose, obtained from wood pulp or cotton-linters. Modern methods have greatly improved the softness, pliability and strength of rayon. When dry it has about the same tensile strength as cotton—but when damp it loses this strength.

Rayon should be washed as carefully as wool or silk. It should be washed in lukewarm water with a mild soap, and doubled over the line or laid on a flat surface as the

*Continued on page 37*



Rayon, wool, cotton, silk and flax fibres greatly enlarged.



Wool, worsted, cotton, mercerized, rayon yarns enlarged to show the arrangement of fibres.

## Buying Their Winter Underwear

Continued from page 34

knit fabric has a tendency to stretch when wet.

### What Are Yarns?

Spin fibres together and you get yarns. There are four principal types—wool, cotton, worsted and rayon.

Considering cotton yarns, we have carded, combed, mercerized and lisle.

Carded yarn is the simplest kind of spinning, although it requires eight to fifteen operations. Combed yarn is so named from the combing process which follows carding. They are used mostly in light and medium weight fabrics.

Mercerized yarns are produced by passing combed cotton yarns through a chemical process, adding lustre, strength and absorbing qualities to the fibres. Mercerized yarns are readily known by their attractive sheen.

Lisle yarn is combed cotton yarn given a firm twist in the spinning process. Lisle is superior in strength but is not quite so soft and supple as other types of cotton underwear.

Worsted wool yarns have a smooth lustrous appearance because the shorter wool fibres have been eliminated and the longer ones have passed through many drawing and doubling operations to even them.

Lamzwool is a popular trade name for lovely underwear for children's and is made in white as well as pastel shades. The

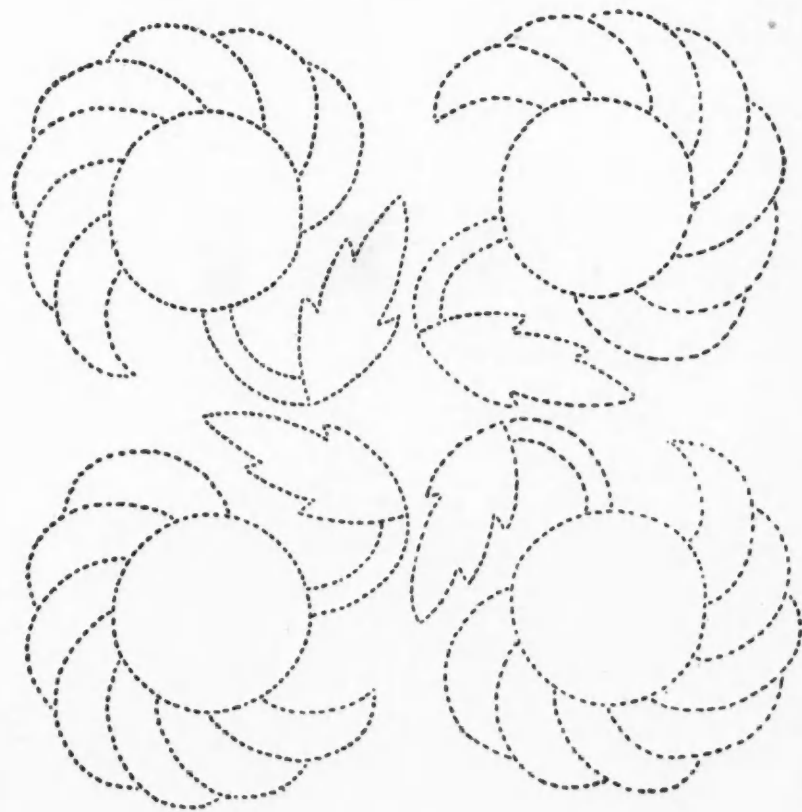
baby's vests are particularly fine in weave and texture and are edged with soft-colored braid. Lamzwool is a specialty of the Springstead knitting factories, the Canadian company, at Galt, Ontario.

There are a number of Canadian factories producing fine underwear, particularly suited for Canadian temperatures. Another well-known name, "Turnbull's" has also a large factory at Galt, Ontario, where underwear is manufactured. Turnbull's is noted for their heavy-weight underwear, and specialize in the quality that is needed for the Canadian West and rural communities, where one is exposed for a greater time to the cold. "Cee-tee" underwear is one of the Turnbull lines.

Down in the Maritimes, at Truro, Nova Scotia, is Stanfield's Ltd., a name which has become known from coast to coast as producing a Canadian knitwear that ranks with anything produced throughout the world.

One of the most important industries in the town of Paris, Ontario, is Penman's, another name which represents very high standards in Canadian knitwear.

I have before me as I write some of the very lovely "Chilprufe" garments, the finest of imported goods. "Chilprufe" is the noted English line, and is manufactured in undies, socks, jerseys and wool dresses for little girls.



## The Quilting Pattern For the Flower Garden Quilt

This block was especially designed to use in quilting the alternate plain blocks with which your flower blocks set together to make your quilt. Marking a quilt to get it all ready for the actual stitching is quite an undertaking in itself. Pieced or embroidered blocks are usually quilted very simply while alternate plain blocks or lattice strips between or borders may be as elaborate as one's ambition suggests.

For this quilt, the embroidered blocks may be inconspicuously marked off with straight lines, say an inch and a half apart, which cross at right angles. For the plain

seven-inch squares of blue, green, rose, or whatever color you are using to set your quilt together with, the above quilting design is offered. Clip the illustration, cut over heavy brown paper and prick over all lines with a needle. Something smooth yet yielding like heavy felt should be underneath while doing this perforating, and several patterns are just as easily made simultaneously.

Your perforated pattern may then be used to mark all the plain blocks, by using stamping powder, lamp black or stamping paste.

# AFTER SKATING



**COMES  
HOT OXO  
AND  
MILK**



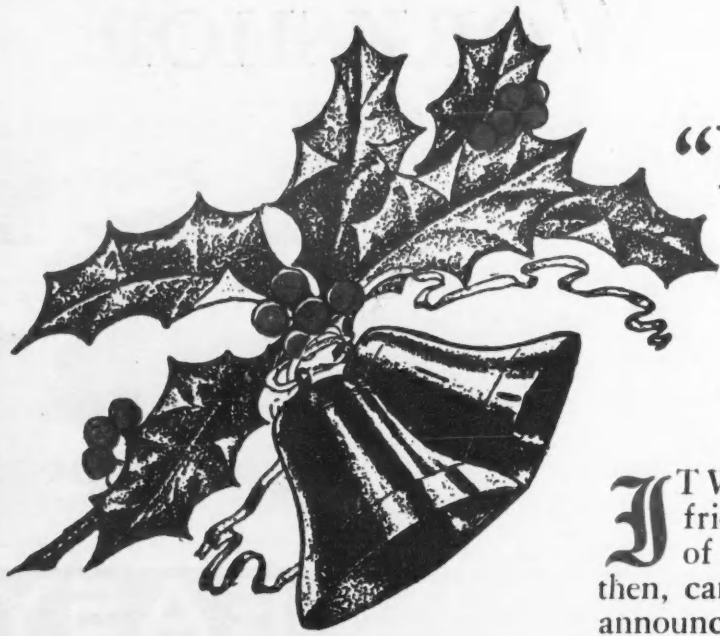
Oxo sends a flood of comforting warmth through the body—its concentrated nutriment recruits strength and maintains vitality—rebuilding the burned-out tissues and restoring bodily heat used up in violent exercise.

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with

*The Chatelaine*

A Magazine for Canadian Women



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**I**T WILL be a welcome New Year's Gift to those of your friends whom you "overlooked" in the hustle and bustle of pre-Christmas preparations. How more happily, then, can you start the New Year for them than by our announcement of the pleasing tidings that they will receive The CHATELAINE during the whole of 1931, at your behest?

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The Chatelaine is more than any other magazine published in Canada unselfishly devoted to the interests of Canadian womanhood . . . and every member of every family in Canada will welcome — enjoy and thoroughly appreciate The Chatelaine for the New Year and all year.

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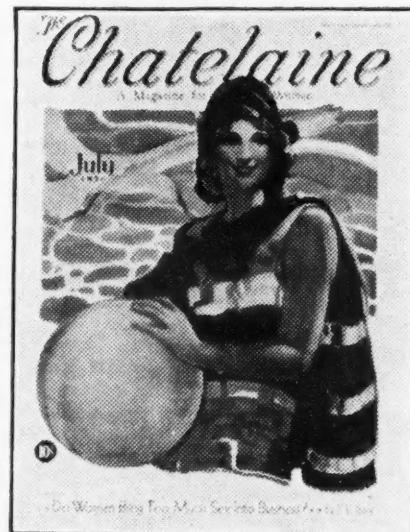
3 Gift Orders ..... \$2.00

(one of which may be your own renewal)

Gift Orders in Excess of 3 .... 75c each

A Gift Order covers all Issues of 1931. These prices are for Canada, Great Britain and British Possessions. For United States and Possessions and Mexico, add 50c per year per order; for all other countries, add \$2.00 per year per order.

(If your Gifts should be for present subscribers, they will be entered to extend those subscriptions, and Gift Cards will go forward just the same as though they were new subscriptions).



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Please send your Magazine to each of the following for one year — the first copy to reach them as early as possible in the New Year, accompanied by my Personal Greetings and Good Wishes on a Gift-Card supplied by you.  
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If your Gift-List is larger than provided for on this coupon, attach a plain sheet of paper to it, to contain the extra names and addresses. Be sure to also write your name and address on the extra sheet, to identify it.

## Women and Their Work

Month by month, *The Chatelaine* will mirror activities of women working for the development of their communities



Miss Isabel Cranston McGirr

MISS ISABEL CRANSTON MCGIRR, of Durham, Ontario, is an example to all who meet her of cheerful courage in the face of great physical suffering. Her sympathy and understanding have endeared her to her community, and because of this, her influence, both through personal contact and through her writings, is strong throughout Durham.

Miss McGirr still retains a very active interest in her former home, Glenelg, which adjoins Durham. In fact, as secretary-treasurer of the movement, she took a prominent part last summer in preparations for the first reunion of Glenelg's sons and daughters since 1867.

Despite the wholeheartedness with which she throws herself into public affairs, Miss McGirr still finds time to do beautiful needlework, much of which has at various times received prizes at the Canadian National Exhibition.



Mrs. R. P. Dalglish

AMONG those who have toiled tirelessly in Nova Scotia is Mrs. R. P. Dalglish, of Bridgewater, who has succeeded in making her life useful to others by carrying on in the face of physical handicap.

For ten years Mrs. Dalglish has given excellent service as president of the Ladies' Aid of the Dawson Memorial Hospital. Under her capable leadership the hospital has become standardized and is well equipped with X-ray, a nurses' home, a laundry and a nursery, all of which is the work of the Ladies' Aid. As a mark of respect, one of the hospital rooms has been endowed by the Aid and is known as the "Ada R. Dalglish Room."

In addition to this and to the full-time job of being a wife and mother, Mrs. Dalglish is organizer and president of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the G. W. V. A., secretary of the provincial W. M. S., and vice-regent and provincial councillor of the I. O. D. E.



Mrs. F. C. Porter

THE fact that the first baby clinic under the direction of the Women's Institutes was held in Taber, Alberta, in 1921, was due in a great measure to the work of Mrs. Mabel Porter. She is known as a tireless health worker, and is at present keenly interested in the development of the municipal hospital at Taber.

Mrs. Porter is the mistress of a prairie farm, and is the mother of four children. In spite of the busy life of a farm, she has found time to play an active part in the community work of Taber. She is president of Taber's Women's Institute and constituency convener for child welfare and public health, an office which she has held for the past ten years. She has been on the provincial advisory board of the Red Cross, and during her stay at Kinniburgh, an adjacent district, was president of the Women's Institute there.



Mrs. E. Atherton Smith

MRS. E. ATHERTON SMITH must be accounted one of the notable women of the Maritimes by reason of her devotion of talents, time and efforts to philanthropic work. During the war she was an untiring worker in many welfare and patriotic organizations. As president of the Canadian Club and as regent of a chapter of the I. O. D. E. she was especially successful. The Halifax disaster was one of several occasions when her executive talents enabled her to serve successfully in relief work. The hospitals of Saint John also have reason to remember her assistance.

Mrs. Smith has been a representative at national and international gatherings in many parts of the world, all of which have furnished her with a vast fund of memories and material for the illustrated travelogues which she gives for charitable and educational causes. Organizations find her willing always to help any meritorious cause.

# Certainly,

## YOU ARE INTERESTED!



**Thousands of dentists have agreed that one type of dentifrice is the most effective in protecting teeth and gums**

OF COURSE you realize the importance of sound teeth and gums . . . to health, to appearance—yes, to success. But how will you decide the best way to care for your teeth and gums? You read so many conflicting theories. You notice dozens of different dentifrices. What is right?

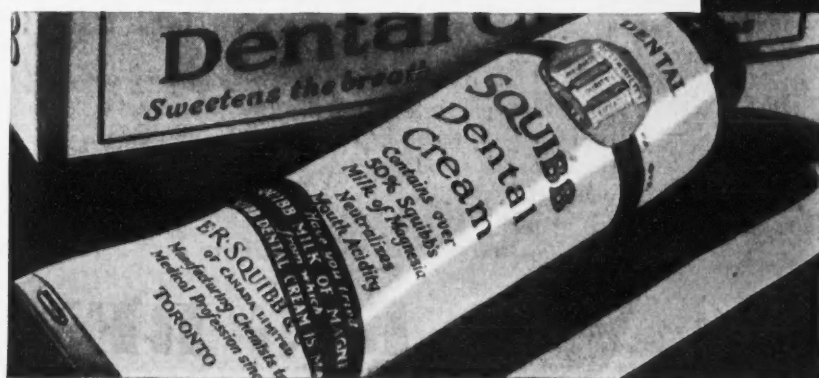
A leading research institution made an investigation among 50,000 American dentists in order that this question might be answered by the highest authorities. Read the summary of the replies received:

- 95%** of the answers stated that germ acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation;
- 95%** agreed that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet;
- 85%** stated that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

This is the strongest evidence that the formula of Squibb Dental Cream is correct—and that Squibb's will protect your teeth and gums—will protect The Danger Line. For it is made with more than 50% Squibb Milk of Magnesia.

Try Squibb's. Notice how beautifully it cleans. How it refreshes your mouth. So safe! Squibb's contains no grit, no astringents—nothing which might injure. Get a tube from any dealer.

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## Buy With Confidence

**A**DVERTISING appearing over the signature of a manufacturer is his hostage to prosperity.

His reputation . . . his business success . . . his profits are at stake.

It is imperative that his products justify his claim and that they represent the best in materials . . . in workmanship . . . in values . . . and in service.

Therefore Advertising is a safe guide to dependability . . . a signpost to quality . . . a guarantee of satisfaction.

Buy with confidence. Ask for advertised brands.

●

*This advertisement was written by*  
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Montreal

*—One of a series prepared by Advertising Agencies upon invitation of MacLean's Magazine and The Chatelaine, to promote a better understanding of the protection which advertised products provide to the public.*

scanning the arrivals in their impatient fashion—lighting in the quick way they had at the sight of her.

"Met you in state this time, you observe!" he announced as he released her. "Limousine and trimmings." With a nod he indicated Higgins in the background. "They're getting fussier all the time about one-arm driving in traffic, and so—"

With a look in Anthony's direction of an adoring dog, Higgins vanished with the baggage. Faith, making her more leisurely way with Anthony through the crowd, found herself trembling queerly with the aching sweetness of this last homecoming before the cataclysm.

As the car moved silently away from the smaller fry at the curb, Anthony slipped his hand over hers under the chinchilla robe.

"Been working too hard, darling?—that's what you get running off that way without me to look after you!"

"Pretty hard, Anthony." She spoke somewhat unsteadily and leaned against the big hard strength of his shoulder. She must have Anthony till tomorrow—surely the harsh decision in Aunt Adeline's parlor would allow of that much reprieve—and then face the inevitable.

Never had the house looked so welcoming in the twilight in its setting of evergreens, dark against the new-fallen snow; never its rooms so sweet—warm and airy and filled with flowers as she loved them. It was as though everything shone in a clear light of enchantment, like the sunny foreground of a summer landscape in contrast with the blackness of the looming storm beyond.

She had the few letters that told the whole story tied together in a little packet. It was Sunday morning and immediately after breakfast Anthony vanished into his own little study to go over some estimates which he had brought home the night before. He was hard at work in a blue haze of pipe-smoke when Faith entered.

"Anthony," she began in a voice which no power on earth could keep steady, shaken as it was by the pounding of her heart. "I found these letters at Aunt Adeline's that I want you to read. They're from—my mother; and the baby she speaks of is—me . . ."

"Pure unadulterated raving, I warrant!" Anthony stretched out a hand for the letters, imprisoning hers at the same time. "Darling, did you scrub the whole house on your hands and knees? I've never seen you look so tired in my life! Perhaps I can squeeze out ten days for a holiday or something?"

Faith could answer quite steadily, now that the bridge was burned. "I'm not tired, Anthony dear," she said. "It's this green dress. Be sure to read them, won't you?"

"Sure and hope to die—and if it's that dress, give it away!" And as Faith moved toward the door Anthony laid the envelopes on the desk beside him and returned to his figures.

Slowly and heavily, each foot seeming a thing of infinite weight and inertia, Faith made her way up the long curving stairs to the little sitting-room that opened from their bedroom, bright with morning sunshine and daffodils.

She found herself shivering in the even warmth. The tips of her fingers looked blue. Each slow heavy tick of the clock on the landing came at such endless intervals that between them it seemed impossible that it hadn't stopped.

Below her, separated from her only by the polished floor, Anthony was—finding out.

Suddenly stark panic assailed her. She couldn't face Anthony. She must go—before she read in his eyes that he wanted her to.

For Anthony's eyes were not the kind that could ever lend countenance to a lie. He might say what he would with his lips, but his eyes . . .

With icy, uncertain fingers she struggled into a street dress and coat. She had plenty of money. She must hurry—hurry—to escape before Anthony made a move.

But as she reached the top of the stairs

she knew that she had delayed too long. She heard Anthony's desk-chair scrape backward as he rose; heard his steps crossing the wide hall below—stopping at the foot of the stairs, just out of sight.

There was an instant of utter unbreathing silence, a compound of sunshine and golden tulips at the window; of the canary's song from a distant sunporch; of the clean sharp odor of floor-polish and fresh air from an open door somewhere. And as it was broken by Anthony's usual two-note whistle from below, Faith clutched weakly at the rail for support.

She might have known that he would forget to read them, busy as he was. She should have waited and seen him begin on them. Her own cowardice had only postponed the hideous moment to be faced afresh. And somehow, facing it once seemed to have drained her of every bit of her courage. There was none left for a second ordeal.

Anthony whistled again.

"Yes, Anthony," she managed.

"Oh, there you are!" The sight of his lean brown dearness taking the stairs toward her, two steps at a stride as she had never expected to see him do again, was almost unbearable. "Oh—are you going somewhere already?" Anthony was obviously disappointed. "Thought you might let church stagger along without us this morning and—darling girl!" he interrupted himself. "It wasn't the green dress! You look like—"

Faith could bear no more.

"Didn't you read those letters?" Her voice sounded strained and shrill in her own ears.

Anthony pulled her down beside him on the big sofa that stood against the wall.

"Isn't unquestioning obedience my middle name, darling?" he countered. "Of course I read 'em—sound like a book don't they! And that being that, I thought we might drive around to the Home together and see about getting it as soon as—"

"Getting what?" Faith experienced a nightmare sense of wonder as to whether the admittedly brilliant Anthony could in this instance have been absent-minded enough not to take in the purport of what he had read.

The irresistibly infectious schoolboy grin which could light Anthony's face so completely illumined it now. "As a matter of fact, darling, I haven't an idea!" he replied. "You said 'it' yourself, so how am I to know whether the little rabbit's a he or a—"

"Anthony—" interrupted Faith, groping hopelessly for light in the chaos that enveloped her. "What are you talking about?"

"The baby you wanted, goose! Wasn't that why you gave me those letters? Of course if it turned out that way with you, it can again. I took the dub attitude I did because I honestly supposed it couldn't work, but . . ." Anthony paused, and his arm tightened till it hurt. "Suppose your dad had taken it too—where would I be now?"

With a hastily strangled little sob that was first cousin to a hysterical giggle, Faith relaxed limply against the big safe shoulder.

No, thank heaven, there was no telling how Anthony would look at a thing!

A drop of water on the well-feathered back of a duck—a mote in a sunbeam! Of such moment was her tragedy in Anthony's eyes—such his own former conviction, compared with the one big solidly towering fact that he loved her . . . loved her!

If providence would only keep her from breaking down under the blessed reaction—from letting him know that she had for a single instant doubted . . .

Deep down in her somewhere was a jumbled little prayer, quite the most fervent of her life, notwithstanding the fact that it contained no distinguishable word . . . something about never again letting Anthony's love be bigger than hers . . . something about—



**When you look into your future**

WILL you see yourself still struggling for a living . . . a disillusioned man . . . worried . . . trouble-burdened? Or will you see a scene of glad prosperity . . . travel . . . your wife beside you . . . your face aglow with happiness?

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Without obligation please mail me complete details of your Prosperity Policy.

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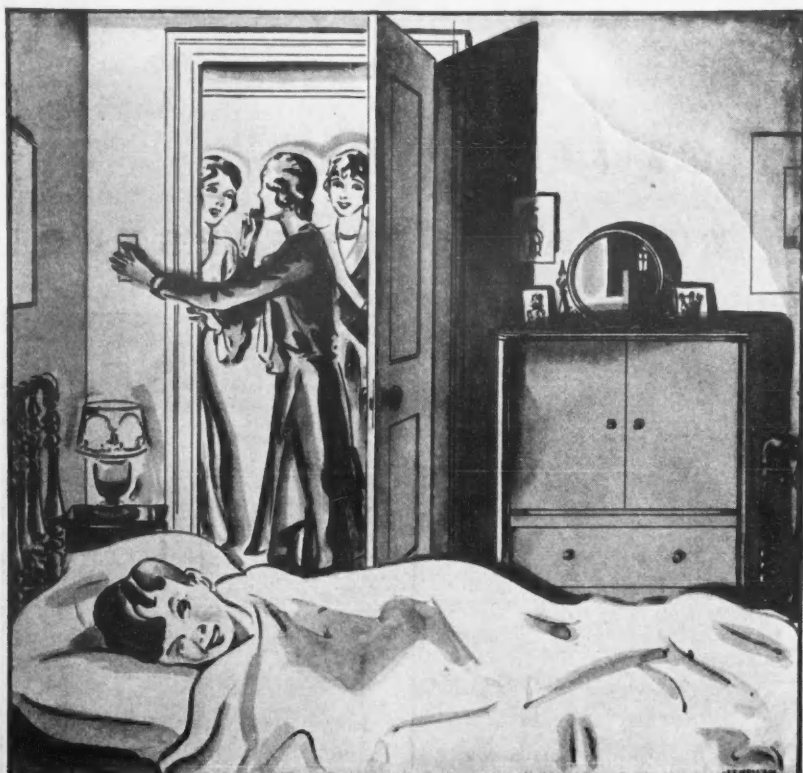
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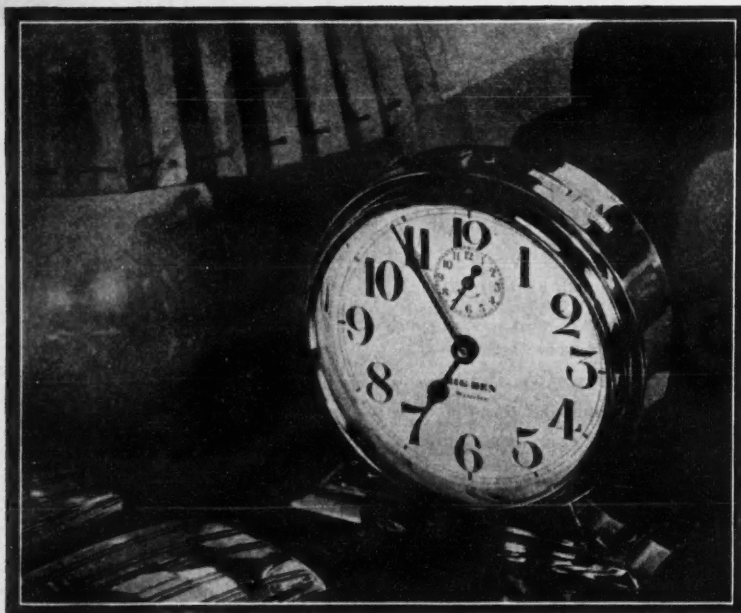
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Sold by all druggists — — Ask for them today.  
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IN A FLASH a room that was dark as Egypt can be flooded with soft and pleasant light. Those parts of the home where the younger generation lives, should be properly illuminated to preserve and protect young and growing eyes. Laco Mazda Lamps are the last product of the science of lighting.



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# BIG BEN

## The Point of View

Continued from page 10

Adeline," she whispered defensively into the shadowy silence, "This is just—mother!"

THE first letter, taken at random, was the account of her own wedding, and there were blots on the pages that Faith knew for tears of happiness. And her own added fresh stains to the closely written sheets. One's wedding-day is a hard thing to be reminded of on the heels of disillusionment.

Her daughter must have resembled an angel in the eyes of the writer, judging from the proudly tender description. And Anthony—

"I was afraid for them at first," Faith's mother had written, "For they look at things so differently. But they love each other—and that, after all, should be enough to save anything."

Should it? The words stabbed afresh the heart of her daughter, quivering with its strange new pain.

Slowly Faith journeyed backward down the years. A letter here—another there. Always full of herself. Coming out; school; sickness; children's parties—on down to babyhood, the focus of love and pride of those two who loved each other so that she couldn't read the letters following her father's death . . . She fumbled among the envelopes to find the one postmarked nearest the date of her birth. Had Anne Weldon longed for her as she had longed for little Robert Anthony Carvel III? And for the needy baby kept from her by Anthony's unsuspected selfishness!

It was dated about a week late, and was quite thick. Extraordinary that one of such length could have been written so soon!

The first reading simply didn't make sense. It was like some strange story which one must somehow apply to one's self—and cannot. Faith had to close her eyes against the dizzy swaying of the low dim place in which the mote-filled pencils of sunlight seemed to weave and dance like northern lights in a staggering rout. For the readjustment of a life's belief calls for an uprooting of one's entire being little short of cataclysmic.

After a time she read it again, her head throbbing strangely, her hands very cold.

"We brought our darling little girl home a week ago," Anne Weldon had written, "I know that you will love her when you see her. Tiny as she is, we think her beautiful already! We burned all the documents of adoption that same night, and never again is she to be spoken of as anything but our own. I didn't imagine, dearest Aunt Adeline, that it was possible to be so happy in this world. All the hardships of the move and the parting from our old home and friends seem nothing now. You are the only person who knows—and you we can trust . . ."

Trusted as to tongue, but betrayed by her love of hoarding! Even through her shocked daze a wave of sympathy swept over Faith for the dying old woman who had remembered at the last, and failed to make herself understood . . .

WITH icy fingers that fumbled the envelopes and dropped them Faith went back through the moving record of the childless couple who longed for a child; who wanted an adopted child never to know that it was not their own; and who to that end moved away to entirely new fields and let a year pass before they took the little baby girl from the great orphanage, a little waif tragically unclaimed after a disastrous train wreck. Then moved home again with "their baby" . . .

Herself—nameless bit of flotsam from a voiceless past!

She lost track of time as she sat there, cramped and chilled, by the dusty box of letters, delirium-like visions floating through her numbed brain. Visions of brothers and sisters that she might have in dreadful

walks of life; who knew what dark spots in her unknown line, stretched back through to . . . what?

"My land, Mis' Carvel, I've been callin' fit to split your ears that dinner's ready!" Jane's voice at the garret doorway pulled her abruptly back to the world of solid reality. "My soul, but you look like you'd been seen' ghosts—and I don't wonder!" added that individual briskly. "It's too cold for anyone to stay up here for hours on end this way. Good thing I've some soup ready to get you het up with! . . . Whatever would Mr. Carvel say?"

Stiff and aching as though from a brutal physical beating, Faith followed Jane's solid figure down the narrow stairs. Under the violence of the blow to herself she had entirely left Anthony out of account.

Just what would Anthony say?

He wouldn't say anything, of course, for he wouldn't know anything, she finally decided as she lay sleepless and shivering that night in the great four-poster. Those letters of Aunt Adeline's were the sole evidence. Once they were destroyed, nothing would be left but her own knowledge. It was the sane, the reasonable, the inevitable course. She was quite safe. And as the pale gleaming squares faded before the steely dawn-light from the sea, she fell into exhausted slumber.

SHE worked unflinchingly with Jane for the following days, and by Friday everything was disposed of but the single box of Anne Weldon's letters. She had been unable to analyze the motive that made her keep it till the last . . . A material tie, perhaps, with the "mother" whom she had loved?

Jane had the afternoon off, and Faith carried the box down to the sunny white-panelled west-parlor. She would burn the contents in the fireplace there under the model of Cable Weldon's ill-fated *Gull*.

But with the doors securely locked against intrusion and the fire lighted on the wide hearth, it was hard to make the start; for there in the silence of the old house which the ponderous ticking of the hall-clock and the snapping of the freshly kindled fire only intensified, something seemed to take issue with her. Something before which all conventional arguments for secret-keeping tottered discouragingly.

It wasn't a question of honesty. It wasn't a question of bravery or expediency or moral obligations. It was just a question of ability. Could anything of such proportions be successfully kept from someone from whom one was no longer really separate?

Years ago, at the start of things, she could probably have managed it. Anthony had been—Anthony then; she—herself. But now, after the eight years of sharing everything, there had resulted a kind of fusion whereby the edges of the distinction were decidedly blurred.

They had shared so fully and freely. Must they also share this other thing which could only drive them apart?

Could one keep it . . . ?

The sun slanted lower and lower through the many-paned windows; the grey sea-tinted twilight filled the corners of the room with shadows.

Had one the strength to carry such a burden alone? When sharing it meant—losing Anthony?

Anthony who had refused to put the Carvel name on something unknown and unvouched-for from a Home—would learn that he had done just that, eight years ago.

The room was dark, but for the leaping flames, when with dry eyes and cold hands that were quite steady, she moved the box of letters carefully back out of range of possible sparks . . .

ANTHONY was at the station to meet her. She could see him beyond the rope as she followed the porter, a little taller than most of the crowd, his dark eyes



gesture toward a tar-papered shack, "is the Trelle mansion. It's an old granary." No embarrassment, no lengthy excuses—just that. But later we came upon the wonder garden that will surround the future home. It is all there in readiness—rows and rows of windbreak, lawn areas, hedges, flowers native and flowers and shrubs from every part of the world in various experimental stages. A colorful expanse of combined protection and beauty waiting its turn in the intricate and vast Trelle farm scheme.

There was a well, but no ordinary hole in the ground as we discovered when, after viewing the shoulder-high stretches of thorough-bred grain that spread farther than the eye could command, we got back to the Trelle bedside. "Did you see that well?" was the Wheat King's first query. "Not all of it," we were forced to admit.

"It had a past," he remarked, and went on to tell of how, over a period of years, he had spent some thousands of dollars, the price of a quarter section of land, in numerous efforts to locate water near the building site, without success. "During my absence The Boss got reckless and tried it again," he concluded proudly. "The well, you saw, within fifty feet of the home site, has water enough for the countryside, and cost only four hundred and thirty dollars!"

We met the staff, men and maids, who have a keen personal interest in every development and experiment on the place. We entered the "granary" while "The Boss" at the piano kept pace with the Trelle Male Quartette in an enthusiastic rendition of the Stein song that made the tar-paper rattle.

**A TAR-PAPER SHACK**—but within its homey confines a frontier-educated young lady has entertained people whom ambitious society leaders might only dream of entertaining. Lord and Lady Willingdon, Lord Lovat, distinguished representatives of several European powers, lieutenant-governors and provincial premiers, members of the various cabinets, the heads and directors of the two great Canadian railway systems, and many accompanying wives, are only a few of the long list of Trelle guests who have helped support the old "better mousetrap" theory. Two noticeable absentees continue to be Canada's political leaders, Premier Bennett, and Mackenzie King. Neither has visited Peace River.

At the Trelle homestead the great may arrive as callers, but invariably leave as

friends. When Christmas rolls around a sun-tanned product of Peace River, little Marie Trelle, accepts as a matter of course a remembrance from Lady Willingdon at Government House. For wasn't she, for a whole day, sole lady-in-waiting to Her Ladyship, who claimed joint-ownership of the name "Marie," and who graciously abbreviated the customary but difficult "Your Excellency" to a simple "Your Ex." for the benefit of her little companion?

The scene of so much uphill work has delighted thousands of visitors. But if recent years have brought some compensation for earlier toil they also have brought trials that might easily have daunted one not so thoroughly inoculated against frontier troubles and inconveniences. During the continuous year that her husband was in hospital Mrs. Trelle kept up the work although herself far from well. When she could go no longer she was forced to undergo a serious operation. With nothing but the all-important harvest, a very sick husband, two small children, and her own precarious condition to worry about, she engineered a quick recovery, headed for home, and again took the helm. A week later, rather than be left out of such a glorious party, the children contracted scarlet fever.

That hectic year, and others similar, seem to have left no mark. Mrs. Trelle at twenty-nine, with old age admittedly creeping on, is still regularly amused at being taken for the daughter of her thirty-five-year-old husband. Whether at home, where she rambles around in overalls, size fourteen, bare-limbed but not bare-footed, or on the train where she calls the engineer and conductor by first names—or in a hotel rotunda, or on a dance floor, she maintains the same natural girlishness.

Unlike many of the younger generation of farm-raised, she makes no effort to hide her calling. She is proud of being a "farmer." Even in the city it has its many advantages. For instance it gives her an easy and original "out" when she wishes to avoid a tea, dinner-party, or even a waltz. Instead of the conventional—and familiar sounding—"I'm so tired,"—"Sorry; headache," or—"Oh, go walk on somebody else for a change"—this Daughter of the Peace, with a verve typical of Canada's great frontier, may simply announce—"For the next fourteen hours all engagements are off. I'm due at the Ritz-Ritz. I simply must pick over a pan of oats!"

## Home Discoveries

One dollar will be paid for each discovery published

**WHEN** whipping cream in an ordinary bowl with an egg beater, to prevent the cream from spattering your dress and surrounding areas, use a sheet of waxed paper. Put the paper down over the handle of the beater, so that it forms a canopy over the bowl. The cream will then splash only the paper.—Mrs. Gordon G. Sewell, Markdale, Ont.

### Colored Oilcloth for Flower Pots

To the lover of plants unsightly and damp-stained flower pots often afford a problem. We may possess a few brass or china jardinières in which pots may be set, but usually they are not sufficient for all our pots. I have found that a useful cover may be made of colored oilcloth, the edges bound with bias tape in matching shades, and long ends of bias left to tie the cover at the back of the flower pot. These are simple to make and do not stain from the damp pot. They will sell readily at bazaars and may be made more attractive by the addition of a stencilled design.—Mrs. Kenneth McAllister, Sydney, N.S.

### For Winter Wash Days

To avoid standing out hanging up clothes on a cold day, I had two rings fastened up in the kitchen. Then with a line the length

of the kitchen and with a harness snap at each end, I hang up my clothes indoors, unfasten the line and let it down into a basket, take outdoors and stretch the line between two posts which also have rings fastened to them. If the clothes are not dry when it's time to bring them in, I unsnap the line, snap it up in the kitchen, and let them dry overnight.—"Suzy," Shackleton, Sask.

### Kitchen-Grown Parsley

Fresh green parsley can be used in so many ways to make tasty and attractive meals. To keep the kitchen well supplied during the winter, sow some seed in a broad shallow pot and place it on the kitchen windowsill. Cut off with scissors when required.—C. Smith, Belleville, Ont.

### To Measure Shortening

To measure shortening, if your recipe calls for one half cupful, fill your measuring cup half full of water, then add bits of shortening till the cup is level. This is very exact and eliminates softening the shortening, which is not so desirable in cake making.—L. N., Manitowaning, Ont.



## To every man who has ever had a grouch

"YES, he would make a good man for the job, except for one thing—his infernal grouchy disposition. Well—we won't make any decision for several weeks."

"It was the president's voice I overheard—and I knew he was talking about me, and about the new department they were contemplating. I pondered over the situation. I had to admit it—I was grouchy. I was tired when I came in the morning, and they assumed it was a chronic habit with me. It was up to me to find a solution, and I did—in a magazine."

"In a Postum advertisement, mention was made of a 30-day test, and I made my decision immediately. The next morning, instead of my usual caffeine, I drank Postum. And the next, and the next. I enjoyed it, and best of all, I began the day free of that tired-out feeling. Exactly a month from the time I started drinking Postum, I was notified of my promotion to the managership of our newly installed department, at increased recompense. I owe much to Postum!"

RAYMOND P. WEIS.

Every man has a light case of grouch, now and then. Sometimes it's due to the weather—or worries. But when the grouch continues, and is accompanied by "that tired-out feeling"—then, look for a deeper cause! Ask yourself this question: Are tannin and caffeine found in mealtime beverages to blame? Time without number, they are!

Don't let tannin or caffeine rob you of your good disposition and good health! Make this simple experiment and see how much better you can be. Eliminate tannin and caffeine from your diet and drink Postum, instead, with your meals—for thirty days. At the end of that time, check up on yourself. See how that tired-out feeling has vanished. Feel the new pep that has taken

its place! There is no tannin or caffeine in Postum. Nothing to upset your nerves or digestion. Nothing to make you sleepless, or to give you headaches. Postum is made from roasted whole wheat and bran. Safe—100%! Try a cup to-day. Drink it plain—or add cream and see how the rich brown color lightens to an enticing gold. Taste the delightful, distinctive flavor! You'll agree with the millions of people who know Postum that it's the world's best mealtime drink! You'll want to keep right on drinking it every day.

Postum is very easy to prepare, and costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer—or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your thirty-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is made by boiling, and is also easy to prepare.

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I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM..... ☐ Check 95  
(prepared instantly in the cup) which  
POSTUM CEREAL..... ☐ you  
(prepared by boiling) prefer

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Prov.....  
Fill in completely—print name and address



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Mix a half teaspoon butter with 2 tablespoons hot milk; add ¼ teaspoon Mapleine and 1½ cups powdered sugar gradually through sifter until icing is a good consistency to spread on cake. That's all there is to it and you can obtain Mapleine at your grocer's. A little folder with every bottle gives you 16 recipes for the use of Mapleine as a flavoring, syrup maker and meat savor. A larger book (200 recipes) free on request.

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I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face... unloved... discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "Getting Rid of All Ugly, Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mile. Annette Lanzette, 98-96 Church St., Dept. 676 Toronto, Ontario, Canada.



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"Are you too tired, darling, to come along and get the agony over?" Anthony asked. "This investigating of one's finances is a delicate enough matter; but when one's morals come under fire too, as I understand they do in this sort of undertaking—"

Suddenly Faith sat up. She wanted the baby no whit less than before; little clutching hands on hers, little body to care for, little soul to fashion into the pattern of Anthony. But if Anthony didn't... Any sacrifice on her part would be small payment for this incalculably precious piece of

unexpectedness on his in which the wildest future divergences were safely sunk beforehand.

Searching the steady dark eyes that couldn't lie, she asked, "Do you want him, Anthony?"

"Of course, darling," Anthony answered simply. And though he was smiling at her, she saw that his eyes were wet. "It wasn't the end of the family I—minded," he added a little brokenly. "And now that I know that you can be—you—"

Faith drew his face down to hers, and

for a little silent space they neither moved nor spoke.

Love is a queer thing, she thought as she clung to a husband who, she suddenly realized, was many times dearer than the morning-coated second party to her marriage. Perhaps the real kind only begins with the wedding...?

"Did it ever strike you that I love you, Anthony?" she whispered after a while.

"Sometimes—" Anthony answered, "I've suspected as much!" And kissed her—as Anthony could.

## A Letter from Paris

Continued from page 5

brown and blue, also with the tawny shades of henna and tangerine.

Another *Chatelaine* pattern that coincides with the mid-season offerings is number 919, shown in the November issue. Made of a firm corded flamenga it is instantly the tailored dress. If of a fine soft silk, flat crêpe or velvet, a tiny band of real lace on the collar is immediately suggested. The same pattern would be delightful in a printed silk, only the print must be very small and close together, no large flowers or flowing designs.

For evening wear there is the greatest choice of materials and shades, everything from wool to gauze. French dressmakers discovered that a lace woven with wool was the loveliest texture for certain deep pinks, Delphinium blues and old rose. Wool lace in ivory and white is very beautiful; it has a marshmallow texture. Molyneux has a bride's dress made entirely of it, with a sweeping train that is part of the skirt. The veil is ivory tulle without a speck of ornament. His bride carries only a prayer book so that the graceful front line of the gown will not be lost.

Heavy taffetas will become more and more popular as the season progresses. Jane Regny shows a glorious model in old rose. Lucien Lelong continues to stress it in soft greens like milky jade, in turquoise blue and frothy pink. Unless you are gifted at subtle draping, get a pleated pattern for the long skirt that will clear the floor. The pleats will be sewn down over the hips to fit smoothly. Better still, cut your material in strips from the waist to the hem. Each strip will become wider below the knees, more so in the back than the front or sides, and have the tight yoke effect above.

There is blousiness to every evening frock blouse. For the mature figure the front waistline is flat, but the back will have some touch to suggest blousiness. The slim young person may have blousiness all the way around, very little in materials such as taffeta and heavy crêpe, and more in chiffon and fine lace.

Heavy silk chiffons make many lovely evening dresses in the mid-season collection and one could adapt Celanese and Rayon voiles to the same purpose. In sewing Celanese and Rayon voiles it is necessary to

baste every inch before sewing by machine as the material is so elastic, but the result will well repay the little extra care. There was a printed artificial silk voile at the Buckingham Palace garden party last summer and it was a most delightful frock. It was covered with a misty pink and mauve design and had a deep cream lace Bertha.

With a chiffon, marquise or feathery frock of any sort it is best to have a little evening jacket. Make it of dull velveteen in light blue, pink or green as Lucien Lelong does. For black and sapphire and ruby, Molyneux uses the finest silk velvet. Molyneux also uses a fine wool challis with a Persian shawl design printed on it. Or if you have a piece of old silk brocade or a really good Oriental embroidery, use it by all means. For those who prefer feathery coats for feathery dresses, the straight collarless cardigan fashion is best. If it is for a young long necked person, add a little original touch by way of a round Eton collar of lamé meeting in front with an old silver button and held by a thin loop. On string colored lace a gold lamé collar would be lovely.

## The Wife of the World's Wheat King

Continued from page 17

they did would crowd out cover illustrations. From 1919 until 1926 Mrs. Trelle was never out to a city. Dressed in overalls or breeks, musing a team of nags or breathing the dust-cloaked vapors surrounding a laboring tractor, the eighteen-year-old bride kept pace with a husband who worked sixteen hours a day and studied the rest. She studied with him, spent weary eternities sorting and separating, kernel by kernel, the samples of wheat and oats that, after years of hand-picking, expert mixing and breeding, were destined to startle the world.

This early concentration and study has enabled her to carry on lone-handed while her partner recuperates from a health setback brought about through over-enthusiasm for toil—working all day and studying all night.

After their phenomenal Chicago successes of 1926 when World Championships in both wheat and oats were awarded them, the Trelles found more land necessary to carry out their rapidly diversifying experiments. They doubled their holdings and increased the pace. The Wheat King was the first to crack from the strain. For the past two years he has been almost continually confined to bed, and although progressing well, is under strict orders to avoid the scene and cause of his breakdown.

SO, FOR two years, his understudy, blessed with capable maids, and a loyal, admiring crew of men, has devoted full time to the superintending of experimental operations. Every bushel of grain that leaves the farm, and every kernel of the peck samples that go forth to give grain judges a thrill must pass this young lady's eagle-eye inspection. She has sorted, chosen, and crossed varieties with a judgment that is emphasized by the clean sweep of grain prizes captured at Western fairs during the

past season. She has attended the shows, looked after the myriad details connected with showing, competed with the best the world could produce, and has come through with flying colors.

"It isn't a case of just carrying on with the samples we had evolved," Herman Trelle stated. "In the registered-grain-for-show business there's no standing still. It's either speed up in development and results, or take a back seat. We know our stuff is steadily improving."

Mrs. Trelle wasn't so sure. "He means we hope it's improving," she amended. "I've always had to be the four-wheel brakes of this outfit. Herman is always so sure! He'd bet the youngster's pup on our latest grain samples."

"No," her husband averred, "I wouldn't. We don't want another pup."

Whether or not Beatrice Trelle is the outfit's braking power, she is, without doubt, balance-governor of the Trelle machine, not only at home but away from home, particularly since her husband's breakdown. Between the time of world show triumph and that of the Wheat King's collapse the Trelles were involved in a whirlwind of social activity, official welcomes, service-club luncheons, honoring banquets, and general pow-wows that extended across Canada from Ottawa to their Peace River home. Ottawa officials recognized a genius. Peace River-ites tumbled to the fact that, through the efforts of this young pair, long-deferred publicity was being showered upon the territory, and that land prices were soaring. The resultant exacting claims on the Trelle time and already-depleted nervous energy became a menace that Beatrice Trelle was first to recognize.

At home the solution was not too difficult. She padlocked the gate. At official affairs "outside" this frontier girl might have been

expected to sit back and let the important-appearing moguls regulate her enthusiastic husband's pace and talking time. After having, for fifteen years, watched the Peace battle for recognition, Herman Trelle was anxious to talk, and was in a position to back up his statements. He answered all calls so far as time would permit, but the pace began to tell. One night came the climax, and the girl who had grown up far from such shows of luxury and eminence did a brave thing. In the midst of her husband's brilliant and dangerously-impassioned appeal to a banquet array of admiring Eastern officials and their companions, she halted him, calmly explained to the assemblage why, called for their wraps, herded him toward the home corral and bedded him down.

During his visits home keeping a dynamic husband in bed is one of Mrs. Trelle's toughest assignments. It composed the text of a discussion that began two minutes after I had, with the help of a local Trelle admirer, dodged the several padlocks and invaded the farm. We found Beatrice Trelle intent on a pan of oats. Having a guide was all that saved me from enquiring if her father were home. It would not have been an original blunder, by several hundred-odd, I later found. Herman Trelle's paramount purpose in deserting bed was, I think, to show me a short-cut off the farm. When I told him I wished to interview his wife he insisted on getting up to see that she didn't minimize her accomplishments. I didn't attempt forcibly to restrain two hundred pounds of healthy-looking action, but left it to his commander. "Herman," she remarked, "if you won't stay in bed these oats will never be ready for Regina. I can't both work and keep you from working." He stayed.

We were shown over the farm. "This," laughed Mrs. Trelle with an exaggerated

## The Cereal Foods of Canada

Continued from page 21

Early prints show a more advanced system of turning the upper stone by a handle inserted in it. This process was in vogue a short time before the Christian era. The grain was dropped into a hole in the upper stone and the flour or meal came out of the edges. Even up to the 17th Century this system was used in Britain. Gradually the stones were flattened out and later grooved and the upper one turned by power from the water wheel or windmill. The stone mill continued in use as general practice until some sixty years ago when rolls came into use. The flour made by the roller process was termed "patent flour." With the grinding of the wheat three distinct products are procured. The bran which is the outer coat, the middlings, which consists partly of finely ground bran and flour, and the flour in its more or less pure state. The term "whole wheat" as applied to flour is slightly misleading inasmuch as the coarser bran has been removed from it. What is known to the trade as Graham flour contains a higher percentage of bran than the so-called whole wheat flour of commerce.

### Standard Flours

The making of flour for present day conditions is much more than the grinding of the grain to powder consistency and the removing of the coarser parts. Flour, like other modern products has to be standardized. The flour milling industry has established brands which have to be consistent from day to day, and from year to year. Flours are made for breadmaking and for pastry purposes, each calling for a different quality. The flour to which the term "strong" applies makes a light high loaf, and is the product of a hard wheat with high gluten content. Flour for pastry purposes lacks the strength that a bread flour should have. For making flour of the different brands, therefore, it becomes the duty of the miller to select the variety and grade of wheat that is known to produce flour of a definite known quality.

The hardest wheats are frequently blended with softer varieties but it is done with such accuracy as to ensure a consistency in the brands of flour that are turned out. Canadian wheat is noted for its hardness and frequently commands a premium over other wheats in the markets of the world. On the arrival of the wheat at the flour mill from the farms and elevators throughout the country it is put through a machine that removes such foreign matter as bits of straw and chaff and loose dirt. It then passes through a brushing machine which scours it clean of dust that may be adhering to the kernels. From here it passes through the washers, thence to the driers, and when it has again returned to full hardness it enters a journey through the grinding machinery. It passes through sets of rollers, first corrugated then smooth which break down the grain ready to be sifted, and separates the particles according to their size. That which has been reduced to flour fineness is recovered at this stage through fine silk bolting cloth. Remaining portions are again passed between pairs of rolls and again sifted and bolted until all the flour or inner portion of the kernel has been recovered. The flour is now ready for packaging into barrels, bags and such other containers as are suitable for the trade of the home and foreign markets.

### Commerce in Flour

Canada has about 1300 milling establishments capitalized at a little more than \$62,000,000. These plants have a milling capacity of 118,360 barrels of flour daily. One mill alone, the largest, turns out 1400 barrels in twenty-four hours.

An analysis of trade returns during the past two decades indicates that the flour

## When Jim and I

were first married, his affection was certainly needed to savour his food, for I did not know how! I came to realize that, cook as carefully as I might, my principal dishes were all flat, unappealing.

I had my feet on the ground just enough to know that there should be more flavour to food than Romance alone can give—if Romance is not to be overworked.

What could I do?

In my worryment, I remembered Mother's fine old English cook; her meals were triumphs always; I would look her up in her own little home—

"Why certainly, Miss Edith," she said comfortingly. "I'll tell you just what to do.

"Have Lea and Perrins' by you—right on the handiest corner of your seasoning shelf. You see, in this sauce, all the finest flavours are already blended for you; it leaves nothing for you to do but add a few drops when they'll do the most good. This is a wonderful thing for a 'green' cook, (if you'll excuse me Miss Edith), as it takes the whole flavouring responsibility—yet it is exactly what the greatest experts use too.

"Your soup—stock soups with vegetables and so on—a few drops of Lea



... but I never told him

and Perrins' will give them something besides nourishment; a very few drops will sometimes bring a cream soup to life in a wonderful way, though no one can identify the trick.

"Then your meats—a dash in your gravies and sauces—you'll find dullness disappear like magic."

It did.

And Jim is still sweetly unconscious of what saved our early happiness intact, for when he *did* begin to become conscious of his food, he was all praise.

He thought me a wonderful cook, so good on flavours!

Well—so I am—thanks to Lea and Perrins'!

Use **LEA & PERRINS**  
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for . . .

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# LEA & PERRINS SAUCE



# Meals of the Month

## Thirty-one Menus for January

Compiled by M. Frances Hucks, of The Chatelaine Institute staff.

BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
1 Malaga Grapes Shredded Wheat Plum Jam Toast Coffee Cocoa	Fried Oysters with Lemon Rolls Whipped Cherry Jello Shortbread Tea Cocoa	DINNER Fruit Cup Roast Goose with Dressing Apple Rings Riced Potatoes Parsnips Hot Mince Pie Fruit Coffee Nuts	17 Cream of Wheat with Raisins Fishcakes Coffee Toast Cocoa	Macaroni and Cheese Lettuce Salad Canned Raspberries Tea Drop Cakes Cocoa	Baked Meat Balls Mashed Potatoes Creamed Carrots Chocolate Pie Coffee
2 Stewed Apples Oatmeal Muffins Coffee Honey Cocoa	Creamed Eggs on Toast Mixed Fruit Salad Spice Cake Tea Cocoa	Baked Finnan Haddie Boiled Potatoes Spinach Chocolate Cornstarch Pudding Coffee	18 Sliced Bananas in Orange Juice Waffles and Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Oyster Stew Crackers Fruit Salad Jelly Roll Tea Cocoa	Dressed Spare-ribs Scalloped Potatoes Peas Stuffed Celery Salad Steamed Date Pudding Vanilla Sauce Coffee
3 Cooked Dried Peaches Cornflakes Bacon Coffee Toast Cocoa	Cold Roast Goose Lyonnaise Potatoes Preserved Cherries Cookies Tea Cocoa	Roast Beef Mashed Potatoes Turnips Steamed Carrot Pudding Hard Sauce Coffee	19 Stewed Figs Red River Cereal Broiled Ham Coffee Toast Cocoa	Creamed Asparagus on Toast Black Currant Preserves Oatmeal Cakes Tea Cocoa	Mock Duck Baked Potatoes Scalloped Onions Cocoanut Custard Coffee
4 Orange Juice Griddle Cakes with Maple Syrup Hot Chocolate	Club Sandwiches Dill Pickles Chocolate Layer Cake Tea Coffee	Vegetable Soup Cold Roast Beef Scalloped Potatoes Corn Bavarian Cream Coffee	20 Grapefruit Oatmeal Graham Gems Coffee Honey Cocoa	Scrambled Eggs Stewed Prunes and Lemon Cookies Tea Cocoa	Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes Spinach Black Currant Cup Cakes Coffee
5 Stewed Prunes Cream of Wheat Graham Muffins Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Macaroni with Tomato Sauce Brown Bread and Butter Junket Tea Cocoa	Lamb Stew with Dumplings and Vegetables Lettuce with Mayonnaise Trifle (using Chocolate Layer Cake) Coffee	21 Stewed Apples Grape-nuts French Toast Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Celery Soup Jellied Vegetable Salad Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Stewed Chicken Dumplings Duchesse Potatoes Carrots Baked Bananas and Lemon Coffee
6 Applesauce Bran Flakes Omelet Coffee Toast Cocoa	Split Pea Soup Molded Rice with Chopped Dates Tea Cocoa	Hot Baked Ham Mustard Sauce Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Lemon Cream Dessert Coffee	22 Cooked Dried Peaches Farina Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Chicken and Rice en Casserole Fruit Trifle Tea Cocoa	Liver and Bacon Creamed Potatoes Canned String Beans Spanish Cream Dessert Coffee
7 Bread and Milk Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Creamed Chipped Beef Lettuce and Dressing Canned Peaches Sponge Cake Tea Cocoa	(Vegetable Dinner) Scalloped Potatoes Baked Stuffed Onions Buttered Carrots Apple Pie and Cheese Coffee	23 Sliced Oranges Rolled Wheat Brown Rolls Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Salmon Salad Brown Bread and Butter Canned Strawberries Hermits Tea Cocoa	(Vegetable Dinner) Cabbage au Gratin Baked Potatoes Diced Beets Caramel Nut Pudding Coffee
8 Sliced Bananas Grape-nuts Hot Biscuits Coffee Honey Cocoa	Welsh Rarebit Sweet Pickles Gingerbread Tea Hard Sauce Cocoa	Clear Soup Cold Sliced Ham Creamed Potatoes Cabbage Baked Potatoes Custard Coffee	24 Tomato Juice Cream of Wheat with Bran Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Onions Crackers Cottage Cheese Jelly Tea Cocoa	Steak and Kidney Pie Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips Strawberry Sponge Coffee
9 Apricots Cracked Wheat Toast Coffee Strawberry Jam Cocoa	Scalloped Corn Egg Sauce Baked Apples with Cream Tea Cocoa	Salmon Loaf Potato au Gratin Beets Jellied Prunes Coffee	25 Grapes Oatmeal Bacon Coffee Toast Cocoa	Creamed Sweetbreads on Toast Stuffed Celery Cream Puffs Tea Cocoa	Bouillon Roast Beef Yorkshire Pudding Mashed Potatoes Parsnips Baked Apples with Marshmallows Coffee
10 Cornmeal with Chopped Dates French Toast and Jelly Coffee Cocoa	Sliced Bologna Mustard Pickles Baked Potatoes Fruit Tarts Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Parsnips Bread Pudding with Cream Coffee	26 Stewed Apricots Cornflakes Bran Muffins Coffee Honey Cocoa	Lima Beans en Casserole Canned Peach and Cocoanut Salad Hot Biscuits Tea Cocoa	Cold Roast Beef Scalloped Potatoes Corn Suet Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee
11 Grapefruit Puffed Wheat Little Sausages Toast Coffee Cocoa	Devilled Egg Salad Celery risarts Hot Biscuits Tea Honey Cocoa	Roast Chicken with Dressing Cranberry Jelly Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee	27 Rolled Oats with chopped figs Boiled Eggs Coffee Toast Cocoa	Shepherd's Pie Tomato Catsup Peach Juice Whip Sponge Cake Tea Coffee	Pork Chops Fried Apple Rings Riced Potatoes Cole Slaw Baked Indian Pudding Coffee
12 Baked Apples Pancakes and Maple Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Chicken Croquettes Brown Bread Lettuce Sandwiches Canned Plums Tea Cookies Cocoa	Liver and Onions Baked Stuffed Potatoes Diced Turnips Peach Shortcake Coffee	28 Stewed Prunes Bran Flakes Toast Cocoa Jam Coffee	Pork and Beans Lettuce Sandwiches Canned Berries Chelsea Buns Tea Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Heart Boiled Potatoes Creamed Celery Orange Tapioca Cream Coffee
13 Tomato Juice Cornflakes Boiled Eggs Coffee Toast Cocoa	Frankfurters Fried Potatoes Canned Pear and Cheese Salad Raisin Muffins Coffee	Meat Loaf Tomato Sauce Riced Potatoes Canned String Beans Cornstarch Pudding Chocolate Sauce Coffee	29 Baked Apple Slices Roman Meal Fried Ham Coffee Toast Cocoa	Potato Croquettes Cheese Sauce Cup Custards Macaroons Tea Cocoa	Hamburg Steak Baked Potatoes Carrots and Peas Hot Gingerbread Hard Sauce Coffee
14 Oranges Rolled Oats Toast Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Cold Meat Loaf Cabbage Salad Floating Island Tea Cocoa	Roast Pork Browned Potatoes Harvard Beets Creamy Rice Pudding Coffee	30 Orange Juice Farina Toast Cocoa Peach Conserve Coffee	Scalloped Oysters Canned Blackberries Filled Cookies Tea Cocoa	Fried Fresh Herring Mashed Potatoes Spinach Apple Betty Coffee
15 Stewed Prunes Shredded Wheat Bran Muffins Coffee Jam Cocoa	Mixed Vegetable Salad Rolls Johnny Cake Syrup Tea Cocoa	Tomato Soup Cold Roast Pork Mashed Potatoes Buttered Cabbage Apricot Pudding Coffee	31 Cooked Dried Peaches Shredded Wheat Muffins Coffee Honey Cocoa	Tinned Corned Beef Lyonnaise Potatoes Chocolate Junket Tea	Broiled Sausages Creamed Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Carrot Pudding Caramel Sauce Coffee
16 Raw Apples Cornmeal Poached Eggs Coffee Toast Cocoa	Bean Soup Crackers and Cheese Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa	Baked Codfish Parsley Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Lemon Snow Custard Sauce Coffee			

The Meals of the Month, as compiled by M. Frances Hucks is a regular feature of The Chatelaine every month.

"He's here!" he said, just loud enough for Bobby to hear, and went in.

The Vicomte looked up as he entered. "Good afternoon Monsieur" he murmured, motioning him to a seat on the opposite side of the table. "Allow me to compliment you on your punctuality. I was so very regretful to have to change our *rendezvous*, but—perhaps you know? Your friend was so foolishly indiscreet as to try to bring the police into this little matter. Such a mistake do you not think, in a transaction between friends? In any case I do so hope you bear me no ill will? I have none whatever for you.

"Now, Monsieur, we need not, I think, delay one another any longer. You have the money? Good! I have the papers here on the table." He patted his bundle gently. "Now if you will lay the money down beside my parcel, I can take it and you can take the papers and we shall both be satisfied."

"Well," said Miles slowly, "I don't exactly think, M. le Vicomte, that I'm willing to produce the money until I've seen that those really are the things I'm paying for."

"So suspicious?" De Châteauloin queried ironically. "Alas! how early one loses one's trust in one's fellow men. Still your request is perhaps but natural. Permit me."

With his deft thin fingers he broke the seals on his parcel, deliberately untied the string and opened the brown paper. When Miles would have handled the parcel's contents, those slim fingers waved him gracefully aside. "No, no," protested their owner gently. "I too have my suspicions, alas! I must request you not to touch. See! I will show you that you are getting what you English call your 'money's worth.'"

He detached a folded paper from the bundle and displayed it before Miles' eyes, opening it out as he did so. It was Lalage's passport, there was no doubt of that.

One after another he displayed the papers until Keston was assured that this time, at any rate, he was going to get what he paid for.

"Are you satisfied Monsieur?" De Châteauloin asked at length.

Miles was and said so.

"Then now may I ask you to fulfill your part of the bargain?" the other queried.

Slowly and reluctantly Miles took from his pocket the envelope which contained the notes. "You understand, M. le Vicomte," he said deliberately, "that I am giving you these under protest. I don't suppose that it's any use my telling you just what I think of you and your methods, but this is, I devoutly hope, the last time we shall meet, and I shall feel happier in my mind if I put it on record that of all the cold blooded devils, of all the impudent, blackmailing swindlers I ever met—"

De Châteauloin, who was neatly repacking the documents in their brown paper, interrupted him. "Why go on M. Keston?" he asked airily. "I can continue your speech for myself with the utmost ease, but it does neither of us any good. You have lost, I have won. It is the fortune of war and to me are the spoils."

He stopped speaking, laughed lightly and held out his hand for the bundle of notes which Miles was still clutching.

"I will not even make the *beau geste* I am tempted to," he went on airily, "and take what you give me without question—No, I will be true to my commercial instincts, I too will be suspicious. I will count the money, if you please."

Almost mechanically Keston handed his packet over and the long predatory fingers of the man who was standing on the opposite side of the table, began deftly to flick the notes apart.

"Ten, twenty," he counted and then, even as he murmured the numbers softly to himself, his ears, ever alert, caught just the slightest hint of sound from the other side of the room. Without seeming to pause even for an instant in his task, under his hooded eyelids he looked up. Inch by inch the door behind Keston's seated figure was slowly opening! There seemed even then, to be no briefest break in De Châteauloin's rhythmical movements, yet, in an instant

of time his brain had received its warning, and lightning quick, had made its plan of action.

In one flashing gesture the notes were in his pocket, the brown paper parcel that had lain on the table was in his hand.

"So you thought you would double cross me after all!" he cried. Even as Miles looked up, De Châteauloin had flung open a door at the back of him, was out of it, was gone, and the door was shut again.

Miles flung himself on it, but it was locked.

The other door was opened swiftly and Bobby Hayes rushed in.

"Quick!" Keston cried. "He's gone! This way!"

Bobby dashed across the room, and together they hurled themselves at the door by which the Vicomte had departed, but it would not give an inch.

Even as they tried it they heard from outside the sound of a car starting up.

"Gone away!" cried Bobby. "Come on Miles!"

They ran through the other door which stood open still. From round the back of the *Café de Deux Chiens* shot a car containing one man alone—the Vicomte de Châteauloin.

Bobby snatched something from his pocket, raised one hand and fired, but the shot went whistling uselessly past the fleeing car.

The two men positively leaped into the waiting Sunbeam.

"We'll get him!" Miles shouted above the roar of the engine. "He'll not get away from us in a hurry. We can beat most things."

THERE was a mad rush down the frozen snowy road. The sun was dropping behind the mountains, flaming in splendor as it sank. Everything looked eerie and queer against the dazzling background of snow-covered landscape, and the two men in the Sunbeam were so excited that time and space and reality seemed to cease to exist for them.

Madly the car tore down the road in the wake of the fugitive. Miles was driving as if he were inspired, but the man in the car in front had a good start and he was driving like one possessed.

On and on they dashed, pursuing and pursued, turning off here, doubling back there. Five miles; a village flashed by; ten miles—the roads were shocking now, the snow hardly cleared from some of them. On both sides the mountains rose cold and white and menacing, the vast light of the *Môle* overshadowing them. Still they drove on. "We'll do it!" Bobby shouted. "We're gaining now! We're not fifty yards behind him! What's the idea Miles?"

"Get level with him and then you threaten to shoot. If he doesn't stop, shoot in earnest—at his tires."

"Why not get closer a bit and then shoot from behind?"

"Can you hit his tires at this pace?" Miles yelled. "You've got no right to shoot him you know."

"No. Carry on!"

They were gaining every minute now, for the road was a straight one again.

Bobby clutched his pistol and got ready to shoot when the moment came.

Suddenly the man in front held up his hand. Fascinated they watched, as, without slackening speed for a second, he hurled something straight out behind him, something which fell on the snow almost in front of the Sunbeam's wheels.

"Look!" cried Bobby, and Miles looked.

There on the road lay a brown paper parcel, burst open by the force with which it had fallen, spilling white papers on the ground around it.

Instantly the two men guessed what they were; the Sunbeam swerved wildly to avoid running over them but they'd shot some way past before they could pull up. When the great car came at last to a standstill and Miles got out, he had to walk back some yards.

"Yes!" he called. "Lalage's papers. I thought so. Come on Bobby!"



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milling industry of Canada has kept well abreast of the development which has taken place in wheat production. Indeed, during the past few years particularly, the production of flour in Canada has steadily increased, with the result that by 1926 the exports of flour reached the 12,000,000 barrel mark, or approximately 30 per cent above the average of the previous five-year period.

Owing to the high quality of Canadian wheat and wheat flour these products are in demand in many lands. Thus Canadian wheat is now sold direct to over fourteen,

and Canadian wheat flour to over fifty countries.

The introduction of Canadian flour to many of these countries would provide interesting tales. The Japanese people were first made acquainted with Canadian flour by an ingenious plan used at the World's Fair held in Ozake in 1903. The Canadian Exhibitions Commissioner, the late William Hutchison, had taken from Ottawa a small bakery, and set it up in the Fair Grounds, and manned it with a staff of Canadian bakers. During the six months of the Exhibition hundreds of thousands of crusty bread rolls were handed out free to the

natives. Canadian exports of flour to Japan at that time were almost negligible, today they exceed one hundred thousand barrels annually.

In the United Kingdom, which is Canada's best customer, the hard red wheat of Canada is valued chiefly for mixing with the softer and "weaker" wheats produced at home. Thus, the Old Country millers find that their homegrown wheat, when mixed with a substantial proportion of Canadian hard wheat, produces flour of greater "strength" and "stability" than when used alone.

(To Be Concluded)

## The Cat's Paw

Continued from page 12

rang. Miles went to answer it and the other two saw a look of utter surprise on his face as he listened.

"Is that M. Keston?" asked the voice at the other end. "This is De Châteauloin speaking. I have a few words to say to you, and you will be good enough not to interrupt me until I have finished. Otherwise I shall ring off, and you will regret it."

"I was so sorry to find you out when I called this afternoon. I am very anxious that we should meet again my dear M. Keston, and as soon as possible. There is just one more subject to be discussed—you remember our arrangement? I was to have received, you will remember, a further £9,000? That I can no longer hope to have since you have regained your freedom."

"But I still have something to sell—the papers of Mademoiselle. I cannot hope you will value them so highly as your liberty and hers. But shall we say £2,000?"

Miles assented. There was nothing else to do. Besides, he wanted above all things to keep in touch with M. de Châteauloin until Lalage had her papers back.

"And how do you propose we should complete this transaction, Vicomte?" he asked, "Where and when?"

Lalage and Bobby who had been thoroughly bewildered at the sight of Miles listening at the telephone all this while and never saying a word, pricked up their ears when they heard that name.

"Ah!" De Châteauloin sounded gratified. "I somehow thought you would agree. Well, I fear I must have a suspicious nature, M. Keston, but one learns, alas! that one cannot always trust one's fellow men."

"If you will come tomorrow, alone, but quite and entirely alone, to the little hotel beside the water at Coppet, bringing with you £2,000 in English notes, I will await you there with Mademoiselle's papers. You will find me there in the principal room, at four o'clock in the afternoon—I am giving you time, you see, to collect the money. I shall be alone, Monsieur, but if you are not, you will not find me there. Understand me if you please, I will have no more of these affairs of two to one."

"At four o'clock, then, at Coppet. Is that agreed? Pray remember me most kindly to Mademoiselle. A demain."

THE voice ceased and Miles was left holding the receiver in a state of blank bewilderment.

"Yes, it was the Vicomte," he told them. "That man's got the biggest nerve of anyone I ever met. Just you listen to this."

Compressing De Châteauloin's florid style into his own more concise one, he gave them the gist of the harangue he had just received on the telephone.

Bobby was scornful and incredulous, he couldn't bear the thought of paying the robber any more, but Lalage pleaded.

"Oh I do want those papers Miles. They're worth anything to me. And if you get them back you see, I shall be able to pay you the £2,000 he wants. Once I get those documents I shall be quite a wealthy woman—at least my mother will—"

He cut her short. "My darling, if you want them you shall have them, and they can be a wedding present from me to you."

Besides, what's more important to me than anything else at the moment, we can get married ever so much quicker when we've got your passport than if we have to wait to get you a new one. Perhaps if we could get hold of them tomorrow, we might even be married the next day—"

Bobby walked over to the other end of the room and ostentatiously turned his back on them. When he thought they'd had long enough he wheeled round and said loudly, "Listen!"

"Got an idea?" Keston queried.

"Yes, and a jolly good one too. This business of paying old De Châteauloin for what's not his doesn't amuse me at all."

"What's to stop your going to meet him tomorrow, with me hidden in the car and trying to get a bit of our own back? We can't get the police to take any action, well, let's take it ourselves."

"You go and hand over the money and get the papers if you like—make sure of them—but why shouldn't I be on the lookout for him when he comes out of this pub and nab him and take him off in the car somewhere and get a confession out of him about Lefarge and so on. I bet I'd pretty soon make him speak if I got a chance like that. I'll take another fellow along with me, for choice. Two of us could easily camouflage ourselves under a rug in the back of a closed car, and his nibs would never know till afterwards. How about it?"

"You must let me think it over," said Miles. "I'm about all in tonight and I should think you are too. Wait till the morning and we'll be able to think more clearly. It sounds all right as a plan, but I fancy there'll prove to be some snags when we come to look into it."

"You are a pessimist, I must say," Bobby grumbled. "Always crabbing one's brightest thoughts. However, perhaps you're right. Things do look different in daylight."

"Goodnight then you two. I'll be here about 10.30 in the morning, and mind you don't keep me waiting. My time's valuable."

THE morning flew for Lalage and Miles, and they seemed pretty satisfied with the way it had been spent when they got back to the hotel about one o'clock.

A telephone message was waiting for Miles and he read it with eagerness.

"M. le Vicomte de Châteauloin requests that M. Keston will be in his rooms at three o'clock this afternoon without fail. Otherwise this afternoon's appointment will be cancelled."

"Now what the deuce does that mean?" Miles queried as he handed the paper to Bobby.

"The Lord alone knows," he answered piously. "Who am I that I should seek to fathom the gentleman's mind? 'For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain—' Got something up his sleeve I suppose, the crafty devil. Anyway, we can only wait and see."

They waited with a good deal of impatience for three o'clock to come, feeling certain, somehow, that they must obey De Châteauloin's message implicitly. Precisely at the hour the telephone rang and Miles rushed to answer it.

"M. Keston? De Châteauloin speaking."

I greatly regret, but I am obliged to alter our rendezvous for this afternoon. It is now three o'clock. I shall be at the Hôtel de Gare in Bonne until three-thirty precisely and not one moment longer. I regret to inconvenience you but you will have to hurry."

Then there came the unmistakable click of the receiver being hung up at the other end and the line went dead.

Miles wheeled round. "Quick Bobby!" he cried. "There isn't a second to lose. Lalage was right after all. The old devil's altered the rendezvous. Bonne, three-thirty. We shall have to drive like fury, it's all of ten miles."

"Oh the dirty dog! Smelt a rat has he?" Bobby grunted as he scrambled into his overcoat. "Come on then! Car's outside isn't it? Lalage, telephone to the Chief of Police in Geneva, say it's from me, explain what's happened and can he do anything? Now Miles."

The two men raced downstairs, not waiting for the lift. Luckily the Sunbeam had been left nearby, and they got off without delay. There wasn't time to wait while Bobby hid in the dickey, so he squatted down on the floor beside Miles and covered himself with the rug as best he could, leaving himself a chink of light by which he could see his watch.

Not a word was spoken as they dashed on. The stop at the frontier seemed endless, but they got on again at last, and drew up at the Hôtel de Gare in Bonne almost on the stroke of the half hour.

Miles got out and walked into the hotel. There was neither time nor chance now to make plans, and he could see that all he could do would be to let things take their course and hope for the best. It was just possible that Bobby's fertile brain might be able to evolve some sort of plan of action for himself.

The landlord met him inside the door. "M. Keston?" he enquired politely. Miles nodded.

"I have a message for Monsieur," said the man and handed him a folded paper. On it was written "Le Café des Deux Chiens, St. Jérome. 3.50," and that was all.

Keston just stopped a second to ask the way and was out of the hotel again in a flash, into the car and off.

"What the dickens is happening now?" Bobby put his head up to enquire.

Keston handed him the paper to read. He heard a chuckle from under the rug. "What does he think we're playing at?" a stifled voice enquired. "Treasure hunts? How far is this St. Jé—place?"

"Another ten miles, but it's a clear road now."

Again they drove on in silence, till St. Jérome was reached.

The Café des Deux Chiens proved to be a tiny place on the outskirts of the village, standing almost alone like a little island in the midst of a sea of road.

Keston pulled the car up in front of it and got out. The big flat window of the café faced him and before he opened the door, he peered in and saw at last the object of his search, the Vicomte de Châteauloin, sitting at a little table on which lay a bulky package done up in brown paper and heavily sealed.

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139



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No. 837—Reminiscent of the Peter Pan style is this jaunty frock with its points, its collar and its buttons down the back. It would make up most effectively in a figured silk as shown here. A plain wool or silk crêpe would also be suitable. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 39-inch material with  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 35-inch contrasting material.

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It took them more than a minute to pick up that scattered treasure, another to get into the car again and turn her into the straight. Then they were off, but they were too late. Half a mile down the road they found themselves, surprisingly, in Bonneville, whence four cross roads radiated in every direction, with nothing whatever to tell which one De Châteauloin had taken.

Miles stopped the car and the two men sat there and looked at one another. Then they both burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"The clever devil!" said Miles at last. "He's done us again. Gad! what a mind, what a nerve! To think of his having the coolness to wait and wait until he'd got within reach of a place he knew, to calculate out that we'd not know which road he'd taken, and then to chuck out those papers just at the psychological moment to give him the start he wanted. 'Pon my soul he deserves what he's got.'"

"Got!" exclaimed Bobby contemptuously. "He's got £3,000 and the manuscript and a clean bill of health from the police. Yes, he's come out on top all right! What do we do now? We can't sit here all day, blocking the traffic while we admire him."

It had been dark for some time when they reached Geneva again; the moon was up and the stars coming out one by one and drowning their reflections in the still, black water of the lake.

Lalage was waiting for them eagerly, so excited that she could hardly contain herself.

Quietly Miles handed her that bundle of

papers which had cost them so much in money, in adventure, in pain and in fear. She clasped them to her breast as if they were indeed the baby he had likened them to, and crooned over them for a moment.

Then she laid them down on the table and held out both her hands to the two men who stood watching her enraptured. Flushed and lovely and tremulously happy, she seemed well worth all they had gone through for her.

"How can I ever thank you?" she asked breathlessly. "There aren't words enough in the world to tell you what I feel about you both."

"Oh that's all right," Bobby cut in awkwardly. Being thanked embarrassed him horribly. "As a matter of fact it's all been remarkably good fun. I don't think I've enjoyed myself so much since I came to Geneva."

Miles put an arm round the slim, eager girl as she stood looking up at him, her eyes trying to supply the words she couldn't speak.

"My darling," he began and then forgot everything else.

"Well goodnight!" said Bobby to the world in general, and went out of the room unheeded, loudly whistling Strephon's song, "For I'm to be married today, today."

Very shortly before an important ceremony which took place at the office of the British Consul in Geneva, a large envelope was delivered by hand for Miles Keston.

In it was a letter, beautifully written on the most elegant notepaper, couched in

polished and courteous French. He read it aloud to Lalage.

"Monsieur" it ran.

"Permit me first of all to offer you, on this auspicious day, my best wishes for your future happiness. Convey also if you will, my respectful homage to Mademoiselle la fiancée."

"We shall not meet again Monsieur. Our acquaintance has been brief but eventful, but possibly neither of us will wish to pursue it. Now it has ended, and though its outcome has not perhaps been what either of us expected. I bear you no malice, and you, I feel sure, can have but kindness toward me, for have I not been the means of bringing to your arms that charming lady who is so very soon to be your wife."

"Receive then, Monsieur, the expression of my most distinguished sentiments, a small wedding gift."

Sylvestre Armand Marie de Châteauloin. Lalage unwrapped the little piece of tissue paper that had fallen from the envelope and showed Miles its contents. It was a tiny silver medal of St. Christopher, the patron saint of motorists, the man who in his time had acted as a go-between.

They laughed together. "He's always so opposite, our Vicomte, isn't he?" Miles asked.

"Yes," Lalage agreed softly, "but after all it was our Vicomte who brought us together, Miles, wasn't it?"

"I suppose we should remember him for that alone," agreed Miles.



## The Loyalist

Continued from page 26

cry, and a boat, blacker than the black darkness, swooped down on us. The next thing was, I had caught a life-line hanging from the side of it, heaved myself over the gunwale with strength that came to me from somewhere or other, and was hauling Torrance and her burden over the side.

"Come on," I said, "there's a chance yet."

Torrance's teeth were chattering, and Hugh seemed to have gone out of business altogether. I got them huddled in the stern sheets, yanked half the folded sail from the unstepped mast, and covered the two of them as best I could from the wind. Torrance took Hughie on her knee, holding him close to her body for what warmth there was, which wasn't much. I remember, once again, the feeling of frustration and sour annoyance the sight gave me.

THEN I had a look round. It wasn't a cheerful situation. We'd a man and a woman in the boat—I wasn't counting Hughie—and the job, if possible of keeping head to sea until daylight, or until such time as we might be picked up, if ever. We were, I knew, smack on the steamer route from Auckland to Tahiti; but that lane isn't overcrowded at any time, and they might hunt for us for days—even if the *Astares'* wireless had connected with something. Incidentally, we were wet through, colder than I've ever been in my life, half-clad; and Torrance was a girl, and Hughie looked very much as if he'd given up already. I felt pretty blue.

However, one had to make the most of it, and I started foraging round in the dark for provisions and water. There was a breaker under one of the forward thwarts, and a locker in the stern sheets close to Torrance. I took the breaker first.

I don't know who was responsible, coxswain, I suppose, or some quartermaster, and it doesn't matter a great deal, since the poor fellow's dead now; but the breaker was empty. I didn't say anything, of course.

But it hit me harder than the whole business put together. You see, there was always the possibility of days, weeks, maybe, in that boat.

I went aft and turned out the locker. There was tinned beef, salt, of course, biscuits and nothing else. No canned milk, tea, or anything of that sort. Oh, yes—there was a flask of brandy. Luck wasn't entirely out.

I made Torrance take a swig of the spirit, took some myself, and forced a fair share of the rest down Hughie's throat. He stirred and opened his eyes.

"That's good," he said. "More."

"No," I told him. "That's all. We're on rations." And I put the flask back in the locker, like a fool. Hughie mumbled some pretty expression or other, curled himself up close to his wife, and promptly went to sleep.

Torrance and I sat and talked in the dark. I'd always admired her, do still, but that night in the wallowing boat, with Hugh limp and snoring in her arms, she seemed to me transfigured. Entirely cheerful—I didn't tell her about the water—composed, and looking forward to being rescued with the daylight. Upon my word, I believe she looked on the whole affair as something of a joke; and anyhow it must have been a relief to her after the monotony of acting as Hugh's chopping block.

We neither of us referred to what I had said on the boat deck. Torrance was quite impersonal, and friendly as only Torrance could be; and just then I had not the heart to inflict myself on her again. That came later; but there in the dark I had the remnants of some decency still left, I suppose.

Finally, I made her try and get some sleep, and sat watching the dawn come up out of the sea. Somehow or other I was sure enough that if we were going to come out of it at all, we had plenty to go through first. I didn't expect to discover, for instance, the gallant mercantile marine

bearing down on us in the sunrise, and to breakfast in a stateroom as a heroic semi-invalid surrounded by sympathizing rescuers. And I wasn't disappointed; the light showed a vacant and unfriendly expanse of green water, and that was all. There wasn't even a bird about.

I fell to thinking of Torrance, asleep there with her husband in her arms, and what a confounded shame it all was. I presume you ladies will tell me that it was the usual male coxcombry—the ineradicable notion that we all of us seem to have that we are, each of us singly, God's gift to womankind, and naturally cut out for the part of rescues and so on—the medieval knight complex. I presume so. I've thought enough about it since myself, and suffered a good many spells of the dry grins over it. But sitting there watching Hughie's fair mustache limp on his silly cheeks, and the great rings of weariness round Torrance's eyes, it certainly came to me with more force than ever that here was a job for me. In fact, the more I looked at it, the less I could comprehend how Torrance could endure the mere touch of the little scallywag. Mere male self-sufficiency, of course.

ABOUT nine the sun began to get hot, and Master Hugh woke up.

"Where am I?" he asked vacuously.

"Obvious enough, isn't it?" I said irritably, looking round the inhospitable scene. "How d'you feel?"

"Rotten," said Hugh, and ran his tongue over his sticky lips. I expect he did feel pretty inferior, too.

"I'm thirsty," was his next cheerful remark. He had not thrown a glance at Torrance.

"Oh," I said, and I don't know when I have felt so pleased about anything. "You are, are you, Hugh? Come here a minute."

I showed him the empty breaker.

"Now, Hugh, old friend," I said. "There you are—and you can chew on it as long as

Continued on page 50

# Three Versions of Daytime Smartness

Copied from Paris  
and New York  
Models



861

No. 861—Very slenderizing for the mature figure is this frock with the graceful jabot collar and carefully fitted waist band. Silk crêpe and georgette are excellent materials. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 40 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material with  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 35-inch contrasting material.

Price 25 cents



829

No. 829—A collar which terminates in a neat little knot and which may be of either lace, georgette, or crêpe de chine, gives a demure note to this attractive frock. An alternative deep cape collar is provided. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material with  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of 32-inch contrasting material.

Price 25 cents

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Simplicity of Line  
Alternative Collars  
Flaring Insets



851

No. 851—Very graceful is this frock with its flared insets at front and back. The deeply pointed skirt yoke is slimly becoming. Silk crêpe with lace collar and cuffs would be excellent for this style. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 39-inch material with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 35-inch contrasting material.

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## The Loyalist

Continued from page 48

you like. If you've any suggestions to make, I'd like to hear them. But," I said, "I don't recommend you to harp on that thirst of yours yet. It'll be a lot worse, Hughie, before it's better . . ."

It did me a lot of good, rubbing it in, I'll admit. Hugh looked at me blankly.

"But . . . but . . ." he stammered. "I've got to have a drink. I'm parching . . ."

Before I could stop him he'd turned to Torrance and shaken her awake.

"D'you hear what Monty says," he cackled. "There isn't any water. We'll die . . ."

Torrance stared at me. "This true, Monty?" she asked levelly.

I nodded. "True enough, worse luck, Torrance," I told her.

There was nothing said for a minute. Then Torrance shrugged her shoulders and stood up. "Oh, well," she said. "It's all right, Hughie dear. They'll be here for us soon. Don't you worry . . ."

"Worry!" he almost shrieked. "I'm thirsty, I tell you . . ."

Torrance patted his arm, and he turned on her, snarling like a mongrel. I'd never heard him acting the husband before, and it nearly finished me. Hugh Gillespie doesn't know to this day how near he was to the fishes at that moment.

"Here," I said, and got hold of his silly pipestem of an arm. "That's enough! Stop it, you little cur!" And I slung him down on the seat, where he began to whimper again.

Well, if I go on like this, I shall be forgetting myself before ladies. Torrance spoke to me, huskily.

"That's enough, too, Monty," she said. "The poor boy can't stand it." She smiled at me with her cloudy, weary eyes. "It's you and I, Monty," she said. "You and I."

"Torrance," I began. But I stopped, for Hughie had pulled himself together and was looking at us with a kind of weak sneer on his noble features. He didn't say anything. Just laughed. It was enough for me. I went forward to keep my hand out of murder.

WE'll go on to the third morning. There hadn't been anything in sight, of course, not a glimpse of anything at all, just the same horrible swaying sea, and the sky like iron. We were different now from the three who'd left the *Antares* in such a hurry.

All night we'd not spoken a word. We were suffering agonies from the preliminary stages of thirst. I say preliminary, because I believe it's possible for human beings to go longer, a lot longer, than two days and a half without water. But I don't want to; one gets all the worst of it in those earlier hours.

Torrance bore up like herself, but Hugh, of course, grumbled unceasingly and whined like the pup he was. He didn't try any more rough stuff with Torrance, though; I think he must have seen the blood in my eye. All he did, all that night, was whimper to himself, huddled in the stern sheets. Torrance slept uneasily.

I was sitting forward when the dawn came. I'd managed to get a rag of sail on her, and jammed the tiller so that she'd sail a course of sorts, although I'd not much more than the sun to go by. I was trying to keep her as near as might be in the steamship lane.

The sail bellied out, and concealed me from the couple in the stern. I gave a squint under it to see that Torrance was still there, one gets odd ideas in a bad fix

like that, you know, and then went on with my half-delirious thoughts. They were all about Torrance, as usual, and the dog's life she led, and why I had not pulled her out of it long ago, and made mincemeat of pretty Hugh, and just what she had meant by that "You and I" business, and whether she really did . . . I drifted off into a kind of miserable doze.

I woke up with a twitch, and automatically glanced under the sail. There was Master Hughie with the brandy flask at his lips, sucking down the last drops—the few last drops we'd been keeping for an emergency.

That finished it. I jumped round the mast, cannoned over a couple of thwart, and took a good handful of Master Hughie's throat.

What I said to him doesn't matter. I don't remember much, anyhow. Except that it was screamed at the top of what I had left of my voice, and was pure unadulterated savagery. He was helpless as a kitten in my hands, and I ended up by bringing him down on a thwart and knocking him cold.

Then I straddled across him, panting. Torrance had jumped up, and was looking at me with blazing eyes, sunk deep in hollows in her head. She was going to say something, but I got in first.

"Torrance," I said with a rush. "There's enough of all this. Look at this beauty here! He's worthless—decent people won't touch him with a pole. He's always been like that, and he always will be. He beats you, Torrance—you know he does. You've not had a minute's kindness from him in years, I know . . . you told me so yourself, or as good as. I'm not much, Torrance—but I'm better than this animal. If we get out of this . . ."

I stopped. Torrance was looking over my shoulder wide-eyed. For an instant she didn't seem to hear me. Then she suddenly swung on me again.

"Monty," she said "You're a worm and a coward, and I despise you. You'd take advantage of my poor Hugh, out here on the ocean, and ill and tired, poor darling. I'll tell you one thing, Monty Blackstone, for all your silly conceit—it'll take more than you to get me away from my man. And just to show you that if poor Hugh can't hit back . . ."

She took a step forward and struck me clumsily across the cheek with the flat of her hand. Then she dropped down to Hugh, and started cherishing him again, chafing his hands and crying over him. She took no more notice of me than of the wind.

I turned away, and saw what Torrance had been staring at. The *Apia* was hull-up on the horizon, coming down on us at fifteen knots.

SO THAT'S my story. There isn't much in it, I suppose, and I suppose it's a laughable object lesson in the eternal cocksureness of man. I suppose, too, that I ought to have learned my lesson. And yet I haven't. Torrance laughed at me in Regent Street the other morning, and I know what she meant all right—very much what you mean, I've no doubt. But for me Torrance is still Torrance, attainable or not; and my own job is to swallow the pill with as pleasant a grimace as I can—which is one of the reasons why I've told this story—and leave Torrance, the incurably loyal, with her worthless, miserable, reforming, lucky Hugh.



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924

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No. 960—The tunic-dress is the newest style that comes to us from Paris. This very smart frock is designed along simple lines with a round neck and collar of contrasting or harmonizing color, and buttoned closing. Wool crêpe, silk crêpe or velvet are suitable materials. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 39-inch material with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 27-inch contrasting material.

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No. 109—A tunic dress which employs a jabot and frills for adornment. The circular skirt of the tunic is lengthened by a circular underskirt which is attached to a fitted slip. Crepe de Chine and georgette would be suitable materials. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 39-inch material, with 2 yards of 35-inch material for the slip and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 39-inch material for the jabot and frills.

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## Helen Gives Notice

Continued from page 7

trying to put something over on him."

I wondered whether she was giving that as a bit of advice but I made no comment. I can see this is a real job you've landed Amantha. But I'm going to stay six weeks and do something to civilize those children. I hope their uncle will be improved too.

Your loving niece, Helen.

P. S. I hope your theory about the power of love is right. I'm committed to it. H.

I READ that letter twice and made up my mind to write to Helen at once and tell her to explain the situation to Mr. Haskins. Which I did. I put the whole matter as strongly as I could, for I know Helen's stubbornness. I pointed out that the honorable thing was to confess the whole thing and ask Mr. Haskins' forgiveness. Then I added a P. S. in which I assured her that love will conquer. I received the following letter in reply.

Dear Amantha—Ask Dick Haskins' forgiveness? Never! And I'm going to stay the six weeks. See if I don't!

My present mixup is all on account of Count Tetlov. He is charming but he raises prize chickens. I met him when I was out walking with the children. He was hoeing in his garden near the trail. Bud introduced me. The count bows from the waist, kisses your hand and pays the most delightful compliments. Instinctively I courtesied and felt naked without crinolines and powdered curls and a fan.

We accepted his invitation to go into his castle which is a wooden shanty, twelve by sixteen. It contains the barest necessities and a grand piano. As we stood at the door he pointed out his prize hen stalking showily past, displaying a brood of half a dozen chickens.

"She takes prizes everywhere," the count explained proudly. "Her chickens are worth twenty dollars apiece. But I must not weary beauty with such material things." He smiled apologetically and welcomed us into his place as if it were a castle. Anyway he made me feel that a home is not measured by its walls. And when he played on that piano I forgot everything. It was wonderful.

The children were playing in the yard near a tub of water. I could see them by going to the door every few minutes. They were remarkably quiet. It was a divine afternoon. Bright sunshine, a gentle breeze and that music! Even the birds seemed to listen. I felt strangely uplifted and happy—at peace with the world!

Then smash! Of course it was Bud and Dot. They had been testing the superior qualities of those chickens by trying to teach them to swim. They had tried even unto death, for there were five dead chickens beside the tub.

"Oh my prize chickens! You've drowned my prize chickens!" Count Tetlov wailed when he saw them. He gathered the little fluffy bodies up in his hands and the tears ran down his face. Just imagine what I felt!

Of course I told him I would pay for them but he wouldn't hear of that. Now I'm going to beard the lion in his den—in other words I'm going to tell Richard Haskins that I wish him to pay the count out of my salary. I'll have about that much due me at the end of six weeks.

Your afflicted niece,

Helen.

P. S. I felt so badly about those chickens I invited the count to come and see me soon and often. He said he would and by the way he kissed my hand I think he will. I wonder what Mr. Haskins will think about that. Did you have anything in the contract about followers? I hope he doesn't like it. H.

AFTER receiving this letter I thought of writing to Mr. Haskins myself but I decided to wait until I heard from Helen again. Her letter came next day.

Dear Amantha—It was just as bad as I expected. Dick Haskins got into an awful

temper. He said I wasn't a working woman and never had been. He said he didn't know what I was trying to put over but I wasn't doing it. He said a lot more and so did I. We shouted at each other until Mrs. Martin came out of the kitchen and stood wringing her hands and saying, "Oh dearie me! Oh dearie me!"

Bud and Dot crept out of bed and sat on the top step until things got real exciting. Then they began to come down a step at a time. But the thing that really bothered me Amantha was when Mr. Haskins said, "You can't pay Count Tetlov for the chickens. It's the first useful thing he ever did. He's bred the best laying hen on record. The chickens might have been even better. It's his pride in accomplishment that makes them so valuable to him. You can't pay for that but you and your kind think everything has money value."

I'll say that hurt. But all I said was "I wish you to pay Count Tetlov. He won't accept anything from me."

"How will you get home if I pay him all your salary?" he asked impudently.

"Oh, something may turn up," I said lightly.

"A husband, perhaps!" he laughed. "I have no doubt you work fast."

I was trying to think of something bad enough to answer when we heard Dot say in a disappointed voice, "They ain't going to fight no more."

"I wished they would," Bud sounded equally disappointed.

Haskins looked at me, "You don't seem to have done much civilizing yet," he sneered.

"I didn't realize what a savage race they sprang from," I answered piously and walked away with my head up, undecided whether to punish the children or to pretend I didn't know they had left their room. I decided on the latter course.

Your undefeated niece,  
Helen.

THAT letter upset me so much I feared a relapse. Mr. Haskins would not accept any explanation after that. He would not have faith in any of the Smith family. I was writing to Helen telling her to give it all up and come home when I received her next letter.

Dear Amantha—We are all alive. Whether this is a matter for your employer and the rest of the world to rejoice over or to regret I cannot say. Again all begins with Count Tetlov. As I told you I invited him to come soon and often to see me. He accepted my invitation. He accepted it enthusiastically and often. He is here nearly every day.

Your employer made him welcome. Most welcome! He almost embraced him. He encourages him. I think he hopes that the count will take me off his hands. But he evidently overlooked the emotional stages through which a man of the count's temperament goes before he asks a woman to share his title.

There is the gregarious stage in which he wishes to spread his feeling of happiness over the whole community. That is the count's condition now. He had been trying for a week to arrange a picnic to include himself, Mr. Haskins, the children and Miss Harris and me.

At first your employer was adamant. He wasn't going to have any of the glamor of young love spread over him. But the count has a way with him. And besides he had been a good sport about the chickens. Mr. Haskins did owe him some consideration. So a picnic to the river was arranged. Mr. Haskins was to leave the children, the count and me at the picnic grounds while he went to Somerset for Miss Harris.

Before he left us he took me up on the river bank and pointed out Arm Island. It divides the river just below the small bay where we were going to bathe. It is a long thin island bent like an arm. On the outer

Continued on page 54

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and long side the water is deep and calm. On the inner and short arm there are dangerous rapids. We could hear them from where we stood, complaining like an irritable woman blaming the world for her rough bed.

"Don't let the children out of the bay," he warned me. "They will be all right as long as they are playing with that old raft or the canoe." The children already in their bathing suits were on the raft that was tethered to a post. Above it was a canoe partly filled with water and can in it for bailing. It was tied to a tree.

"Very well," I said obediently. "I won't let them leave the bay."

"Did you bring your bathing suit?" He gave me a peculiar look.

"Yes," I answered meekly. "I'll go in and play with them for awhile."

"Do you think a woman your age should take any chances?" he asked sarcastically. "The water is cold and said to be bad for rheumatism."

"Thanks for the warning," I said sweetly. "I won't stay in long."

We had a lovely time in the water. Count Tetlov said a lot of nice things and promised to teach me to swim. Bud said I had nice legs and Dot said I was pretty. It was the first time any of them had seen me without the uniform and spectacles. Somehow I cared more about what the children said than about the count's compliments. I felt very happy; I don't know why.

It may have been because of the sunshine and the singing of the birds. We could smell the wild roses and mint. Every once in awhile a breeze came down the river bringing the tang of the pines. Anything wild and wonderful seemed possible. And it was.

I had just gone to a bluff to dress when I heard a crash. It was the post to which the raft on which the children were playing was tied. I dashed out, still in my bathing suit, but when I reached the water, the raft was beyond my depth. I jumped into the canoe and paddled after them but almost at once I had to bail and I soon saw I could not reach them.

Of course I blamed myself. I shouldn't have left the children but they had begged so hard to stay just a little longer. And I was dressing early because I do look ridiculously young in that scarlet bathing suit. I didn't wish Mr. Haskins to see me in it and he was expected back soon. Count Tetlov had left the water when I did, and was dressing at a considerable distance from us.

Well, Amantha, if prayer is the soul's sincere desire I prayed then. I prayed and bailed and paddled. But every second that raft seemed to be turning more and more toward the rapids.

On the raft I could see the two little heads side by side. "Good little sports!" I heard myself saying. "Good little sports!" and I knew then that I loved them—loved those two little rascals, Amantha. Would you believe it!

At last the raft reached the place where it had to decide which way it was going—down over the rapids or around the long outer arm of the island. A second or two would tell the tale. I began to shout, "Go to the right! Go to the right!" and I found myself pushing that way as if I would make the very river change its course.

I don't know what did it. It may have been the children paddling, or an undercurrent or a vagrant breeze or perhaps you would say it was an answer to prayer. Anyhow that raft hung a minute—an eternity—and then swung out around the long arm into the deep smooth water.

At that I laughed out loud but the tears were running down my cheeks. I was recalled to my own danger. The water was up over my ankles. Then I looked ahead and made my decision. The canoe could not

be kept afloat very long. If I went over the rapids I might reach the end of the island before the children. It was dangerous but—

Well, to make a long story short I did it. I was a bit battered and the canoe was wrecked but I caught the raft and dragged it ashore on the island. It was getting dark and cold and a shack there was too dirty to go into but I found some matches. So I put the children in the shelter of a rock, covered them with grass and evergreen boughs and started a fire.

All the time I was carrying the wood for that fire I was thinking of what I would say to Richard Haskins. It was not my fault the post had broken and set the raft adrift but I felt I had been careless to leave the children. Anyway if they had been drowned I just couldn't have faced things.

I made up my mind I would resign. My employer had perhaps been right in thinking I was not old enough for so much responsibility. I was very low in my opinion of myself.

At last I heard a crashing in the brush near. It was your employer. When I saw him I forgot everything I had planned to say. We just stood and looked at each other. Then I realized that I was showing considerable of myself. That bathing suit does not cover much of me.

Without a word Mr. Haskins took off his long motor coat and came over and wrapped it round me. As he did so he said hoarsely, "Old ladies shouldn't expose themselves to the evening air."

I don't know what there is about that man that shatters all my good intentions. But as soon as he said that I changed my mind. I wouldn't resign. Let him do his worst! I drew myself up and said, "Go ahead! Say your meanest. I deserve it."

I noticed then that he still had his arm around me, for he shook me as he said, "I saw it all. You might have been drowned. I've a good mind to spank you."

At that there was a wild scramble under the grass and boughs. Bare legs and arms flailed about. Bud and Dot emerged, Dot leading the way shouting, "Come on, Bud. He's going to spank her."

Somehow Amantha that was too much for me. To have those little savages eager to see me spanked made me bite my lips and hide my eyes in the only available place which was somewhere around your employer's arm pit. I didn't blubber but I did say, "Get Miss Finch. I'm through."

That would have held I guess if Bud, fists clenched, eyes snapping, had not shouted. "No, you won't get Miss Finch. We won't have Miss Finch."

"We won't have Miss Finch." Dot agreed firmly and she caught my hand and pressed her cheek against it.

"We want her," Bud nodded toward me.

"We want her," Dot echoed.

Those words from your sporty little charges, Amantha, gave me fresh courage. I looked up and said, "Then I'll withdraw my resignation and stay my six weeks."

Your employer's arm tightened around me, Amantha, and he looked down and laughed. His eyes seemed to scatter little sparks of light over me as he said, "You've won your point, Miss Smith. I don't know what your game is but you may play it to a finish." Then he turned me around in front of him and with his hands on my shoulders he added, "But remember I'm not responsible for what may happen in the meantime."

I'm sure I don't know what he meant but all's well that ends well.

Your loving niece,  
Helen.

I HAVE improved tremendously and I'll soon be able to go West. But I'm wondering what I'll find when I get there. You never can be sure what Helen will do.

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# EDITORIAL

H. NAPIER MOORE, *Editorial Director*BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, *Editor*GEORGE H. TYNDALL, *Business Manager*

THIS issue contains one of the most important articles we have ever been privileged to publish—the Right Honorable Arthur Meighen's discussion on the establishment of a permanent peace.

"Within a single decade of the Great War" he says in part, "the war which cost ten million lives and left a legacy of woe and wailing, of debt and death . . . we have witnessed a multiplication of armaments, more costly by hundreds of millions, more destructive many times over, than any that staggered nations before the great catastrophe."

Everywhere we hear rumblings of distant war drums. There is a gigantic work for the women of Canada to do in working as tirelessly and powerfully for peace as they worked during the dark years of the great war.

Here is an article that demands every ounce of your attention!

AND turning to the fairy book, let me pass on an interesting idea from one of the thoughtful readers who wrote in to tell me how much the youngsters liked having their own magazine. "I covered mine with costume muslin" she said, "and it is a most precious possession of my little girl's." Another reader says "I have no children of my own, but I am saving three or four of the fairy books, and intend to bind them between a stiff cover for a little niece of mine." Something quite different will come in the February issue—"The Story of A Bear"—the rollicking adventures of a little black bear cub, told in children's verse, and illustrated by H. E. M. Sellen, the noted Canadian animal painter.

ALTHOUGH it is a pleasant belief that wives play a very important rôle in their husband's success, the fact is not often demonstrated as dramatically as in the story of Beatrice Trelle, known today as "The Wheat King's Wife." Surely there is material for a movie scenario in her life story, as told by Jack Paterson in this issue.

It is a particular pleasure to be presenting this story just three weeks after the world knew of Herman Trelle's victories at Chicago. For as you know, the articles and stories for a magazine must be prepared many weeks before you hold the finished issue in your hands. However, Jack Paterson "had a hunch"—although Herman Trelle had not won the crown since 1926—and so prepared the article in time. Happily the hunch proved true—the Trelle's wheat sample this year was the heaviest ever shown in Chicago.

For those of you who have not read past issues, let me explain again that Jack Paterson and his wife are two writers winning increasing popularity, who spend their time wandering about the face of Western Canada in search of "copy." Jack Paterson had no thought of writing until confined to a hospital after the war, when he started writing for something to do. Read "The Wife of the World's Wheat King" and see how much human interest he can pack into an article!

THERE'S an interesting story behind our cover this month.

Before we finally select a cover for *The Chatelaine*, the artist brings in a rough illustration showing the idea and the color scheme. When Janette Russell, the young Canadian artist, brought in her suggestion for a January cover, there was a different little boy altogether in the centre. But far up in one corner, no more than an inch high, was a scarlet-suited little boy with an enquiring pup at his heels. "There!" said someone, "There's your cover!" So the little fellow intended to play a very small part, was re-drawn to centre the cover—and he's very nice don't you think?

By the way, the children will be interested to know that

Janette Russell who painted the cover also made the pictures for the little children's book this month, which is a new feature of the magazine.

TRAVELLING back east over the map of Canada, brings us to Winnipeg, the home of Lillian Beynon Thomas, the well-known Canadian writer. Mrs. Thomas is winning wide recognition for her fiction and her interesting and varied life includes a short story class which is making very definite advances. Mrs. Thomas has promised some more of her breezy stories for the future issues—won't you drop me a line to tell us how you like "Helen Gives Notice?" I am always anxious to know.

R. V. GERY, who has written "The Loyalist" in this issue, came to Canada from England after the war. He taught school up in Northern Saskatchewan for a number of years and then came East, where he is now free-lancing. I shall be particularly glad to hear your reaction to "The Loyalist," as it is quite a different type of story.

MONTREAL is represented in this issue by Jeff Chapleau, the Canadian artist who made the amusing sketches for F. E. Bailey's "The Art of Courtship." Ottawa is also between the covers with another of J. B. Spencer's interesting food articles. Many readers will remember Mr. Spencer's Canadian food series. They are of interest to every home-maker, and should be of particular interest to the daughters in the home who take household science classes at school. Miriam Elston begins in this issue a group of articles discussing the making and renovating of millinery. Miss Elston, who is a professional milliner, and is well known as a writer and lecturer in her craft, in Edmonton, Alberta, has worked out some most interesting ideas, which she will tell you about in coming issues.

SO MUCH for this issue—but what's ahead? I don't want to "let the cat out of the bag" too much—one particularly interesting item on the programme for February is an article on Mrs. Ferguson, the wife of Canada's new High Commissioner in England. Lucy Doyle, the well-known Canadian newspaper-woman will write the article. She has been in close touch with Mrs. Ferguson for a long time, and will give many interesting sidelights on this new representative of Canadian women in London. Miss Doyle went over to England for the Imperial Conference and was in constant touch with Mrs. Ferguson in London.

Byrne Hope Sanders.

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Cover Design painted for *The Chatelaine*  
by JANETTE RUSSELL

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